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VOLUME 40

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1920 -1921



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NOVEMBER, 1920

VOLUME XL

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

VOL. XL

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 1

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The "Haverfordian"—A Retrospect and Forecast

By Professor Rufus M. Jones

I AM extremely glad to know that the HAVERFORDIAN is to be revived and started afresh. It has had an interesting career in the past and it should fill an important place in the life of the student body and of the alumni in the years to come. Those of us who have helped to nurse it in babyhood and who have watched its progress with deep interest will rejoice to see it flourish once more and we shall all heartily wish it *bon voyage*.

The HAVERFORDIAN came to birth in 1879. C. W. Townsend, A. P. Corbit, William A. Blair and Walter C. Hadley were the originators of the project. The first copy, which was in the form of a Prospectus, came out after commencement in 1879 and the regular series began in October of that year. C. W. Townsend did not return to college in the autumn and Joseph Rhoads, Jr., took his place on the editorial board which launched the venture. The new periodical was created to "represent the daily life and work of the students of Haverford College, to be an index of the culture and discipline received in it and to be a means of inter-communication between the members of the annually increasing family of those who have been here as students." It was hoped and believed that a monthly paper would stimulate literary work and raise the level of intellectual effort. "We expect to present our readers," the first issue says, "with essays by some of Haverford's most literary sons." The first editors were confident that they could count for their material on "internal resources" and on "contributions from abroad", i. e., from the alumni.

Walter Brinton, William E. Paige, Dr. George A. Barton, George H. Evans, Charles R. Jacob were some of the men who in the early days gave the paper distinguished editorial service. Not less important in those primitive years was the part played by the hard-working Business Managers of it. Walter C. Hadley, William A. Blair, George L. Crossman, and O. W. Bates secured the sinews of war in this cradle period of its life. It was not easy to convince hard-headed business men that an "ad" in the HAVERFORDIAN would put them on the path of success and would bring in a vast volume of business! These Business Managers, however, succeeded in getting excellent advertising and they lined up the alumni as subscribers. But there was never a surplus of funds in the early period after the bills payable were covered. During my year

of service as Business Manager (1882-1883) the accounts came out exactly even without enough balance to buy an ice-cream.

I look back with much happiness on my years of work for the HAVERFORDIAN. I filled first and last every position connected with the paper. When I entered college as a Sophomore, I was made Assistant Manager and was very shortly after put in full command of the business side of it. In my Junior year I was on the editorial staff and tried out all kinds of department work, while in my Senior year I was Editor-in-Chief. During that year we changed the form and style of the paper and launched a number of interesting experiments. I have always felt that I owe whatever literary career I have had to my association with the HAVERFORDIAN. It was in that connection that I learned how to express myself and first formed my central interests. President Sharpless has often told me that it was my work on the HAVERFORDIAN which led him to call me back to Haverford in 1893 when I became Editor of the *Friends' Review* in Philadelphia and Instructor in Philosophy at Haverford. Ever since that time, to use the words of a Haverford song, I have been "slinging the ink and pushing the pen along." I have referred to my experience only in the hope that it might encourage some present-day student to think it worth while to work for college publications, even though there may not be much immediate return for the time and labor.

It is, I believe, of the first importance that the revived and restored HAVERFORDIAN should maintain a high literary quality. It must keep out of the field occupied by the *News*. Its real function will be, as originally proposed, to stimulate literary work and to be an index of the culture and mental discipline of Haverford. It should, too, make a strong appeal to the seasoned writers among the alumni to contribute to its columns. The tone and quality of a college are estimated in many minds by the tone and quality of its literary productions and ours must bear the hall-mark of undoubted excellence. If it is good enough to be the index of Haverford the graduates of the college will stand by it and will bless it.

We are now opening a new epoch and era for Haverford. It has emerged from the hard years of the World War with increased endowment and with a good increment in the student body. It is a forward-looking college, with a noble record and a large future promise. Everything connected with its life and ideals must be cherished with great care and with a sense of honor. May the *revived* HAVERFORDIAN, then, be the worthy organ of the new Haverford which is to be and may it be the bearer of a fine and genuine culture and the revealer of the best spirit of our beloved college.

En Passant

(*First Prize, Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse*)

*A window, staring far across the town,
Is mine to sit at watching whitened roofs
Dull rapidly to gray with night. The grooves
That mark the streets are half-obscured by down
That sinks in swirling clouds from leaden skies.
The crowd, the rush of hasty city life,
Is close akin to my desire for strife,
For combat with my kind. Yet no one tries,
Not even passing girls upon the street,
To draw me, panting, to the gripping clutch
Of keen, hot-blooded living. I am such
As they pass by. But still, it would be sweet
To just imagine all these things, if only
Bitter skies would not cry, "Lonely . . . lonely . . ."*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

Abolition Jim

I

THE summer of 185- was as sultry and uncomfortable as any in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but the July wheat harvest in that southeastern section of Pennsylvania amply compensated for all the trouble it had caused, and the farmers were finishing their labor and looking to threshing time for the reward. Hence small talk and liquor flowed more freely than ever at the Dubblestown house that night, and even the Sheriff—a frequent guest at the old Inn—felt it not beneath his dignity to appear in shirt sleeves.

The frequenters of the Inn were a mixed group drawn from the nearby farms and from the village itself, but the sheriff dominated all of them and while he was present furnished topics of discussion with a condescension that is the glory of the uneducated. The question of Slavery was paramount and the usually placid official discussed it with unwonted heat. "I don't see," he expostulated, "why I can't get ahold of that fellow you call Abolition Jim, don't see at all. I know him and he knows me, and I see him go this way and that in his dearborn or his haywagon, and I see him dump his load here or in the other place, and says I, 'That fellow's up to something, and again he ain't,' but at any rate the Southern Officers keep a-telling me that 'black baggage' is passing up North to Canaday through my jurisdiction. Of course, I'm not in favor of chasing 'em, but a person's got to abide by the law, hasn't he? To be sure, and I don't see."

"Well sheriff," drawled a Quakerish looking fellow from the other end of the bar, "if thee really wanted to catch Friend James I should think thee could do it. I hear that a negro is working for him at the present time. The Officers are said to be somewhere about Philadelphia, and that means that this county will be niggerless soon. Yes, Friend Sheriff, I should think thee could catch him."

"By damn thou'rt right Quaker! It's come to a point of honor, hasn't it? I guess it's up to me to get to work. Yes I'll ride the roads for the next two weeks, and I'll arrest him just for the fun of it, we'll see. I'll wager two levy I arrest him." The bet was not accepted, but the Sheriff was a man of his word, and it was expected that the next fortnight would see Friend James Trumbull, whom men called Abolition Jim, on trial for the ambiguous crime of slave-stealing. The Sheriff's decision was particularly remarkable from the fact that he lived so far north of Philadelphia that the opinion of a Southerner could affect him

but little; however, an acquaintance was breaking the law, in open daylight, and his vanity was touched.

At the same hour that evening Friend James Trumbull was rising from the supper table and congratulating his family upon the wheat harvest of the past week. He was a typical Pennsylvania Quaker of that period: a careful farmer of frugal habits, but a man who would have nothing but the best of everything. Living not very many miles south of Dubblestown, he knew very well that as an abolitionist he was suspected of aiding in the Underground Railroad which ran through that section, but his conscience on the subject was clear and nothing else mattered. This evening a careful observer might have noticed that he was a little more forgetful, a little more nervous, than was his custom, and the observer might have wondered a bit.

The younger children of the family scampered off to bed before it was yet dark, while James and his plump wife sat musing on the front piazza until the evening chill drove them into the sitting room about candle-light. James was soon poring over *The Germantown Telegraph*, and his wife busied herself with mending the torn trousers of her eldest son, a lad of ten years or so, who rolled about the floor and tried to embroil the family cat and the watch-dog in a fight. The cat would only yawn, and the dog was equally listless; James lost interest in the *Telegraph*; and "mother" Trumbull, valiantly striving to keep her eyes open, nodded suspiciously.

"David," the boy's father broke the silence, "how would thee like to see Nelly leave us?" His countenance bore that calm look which the family had learned to associate with great undertakings, with great "testimonies" against the African slave trade. His usually stern face became suffused with a new light.

"Who, Black Nelly? I wouldn't like it at all. I thought Grandpa Packson was going to leave her here till the officers come, he said he was." Then to himself, "Hm! So that's what Joel Pusey was talking about." Black Nelly was a runaway slave who had become very dear to David's heart, and he did not like the thought of losing his playfellow.

"Mother," continued Trumbull sitting up very straight, "Joel has just told me that the officers from the city will be up in a few days. I will have to go the mill tomorrow, and thee had best get Nelly up about five o'clock."

"Will thee go to Billy Grahm's this time father?" Mother was wide awake now.

"Yes, I think Uncle Billy would be as safe as any. To bed, David, to bed, to bed."

II

The horses were already hitched to the dearborn when David came out from an early breakfast next morning, and James and his brother Jacob were busily loading sacks of grain into the big wagon. Nelly had not appeared at breakfast, nor did she appear now, but James' ways were not to be questioned. David ran quickly to his cubby-hole at the foot of the large maple tree and took from a tin box a pack of Chinese firecrackers which he had hidden with great secrecy, for James would not tolerate fire-crackers.

After a few minutes of jangling and rattling, the wagon, with James and David on the driver's seat, swung into the highroad, and amid a loud but pleasant rumbling and a terrible cloud of dust, started north at a rapid jog, while Mother Trumbull waved an anxious farewell from the porch.

The sun boiled down upon them, and the dust rolled up in clouds. Miles of worm-fence passed, and fields that were now green, now brown. They jogged, they walked, but always north.

At Dubblestown the two stopped to water the horses and David jumping down to stretch his legs ran to the pump for a drink. The gourd was soon sparkling full, and he was drinking the water down with a relish, when he chanced to overhear the conversation of two Dutch wagoners who were standing near.

"I vas chust delling Chon dot dot officer iss again in Easton." A cold shiver ran down his back. There was only one kind of officer to him and that was very undesirable.

Although this incident gave rise to some foreboding in their minds, the two Quakers soon left the town behind and rumbled along at the usual gait, sometimes at a rapid jog, sometimes at a slow walk—mile after mile. Occasionally they roused the thunders of a covered bridge, and emerged to hear a fleeting gurgle from the waters eddying beneath—then the accustomed thud of the horses' hoofs as they churned up the dust. The rumble and jolt of the dearborn was not conducive to sustained conversation, so that David dozed off to sleep after the tenth mile was passed.

Some slight movement on James' part awakened him and he sat bolt upright, rubbing his eyes. James, who had been whistling and carelessly clipping the weed-tops with his great whip as they jogged along, now sat stiffly erect—his side whiskers bristling and his jaw set. His eyes shot fire. The Sheriff wearing a high white hat turned down all 'round—like the man in the Know-nothing song—and a swal-

low-tail coat, with huge brass buttons, was galloping rapidly toward hem.

"Hey-day, James," he burst out reining in his horse, "is thee up here again with slaves?"

"Oh, I don't know," beaming, "thee gives me great credit if thee thinks I would take such risks when thee is in the neighborhood. Thee must think that I haven't anything to do but to evade you fellows."

"That sounds well, but I have some papers to see you about, if you will look at them."

"Certainly," throwing the lines to David and jumping down—James always was accommodating.

"Surely," thought David, "this is funny. Why doesn't father do something? He looks as happy and contented as if she was at home. Nelly must be in this wagon below the wheat, and if the Sheriff decides to search the dearborn we'll both be arrested."

The two men talked and talked, and David was unspeakably bored. He pulled the Chinese crackers slowly from his pocket and loosened one from the packet. "I might just light this one and pinch it out before it fires off," he whispered to himself. A match crackled and the first cracker sizzled and went out very successfully, the next one worked almost as well.

"James," the familiar word struck David's ears piercingly. The Sheriff had crawled into the rear of the wagon without David's knowledge and he was examining the wheat which lay just above the driver's box.

"James, John Barton wants some wheat very badly, and he told me to try and find some for him. He lives right next to the jail in Dubblestown, and he would give thee double the price that Billy Grahm would. Thee'd better turn around and come back with me. Thy wheat wasn't promised, was it?"

Crack, crack, crack—— David was learning that a person cannot hold a lighted match and a packet of Chinese crackers in the same hand without result—no matter how urgent the situation. He threw the exploding crackers to the ground beneath the horses, which with frightened snorts jumped into the breast bands; the wagon began to pitch and roll heavily as it gained speed. The Sheriff in dismay released his hold on the burlap bags, slid calmly over the tailboard, and landed in the dust.

"Whoa, whoa," David yelled distractedly and made frightened snatches at the reins slipping slowly from the footbrake.

Pulling, jerking, snorting the excited animals came to a stop a

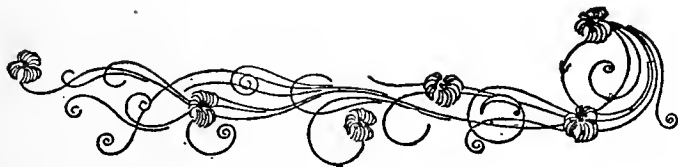
quarter of a mile further on. David looked back. Brass buttons recovered his hat, dusted his coat, and limped disconsolately away after his horse; but James was running at top speed toward the runaways, his face red with exertion. Hatless, dishevelled, and winded he climbed into the wagon and caught up the reins. "David," he said, "thee certainly is a little rascal; but if it hadn't been for thee I don't know what would have happened."

The few remaining miles of the trip seemed endless, and the two Quakers pulled up to Billy Grahm's mill with a sense of intense relief. Sure enough when the wheat was removed Nelly was found concealed among the bottom bags, but five minutes later no one could have found a trace of her. She was safe and "Abolition Jim" was still free.

That evening the bartender of the Inn at Dubblestown was happy: the Sheriff was sulky and not inclined to talk. Finally, however, the Sheriff broke the stillness: "Well it may be luck or mebbe providence is aginst me, I can't tell. I was as sure, just as sure as anything, that I had James Trumbull where I wanted him—and to be fooled by that brat David. It does beat all." The Inn loungers stirred nervously, but the Quakerish-looking man at a nearby table chuckled to himself.

"Well, as I said—" the Quakerish man was about to interject when the Sheriff's beer mug crashed through the window just above his shoulders and ended the conversation.

J. H. Smith, '21.



Spring Rain

(Second Prize, Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse.)

*Sweet spirit of spring rain! How restfully
You lead along your large, consoling drops
To gently waken life! How quietly
The slow surge of a swelling rain at night
Puts out all harsh ideas, clears the soul,
And bids soft retrospection enter in
The temple of the mind, whence thought has gone,
Lulled all unwittingly asleep by rain!
Hearing the warm drops purr along the ground,
Who is there but relents his sorest sorrow,
Who does not let uncharitable notions
Slip from him, in a silent ecstasy
Of beautiful, delicious memory,
More sweet than love, or joy, or even grief?
What ever was so sweet, but memory
Made the sweet sweeter, as cathedral chimes
Half heard in the far distance have a note
Seraphic more than earthly, and would seem
Almost too melodious to be heard?
What grief has ever chastened human heart
But is more pure, more fair, in retrospect
Than ever when it struck with nascent force?
To look along the long road of the past,
To half smile the old smiles, half weep old tears—
What sweeter hour than the one that leads
Back for a moment to old friends, old scenes,
Almost forgotten dreams, and hopes, and life?*

*Yet full of life, as well as dreams, the rain
Infuses in the spirit a new hope,
A daring; but no crude, adventurous boast:
Rather a gentle faith, a simple will
To live, and let the unknown fate alone.
There is a depth of confidence in life*

*That grows within the heart; magnificent,
Yet lowly, bent on man, and on the earth
So lovely that it takes the breath, and makes
The eyes gleam, and the inmost being throb.*

*Sweet ghost of introspection and new life!
When all the beauty of the day is past,
And nightfall brings a rain, the plashy sod
Is drinking in new life to feed the leaves
That are just budding out to catch the swift
Warm kiss of large soft drops; a confidence
Pervades all nature, and the weary mind,
Full now to overflowing, seeks repose.*

*The rain is stiller than the silences
It breaks, and now the soul is soothed asleep.
The sleep is gentle, and the wakening
As brilliant as the sunrise after rain.*

S. A. Nock, '21.



Cyril Tourneur

WHY is it that the name of Cyril Tourneur is so seldom heard? He was a most prominent playwright of the early seventeenth century, and with Kyd and Webster developed the type of tragedy known as the Revenge Play or the Tragedy of Blood. Yet despite this fact few outside the critics ever read either of his two extant dramas, *The Atheist's Tragedy* and *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Tourneur's works have been put before the public by several able editors, and he has had at least one conspicuous admirer of the last century, who was always outspoken in praise of him, Algernon Charles Swinburne. Swinburne in one of his private letters once said that he considered the public's neglect of Tourneur as "the grossest instance of general stupidity and torpor in literary taste and English scholarship" that he ever witnessed. Five years later Swinburne wrote of Tourneur in even more laudatory terms, declaring in a magazine article that "it cannot be too often repeated that in mere style, in commanding power and purity of language, in positive instinct of expression and direct eloquence of inspiration, the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy* stands alone in the next rank to Shakespeare." Few poets receive such encomiums from other poets. Why, then, has Tourneur been compelled to sit in the shadow? Is it because of the world's insensibility, or does he merit oblivion?

The obscurity of this dramatist is, of course, due to his revolting portrayal of vice in all its manifestations. Literature of this type, like the later Gothic Romance, never acquires the meed of glory. But before we consider this aspect of his plays, let us see what can be said to their credit. No one can deny that this dramatist possessed exceptional genius, that at times his lines assume the grandeur of a magnificent epic. Several passages of terrible power bring to mind the "surge and thunder" of the ancient epos. Occasionally he permits the reader to catch a glimpse of his more lyric nature, and we read a description of singular beauty and delicacy like this from *The Atheist's Tragedy*, which commands the admiration of all. Borachio is telling of the death of a fellow soldier:

*Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughtered bodies of their men
Which the full-stomached sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light*

*Upon a face, whose favour when it lived,
 My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
 He lay in 's armour, as if that had been
 His coffin; and the weeping sea, like one
 Whose milder temper doth lament the death
 Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
 The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
 Goes back again, and forces up the sands
 To bury him, and every time it parts
 Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
 It could no longer endure to see the man
 Whom it had slain, yet loth to leave him) with
 A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
 Winding her waves one in another, like
 A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
 For grief, ebbd from the body, and descends
 As if it would sink down into the earth,
 And hide itself for shame of such a deed.*

This mournfully sweet description proves that Tourneur was not wholly a man of gruesome thoughts.

In the fourth act of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, Tourneur shows himself a most efficient master of dramatic tenseness of situation. Here Venice and Hippolito, at last aware of the utter depravity of their own mother, drag her forth to die. The sons' hard reproaches, the mother's passionate defense, the revealing of the unnatural sin, her wails of despair—all are reminiscent of Orestes and the lustful Clytemnestra.

This brings us to the question of Tourneur as a constructor of plots. He was original, and that is to his credit. The plots of his two surviving plays are unique and unusual; but in spite of this they lack many indispensable requisites. These plots do not consist of a natural evolution of normal events, but a cleverly related series of impossible situations. The tenseness is unrelieved by any entertaining bit of character sketching; action follows action with melodramatic speed. In the second place, the plots are absurd; they lack the faintest traces of realism; they are cast in a cloudy atmosphere of gloomy purposelessness. Finally, the characters are not only grossly abnormal, but actually depraved. There are no fine heroes and heroines in the lists of *dramatis personae*, nothing but prurient women and revengeful madmen.

One would be doing injustice to Tourneur, however, if he entirely omitted mentioning the heights of emotional endeavor which he sometimes achieves. In many a passage the spirit of the speaker is glori-

ously triumphant, and the temper of the poetic measures irresistibly elevates the imagination to the highest reaches of intellectual passion. Observe the fall of the verse in this extract from *The Revenger's Tragedy*, which, Swinburne says, has a sort of fierce and savage pathos in the note of it.

*Views the skull in his hand,
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.*

We now return to our first question—why has Tourneur not acquired fame? Indisputably he was a great pioneering genius, and was author of many memorable lines. But despite the worth of certain parts of the two tragedies, I cannot but charge him with a most uneven Muse. It is only here and there that he touches the sky; between his better thoughts there lies a welter of licentiousness. Living at the time of James I, he felt no restraint in dealing with subjects and ideas which today would never be expressed on any stage. But granting him every allowance for the taste of his contemporaries, one cannot forgive the gross sensuality that offends in every scene, the coarse similes needlessly attached to otherwise innocent remarks, or the excessive lasciviousness which actuates so many characters to deeds from which all sane men are instinctively repelled. Swinburne avoids discussion on this point, and carefully selects the noblest lines to substantiate his opinions. He regards Tourneur as a hater of iniquity and lover of justice, exposing lust only to overthrow it eventually; but to a modern reader, it appears that Tourneur delighted in setting forth lewdness in disgusting detail merely for its own sake, and in heaping horror upon horror in one long succession of villainy, incest, and blood.

The real reason Tourneur has been neglected rests in the fact that he disregarded many important phases of human nature, being woefully at fault in a large and full understanding of mankind; he wandered in narrow fields and forgot to embrace the world. He often violated

the first principles of human behavior. No real mother, after the manner of Gratiana, could be persuaded so easily to permit her own daughter to be ravished by a strange suitor; no mortal man, albeit atheist, could take such honest cheer in murder as D'Amville. The world has never granted a poet a rank among the first if he did not recognize the open truth that the universe moves in a circle whose center is moderation.

Henry Salmon Fraser, '22.

A Rainy Day

*There's a certain charm in a rainy day,
When the wind is blowing strong,
And the dark gray mass of the clouds above
Is slowly moved along,*

*When you feel the beat of the rain in your face
As you go from hall to hall,
And watch the rings in the puddles grow
Till one has outstripped all.*

*On rainy days I love to sit
In my window over the lawn
And dream of the days that used to be,
The days that now are gone.*

C. D. Abbott, Jr., '22.



Editorial Comment

THIS is a day of strange and wonderful appearances in the field of literature. There are almost as many schools of poetry as there are poets; there are those who cling to the past as to salvation; there are those who express new ideas in old form, and those who couch gray-bearded ideas in bizarre "vers libre"; there is beautiful and regular poetry, as well as beautiful and formless; there are the free and the foolish, the unriming and the unreasoning. Each school has enthusiastic adherents, who admire, but often cannot explain or interpret, its peculiarities.

Prose, while less changed than verse, nevertheless shows the effects of the times. It becomes polyphonic; rows of periods are used to denote either a thought half expressed or a thought quite expressed. Commas grow scarcer day by day. Nouns are pressed into service as verbs; strange meanings attach themselves to old, familiar words. The trend of the times is to upset the staid and regular.

It is hard for an outsider to understand the intricacies of the various theories of vers libre, free verse, polyphonic prose, rhythmic prose. It is also hard for him to follow the most intricate formal patterns and understand them. After all, what appeals to the average reader of verse is "just poetry"; the metrical medium of man since his first stages. Prose, always more difficult than poetry, is likewise appreciated by the many when it is clear, unaffected, unpretentious.

But an adherent of any school knows it is much easier to write in a haphazard fashion than to be careful. It is easier to write without rules than with. However, it is easier to be understood when one writes so that others regard the result as reading matter, rather than material for a game of Peter Coddles. A little care, a little consideration for someone else's point of view, a little regard for the generally accepted rules of punctuation, grammar, and syntax, would do a world of good to many writers who dash off their masterpieces in sublime fury.

An idea is not to be written into literature unless it is a common one; no unique experience is literary material. A worthy idea deserves the most intelligent and enticing expression: what is hodge-podge to the reader is neither desirable nor masterful.

A cessation of the prevalent disease of striving for effect; consideration of an idea at its face value; care and love in expression; and a sense of humor will keep literary aspirants on a safe and sure, it arduous and uninspiring road. A beautifully expressed but simple idea is worth innumerable unintelligible rhapsodies.

Pop Goes

THE Union Hall was a villainously dirty place. An old warehouse originally, it stood towering on a corner, where it was needed; close to the humanity it handled, hard by the river—for it was a Seamen's Union. The big double-doored entrance on Osler Street was the one always used; a large entrance was needed to accommodate the mob that the ships dropped on the wharves.

The clerk, just inside the doors, made a quick survey of cards and hurried the men into the main room. The *I. N. Jones* was hunting a crew; this affair would have been carried off as mechanically as the others, but for one thing: the clerk was having difficulties getting a cook. This fact would have made any crew take an interest. He stood on the platform and shouted, but no one answered. The official had reached the profane stage when a scrawny, stunted old man came up.

"I am the cook," he said. His mouthing of this speech made it barely understandable.

"Didn't y' hear me callin'?" shrieked the clerk.

"Gaw' man (this was a plaintive appeal for pardon and not an oath), I can't hear everythin'."

"Well, c'm here, an' sign up. I guess we'll have to take you."

Shyly, furtively, Pop clattered down the alley. He had no luggage, excepting a dirty shirt and a pair of striped trousers which he carried over his arm; and a long-stemmed pipe, the bowl half cut away, which drooped from his mouth. He talked to no one but himself, yet his actions, a few hasty steps taken so he could walk beside his mates, some sideward glances of timidly offered friendship, showed that he did not relish that company entirely.

Shyly, furtively, Pop clambered in a doddering fashion up the ship's ladder, and once on deck, like a frightened rabbit, burrowed a wild course through stores and cargo to the galley. Then, having deposited his wardrobe in a stewpan, he squatted on the door-sill, sucked his pipe and awaited orders. During all the rush and change he blinked amazedly and uttered many expressions not to be understood by any one. Even though Pop had found a locker for his clothes and a place to sit upon while smoking, it was obvious that he was not at home.

The dicing gods were against him from the start. To begin: he was not endowed with the slightest ability to cook. This was a great disadvantage. Secondly: two hours out from breakwater a heart-rending

roll on the part of the ship brought two of his fingers against a startlingly hot pan. Pain and amazement broke out on his face. He shrunk within himself and became utterly useless as a compounder of food. The second cook, as good a fellow as he was capable of being, began to do most of his work. Pop lounged, carefully watched huge kettles of water come to a boil, and lamented concerning his burns to the water cooler, to any of the messmen who would listen, and to the ocean at large when others failed.

The Steward, a worker by birth and a slave-driver by long years of intensive training, was goaded to futile fury by this state of affairs. He was also worried a little about his position. The second cook, realizing by this time that he would have all the work on his hands, became increasingly temperamental. While this storm-laden cloud was circling nearer and nearer Pop's head, the only effect, visible to the crew, was that he became a Stoic. This was a good attempt on his part, but it was partially defeated by the fact that his nervousness and childishness made him merely futile in the eyes of his mates. Thus where he might have got active assistance, he reaped only dormant sympathy.

Things lagged for three days. The Steward and the second cook were now combined against a common obstacle. Pop was forever sitting on a niggerhead, smoking an empty pipe in a feverish fashion, caressing his fingers and gazing over a gray sea. Then he spoilt a batch of pies that had taken him two days to prepare. . . .

The Steward and the overworked cook went into conference, tasting of the Steward's cigars and imbibing his whiskey. The Steward was hard-headedly bitter; the cook, sympathetic but determined on relief.

"I ask now, how did he get aboard?" The Steward had propounded this question so frequently of late that it aroused no response. This being as he had expected, he went on.

"He can't even boil water, an' those pies. My God!—the sugar an'—!"

Here it was customary for the other to break in and assist in building up this tower of culinary woes, but he was after real results this night.

"I know he's rank, but that's not what I want. Somethin' more 's got t' be done. Can he be got rid of? We're not so far off Tampico any more an' then we c'n get another cook. Yeh!" said the cook.

"But he's signed on good 'n hard. We can reduce him, but then nobody else can come on an' you'd have t' do all the work anyhow. It's got t' be fixed so as another man can come aboard. You can't cook

so well y'rself!" The Steward's stomach rose above the petty bonds of friendship.

And the cook, having quaffed the Steward's liquor, and seeing in his heart the truth, said "Um."

The Steward cogitated for a long period; the cook watching him closely and smoking a cigarette the while. Suddenly the light of a wonderful idea shone on the Steward's face. Looking around carefully he leaned forward and murmured, "Shanghai!" Then he added: "We can do 't, too, in Tampico."

But the other was incredulous.

"Pop won't go on shore. He saves his money. No booze. No wimmen. Nothin'; clever, but 'twon't do here."

Now the Steward waxed cynical concerning mankind in general.

"He's a man, ain't he? An' you said, 'No wimmen.' Wait 'n see. I'll betcha——" Here he stopped. The Steward would furnish drinks up to a certain limit, but no money, on any condition.

The cook was still a doubter, but he was in such a mental condition that even a wild chance brought relief. And there the matter stood. The boat bobbed gracefully across the Gulf, Pop on the stern rail smoking air steadily and beginning to express his fears vocally; the second cook in the galley with a temper, and the Steward 'midships swearing softly to himself. Life did not brighten for the rest either. The food was cooked in a hideous tashion. And Pop, the talkative, was much less bearable than Pop, the semi-stoical. He was continually pouring the tale of his wrongs into ears that closed as soon as he began.

"Gaw' man, sonny," he would start out in his high voice that rose with his tale and his anger until every one was awaiting eagerly for the moment when the E string would snap (it never did). "You never can do nothin' to satisfy that man. I work an' work an' make pies, but he always just yells."

At this point his physical sorrows usually rose supreme.

"Gaw' man, sonny, look't those fingers an' I never get no sleep an' no whole meal to eat since I come aboard. Oh! that man, sonny."

Dismissing this personage with a wave of his skinny hand he went on, "Sonny, when'll we get back? Saturday, sonny? No? Sunday, sonny? No? Gaw', don't we never get back? An' how long must I cook fer that man, an' you can't do nothin' to please him. I work an' I work an'——" Here the listener realized that Pop was beginning a second time and left unceremoniously. Pop, however, did not feel this slight but continued his story to the firmament and to the few sea-gulls swooping round the ship. The gulls usually wailed. Pop thought they sympathized with him, and was visibly heartened by them.

Then the Tampico breakwater, a few poverty-stricken but not poverty-oppressed Mexicans standing upon it, rose out of the sea off the bow. The crew was happy; even the thought of bad food did not weigh them down any longer, for on both sides—we were moving up the narrow river by this time—were drink and women, than which nothing more warms a sailor's heart. The effect of shore, even though it was not the one he sought, was noticeable on Pop. He neglected to go to the galley at all, even to boil his water, and sat on the deck looking through his eyelashes at the scenery. He said nothing.

Immediately after the boat had been warped into the dock and the lines made fast, the Steward and the second cook appeared on deck, held a short conference with the mate, scrambled over the side, and after calling a launch chugged up the river towards the town. Pop was leaning on the after-rail as they passed the ship. He waved at them in a disheartened manner and muttered to himself about "fools as spend money on booze and wimmen. Not fer me." Yes, the cook was right in his attitude of disbelief in the Steward's schemes.

At ten o'clock when the Steward came staggering down the wharf, arm in arm with two Spanish girls, Pop was still leaning over the rail. The Steward, tapping one of the maidens on the wrist, called her attention to the weazened figure.

"That's him," he said.

"But he is of such an age," she answered.

The Steward whistled and called and finally succeeded in rousing Pop from his lethargy. The old man merely waved his hand again and would have returned to his dull stupor, but the Steward motioned for him to join them on the deck.

"Girls, Pop," he shouted, "I brought one down from town for y', thinkin' y'd be a little lonesome."

Pop seemed to answer this appeal in a fairly definite manner when he turned his back on the party and sat on a niggerhead. But his opponent was not thus easily thwarted. He turned to the girls.

"Well that means go aboard," he said.

"That means more money," was the toneless answer. "That makes it much more dangerous."

The Steward acquiesced but he was no longer smiling. They climbed the gangplank, crept across the deck, and at last stood before Pop, who was perched dreamily on his iron seat. He started when he saw them. Then the game began in dead seriousness. The Steward drew the girl into his embrace and placed his lips upon hers, lingering long in the act. The girl nestled close to him. Pop watched them with eyes that might have been glass. Not a single emotion crossed his face, only as the

embrace grew longer and closer, his pipe began to fume violently and smoke floated around his head. At length the girl broke from the Steward's arms. Pop looked at her companion who had been leaning against a steel upright during this scene. Her attitude did not indicate that he would be rebuffed. Slowly he knocked the glowing ashes from his pipe, rose from his seat and shuffled over to the waiting figure. He muttered softly, and seizing her brusquely by the wrist started towards the ladder. She followed passionlessly with only a backward nod at the Steward to show that the game was in her hands.

Dawn came up over the breakwater. The sun passed high at noon over the ship and sank low in the evening behind the church on the plaza. Then night went out over the breakwater. The second cook had worked hard that day, for he was alone in the galley. The Steward seemed pleased at something, for he whistled as he dressed himself in shining ducks for the afternoon. The crew, as is their way, made jokes concerning Pop.

A second time did dawn come and go. A second time did the velvet night swirl around the vessel and bring fireflies to play in her rigging. On the third day the Steward spoke to the Captain.

"I don't know where he's gone to, sir, but we'll need a cook soon, if we sail this evenin'."

"Well, wait until noon, Steward. If he hasn't shown up by then, you'd better run up to the Consulate and get another man."

"Yes sir, that'll fix things," said the Steward. He hummed a Spanish melody under his breath as he walked away.

Evening came, and the ship, low in the water, swung sluggishly out into midstream, scattered a school of porpoises, and pointed her head for the Gulf. A new prince reigned in the galley. The evening meal was almost a banquet, and the crew chattered lazily on the after-deck, their stomachs at peace with the world. Just at this time a disheveled man, torn and dirty, stumbled across the oil docks, fell and lay with his face towards the sea. A few Mexican laborers rushed leisurely over to him and put him in a sitting posture, plying him with questions which sounded ineffectual to his American ears. The only response they secured was: "Gaw', man, sonny, I work an' work ter that fella, an' now he goes away with my pants an' shirt an' boat, an' . . . You can't do nothin' to please him."

* * * * *

Ten miles off the Tampico breakwater, the new cook of the *I. N.*

Jones, rummaging among his pots and pans, came upon a pair of trousers, purple-striped, and a shirt, both resting in a shining stewpan.

"Hey," he shouted, "who put these damn things in this new pan? I'll break somebody's head, messin' around this galley." And carried away by his anger he hurled the offending garments through the port-hole. It was evident that he was at home.

"A galley's no place for a pair o' dirty pants," he muttered, and then forgot about the incident.

W. A. Reitzel, '22.



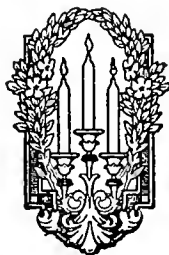
A Satire on Free Verse

(In Imitation of Pope)

*Hail to the magic verse of modern times
That leaves the thought of old insipid rimes!
Some few have said that rime to verse adds little,
But now we damn it as not worth a tittle.
Such men as Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, we find,
By this dread curse were terribly confined.
Imagine what these writers might have been
If tyrant Rimeing had not shut them in!
Alas, the curse came on them like a blight
And closed their genius in with walls of night.
But now a more enlightened age detects
The fault which in those sages caused defects.
We read with sad and condescending eye
And shake our heads and say, "All can but try."
Men of today avoid the fatal fault
Which made Keats hesitate and Byron halt.
And liberated verse now freely flows
Checked only by the thought, "I am not prose."
One line's as short as breath in wheezing age,
The next extends full three times 'cross the page.
O glorious freedom, where there are no rules
And those that versify are counted fools!
How well you cherish carelessness and sloth
And offer laziness full space for growth!
Men think now of the content, not the verse
And so degenerate from bad to worse.
Yet surely themes today are just as great
As Menelaus' love or Hera's hate;
From common subjects modern verse now flows
And sings a prizefight and a bloody nose.
Success in verse comes with a powerful word
Which ears refined have scarcely ever heard;*

*The hero with some noble rage should swell
And shout a challenge, such as, "What the hell!"
Such gems of kindly sentiment are fine,
And form a short but admirable line.
The author makes the ladies cry, "O dear!"
And sees how much vulgarity they'll hear;
To shock the public and to shock them hard
Is thus the high ambition of each bard.
Still to another aspect all must bow,
For every man can haunt Parnassus now.
Here of Democracy we reach the height
Where every numskull has the power to write;
To write he need not versify nor think
For all he lacks is paper and a drink.
This modern Muse has still another grace,
For lady poets now adorn her face.
To their ripe genius free verse is a friend
Because there is no special place to end.
Their numbers might flow on and on and on,
If James did not serve tea upon the lawn.
O Age divine, where art and reason meet,
And poets never stumble o'er their feet!
O Age sublime, thee humbly we adore
As culminating all that went before!*

David Harris Willson, '21.



My Friend The Weather

WHEN it is raining, and you have a headache, and have broken your glasses, and your one and only has more or less turned up her nose at you, you feel blue. I don't want to indulge in platitudes, but that must serve as an explanation of this performance. Nothing is done without reason, good or bad. Rain is a good reason; I don't suppose that the girl is: there is another girl within a hundred yards of the one and only, and fair weather is miles and miles away.

A friend of ours said that rainy weather was not bad weather, but merely inconvenient weather. Tonight is inconvenient to the extent of all outdoors. I usually like rain, but tonight I would venture forth alone, and stare at the waxing moon, and brood over *her* callousness, and then come home and write a sonnet about it. But I don't want solitude enough to go out in the rain after it. Solitude is all very well in its place, but it needs sentiment. There is sentiment in a thunder storm, sentiment in a cloudburst; but in a cold November drizzle it is strangely non est.

I have a great deal of amusement with the weather. Whenever it finds out that I am to go anywhere, it rains. Whenever it finds out that I have got away without its knowledge, it starts a wind, and loses my hat for me. But I have found out that the weather is not omniscient; it can be foxed.

When I am to call upon the one and only, I always make an engagement a long time ahead, so that the weather will reckon that there is little likelihood of its materialization. Then it will set itself out to be fair. Later on, sure enough, the date is changed, usually to the night before or after the one originally scheduled; on both those nights there will be floods. But then, very slyly and surreptitiously, I fix the affair back to the original evening; that fools the weather! That night there is starlight and moonlight, and a warm south wind, and all that mortal man could wish. "The rest is silence."

The weather and I aren't really inimical, you know. We just try, "in a friendly spirit of rivalry"—to outfool each other. The weather must accept its defeats, and I must accept mine. For instance, as an example of our true friendship, whenever the weather is sure that I am *particularly* anxious to have a pleasant time (an unusual case) it refrains from being unpleasant. And, for my part, when I am keeping an unimportant engagement, I don't object to the weather amusing itself at my expense; I can take a joke.

Now tonight, the weather realized that I would be much happier

if I didn't go out and brood my valuable time away, and come back and try to rime bosom with blossom, as did Swinburne, Blake, and others. So it discouraged the nonsense. But I am not to be altogether outdone; I am writing this.

Those who attend various schools and colleges throughout the country claim that the weather takes a diabolical delight in being inconvenient on week-ends. This is unjust; occasionally, to be sure, it rains at those times; my friend cannot be totally unamused: there is no fun in raining on week days. But as a rule it is fair; and, if you stop to consider, it is fair most of the time, anyway.

Weather reports in the newspapers are interesting. I have always maintained that the consummate liar was one who lied part of the time, and told the truth part of the time, and intermingled truth with *all* of his lies. Old Uncle Hi Treadway was just such a master. We asked him one day, when a heavy bank of clouds appeared off to the south, whether it would rain; we were new to the locality, and knew that he understood its weather. He looked critically at the sky, and replied that "we would get the edge of the shower". It rained steadily for two weeks. That man knew how to lie.

It is men like Uncle Hi who make the weather prognostications, I am sure. They never tell the truth; they never lie; but they tell what generally has a preponderance of the untrue in it, with a bit of truth. And then when the psychological moment arrives, they tell mostly truth with a little lie. They are geniuses, and never miss the moment. If I get on good enough terms with the weather, I think I can earn a living as a weather prophet, if I associate with Uncle Hi some more.

There are two things that I don't like at all; one is a wet newspaper, and the other is a newspaper. I seldom try to peruse the latter, never the former. But it does my soul good to see an unfortunate human being struggling with matted sheets and rain-obliterated print; it is a treat. Every once in a while, when I have been particularly good, the weather gives me that pleasure. And once in about as long a time I give the weather its fun, and let it wet me. But it is a good sport, and doesn't catch me in my Sunday best.

It is amusing to try to smoke a pipe in the rain; amusing to the weather. I thought once I could learn, and smoked all through a shower bath and shampoo. But they are insignificant compared to the weather; you can stick your pipe out of the shower, but not out of the rain, unless you asphyxiate yourself.

* * * * *

I think it is safe to say that I am recovered from the fit of blues

that I was in when I started this thing—thanks to the weather. Had it not rained, I should have gone off in a moody manner, and thought. Deleterious to the character, thinking. I have a friend who thinks, and it has led him into the pathetic way of working. He never gets any of the real loafer's joy out of life. He never puts his feet on the window sill and refrains from lighting his pipe because he is too happily lazy to take the matches out of his pocket. He doesn't smoke, anyway. Poor fellow! How fine a time he could have! Weather means nothing to him; he can play no tit for tat with the rain; he cannot exert his brains to outwit April; not he. But he can do mathematics, and knows something about economics.

And I—I can do nothing—to perfection, if I do say it myself!

S. A. N., '21.



Alumni Notes

1897

Edward Thomas is the author of a valuable volume on present industrial questions, *Industry, Emotion and Unrest*. Many of the instances and situations emphasized in the work are drawn from his keen observation and experience with the Underwood Typewriter Company. Publishers: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

1901

H. S. Langfeld has written an entertaining and instructive work, *The Aesthetic Attitude*. The publishers are Harcourt, Brace & Howe of New York City.

1908

Mac of Placid is a novel by T. Morris Longstreth of the class of 1908. It is a tale of the picturesque Adirondacks of New York state. The tale is rendered nothing short of marvelous by the appearance of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, it will be remembered, lived for a time at Saranac Lake. R. L. S. acts as the side partner of Mac, the hero, and by their combined efforts charming Hallie of the hills is finally won.

The book is published by The Century Company, New York.

1910

Christopher Morley, has just published a volume of poems, which he calls "Hide and Seek." Mr. Morley, not wishing to have us benefit by his poetry only, has written a second book of essays which carries the thoughtful title of "Pipefuls." This was released on October 25th by Doubleday Page & Company. "Hide and Seek" is to be had from the George Doran Company.

As every New Yorker knows, Morley conducts "The Bowling Green" on the editorial page of the *Evening Post*, where the political, literary, and international situations are given a healthy and humorous airing.

1917

The collection of college short stories, known as *The Best College Short Stories for 1917-18*, contains a product of the pen of Colby Van Dam who left us three years ago. The story is called "Men and Manners," and is well worth reading.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Haverford and Haverfordians

President W. W. Comfort

THE Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN has asked me to try to express my impressions of a five-weeks' trip taken through the West in the interest of the College and its Alumni. The task is a grateful one, for it gives an opportunity to thank those at home who proposed the trip and made it possible, as well as those along the extended route who made possible the contact that was sought between the College and distant Alumni.

The Haverford groups visited in order were in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Wichita, Kansas City, Omaha, Oskaloosa, and Cleveland. To be exact, I met sixty-eight Alumni on the trip, some of whom had seen no one from the College for many years and were quite out of touch with her affairs. It was not hard to awaken their interest and enthusiastic support for Haverford as it is today. After telling something of the Faculty and our academic standards, the activities of undergraduate life were touched upon, and the latest news of the Endowment Fund was divulged. Comments and questions were then in order, and the meetings were protracted into informal discussions. A lunch or dinner was the usual form of entertainment, and sometimes, as in Seattle and Omaha, the Alumni invited some of their fellow-citizens to hear about Haverford. It appears that, although there is no necessity for young people on the Pacific Coast to go East for their education, yet a number do so for family reasons and are diligent inquirers regarding a good small college. There is no reason why Haverford should not get occasional students from beyond the Rocky Mountains.

One point is worth making: that men who were students at Haverford for only one or two years are, in proportion to their numbers, in no wise behind the four-year students in their devotion and loyalty to Haverford and her ideals. They are entitled to every privilege and consideration which we can devise for them.

Several of the larger universities were visited to the profit of the visitor, and an opportunity to address the students was afforded at Mills College, Pacific College, Whittier College, Pomona College, and Friends' University. Invitations to speak at the University of California, in San Francisco, and in Omaha had to be declined with regret. The message delivered at the Friends' Colleges dealt with the future

of the American Friends' Service Committee and with the facilities offered by the Thomas Wistar Brown Graduate School at Haverford.

I feel strongly that Haverford should mean more to her old students as an actual asset in business and professional life as they move about the country. To this end a loose organization was effected in the cities visited, whereby a President or Chairman together with a Secretary will be in touch with all the Haverfordians in their respective territories, and will be ready to welcome and give information to fellow Haverfordians who may visit or settle in those parts. The names of these men with their addresses will be available at the College office, and will be printed in future editions of the catalogue. All parts of the country except the Southern States will thus be staked out with centers of Haverford influence. Such a trip was well worth while from every standpoint and should be repeated by some representative of the College from time to time in order to hold the interest already aroused.

I cannot close this brief narrative of seven or eight thousand miles without expressing my thanks for the hospitality and co-operation of the ladies who have married into the Haverford family and who did so much to make our plans successful: Mrs. Gummere, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. Froelicher, and Mrs. Claassen.

Triolet

*Those sunny hours on the float
Were long and warm and lazy.
They struck a happy, restful note,
Those sunny hours on the float,
The whispering lake, the anchored boat,
The mountains dim and hazy;
Those sunny hours on the float
Were long and warm and lazy!*
A. MacIntosh, '21.

The Empiricist

IN a little rock-bound village, close by the sea, lived a philosopher. No one in the village knew what a philosopher was; no one in the village cared, for life was hard: fish had to be drawn in by sheer strength of arm. Still the philosopher knew and cared, which, although it may have been mere personal prejudice, was sufficient to him. So he lived content in his dirty, grass-thatched cottage, situated on the top of the cliff. There he philosophized, ate the food which the fishermen did not use, and warmed himself by a fire whenever the wind carried branches against his hut. He would often sit on a bench outside his door and watch the waves rise and break, ebb, rise and break. . . . This always made him philosophize, which was natural.

After many years, Life and Death began to have a great interest for the philosopher. He even went so deep into the question that he asked the opinions of his neighbors on it.

"Do you know what Death is?" he would ask.

The fisher folk were doubtful as to whether they could answer exactly. To be sure, they knew that at times, when fishing was bad and food scarce, many people became very still and were buried, and that this state was called "being dead." They also knew, that at times, sudden storms would rise and plunge across the seas at their fishing fleets, and then several men would disappear. These men were also spoken of as dead. But as to what Death really was they were grossly ignorant.

This state began to prey upon the mind of the philosopher. Ignorance on vital questions always had this effect. He thought to himself, "Now is my opportunity to show how a philosopher can aid the world. Here are my people and they know not what Death is. Here am I, an explorer. I shall show them the mystery; and mysteries can only be solved by jumping straight to their hearts. I must go to the heart of Death in order to find out what Death is."

He spoke of his intention to his neighbors. They showed only such interest as could be attributed to mere politeness. However this did not daunt the courageous man, and he became more determined than ever. "People learn only in spite of themselves," he said. So he planned an excursion into the land of Death. He realized that he must make this excursion in a spectacular way so that the minds of his people would be duly impressed. He set a day for starting on his journey. He would jump from the cliff.

This announcement rather startled the simple folk, and they began to feel that perhaps they had misjudged this man. Because of this feeling, the entire village clambered up the cliff the following Sunday. The philosopher, dressed in a suit of black cloth, stood on the edge of the cliff and looked down at the narrow golden strip of beach that the sea had relinquished to the shore, during the hours that had just passed, his face radiant with joy. The villagers stood in a silent mass before the cottage. The philosopher turned to them and spoke:

"This journey is for you. Therefore, when I have leaped, come to the beach and I will tell you what I have found out concerning Death." Then he walked to the jutting rocks and leaped into the air.

After a stunned silence, the men ran hastily down to where the philosopher lay. He stirred when he heard them. They saw his lips move and caught faintly, "Oh God! My back."

"The mystery of Death," murmured the men.

"He has solved it," said one more daring in his thoughts. "It was his back, he said."

Whereupon all the men felt their backs to find out what the mystery was.

"He was a great man," spoke up one of the women, who by this time had joined their husbands, brothers, and sons.

Just then a child, running across the sands, stumbled and fell. "My back!" he screamed, and then sat up half-frightened by the noise he had made.

Everyone started.

"That's what the philosopher said," murmured the people. And they looked at the long, black-clad body. It did not move. Then they looked at the child. He was up and running towards them again. The fisher folk were very simple people, and could not reconcile these two controversial bits of evidence.

"He is dead," said one man, and seemed rather surprised at his having thought of it.

"There's no mystery about that," growled another, who was hungry.

So they buried him, as they had been taught to do with all whom they considered dead. The little child slowly rubbed its bruised back.

Wise philosopher! Foolish little child!

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

The Secret

*I stood upon a rugged, wind-rocked tower,
When clouds were furious at midnight hour,
And watched the elements like fates contend,
Methought, o'er human destiny the power.*

*A strife 'twixt Storm and Universal Night,
Unfeeling powers endowed with cruel might
O'er feeling souls by blind Creation's God:
The Night prevailed; there rose no dawn of light.*

*"Ye Powers of Darkness," through the blast I cried,
"That mounted on your storm-steeds wildly ride
To keep eternal watch, what help for grief?"
My voice upon the moaning thunder died.*

*To a lone star that pierced the blackened sky
Bright as the hopes of children, I did cry:
"Does Right endure? And Love, can it be true?
Are tears in vain?" I watched it fall and die.*

*A whispering cloud its misty pennons spread,
And on my soul a shower of anguish shed,
But hushed my questioning with, "Ask no more,
The dead alone, they know, the dead,—the dead!"*

H. G. Timbres, '21.

The Idea of a League of Nations

[As far as can be ascertained, this is the only essay on this subject that has been published in America.—Ed.]

A WISE understanding of the modern League of Nations is impossible merely from a study of the covenant framed at the recent peace conference. The theories of that covenant are so complex that a careful survey of the past history of the idea of a League of Nations is rendered indispensable to the seeker after political truths. Hence it is my purpose in this essay to review the historical development of this idea from its first conception in ancient Greece to its latest formulation at Versailles.

Voluntary organization and alliance among states to promote a common interest is as old as the history of states themselves. It has ever been the case that states have found it advantageous from time to time to unite in achieving common ends which were beyond the capabilities of any separate political body acting independently. Some of these confederations dissolved themselves of their own accord when the period of usefulness was over; others met with temporary success but final failure; and still others were mistakes from the outset. Since it would be tedious and unprofitable to recount the details of the many hundreds of defensive and offensive alliances which kings and statesmen have negotiated in every age, I propose to discuss only those actual and projected associations of nations which appear to be prototypes of the modern league.

Perhaps the most ancient league of nations to be placed in this category is the Delphic Amphictyony, or "league of neighbors", dating from the earliest days of Greece. This league comprised twelve Hellenic tribes united to protect the sacred shrine of Apollo at Delphi. From the point of view of today, the greatest interest of this Amphictyony lies in its rules to mitigate the hardships of wars. To this end a clause in its constitution stated that no Amphictyonic town would be destroyed or be cut off from running water in peace or war. The later history of this league might furnish a strong point in the argument of a modern Republican politician, because when Philip of Macedon began to take an active interest in Greek affairs, he used the ready machinery of the Amphictyonic council to further his ambitious schemes. It was at the urgent request of this league that Philip decided to take part in the

second sacred war which resulted in making him a force to be reckoned with in Greek international politics. Again, in 338 B. C., it was the Amphictyonic league that summoned Philip to conduct another sacred war. But now Philip was in a position to come not as ally but as conqueror, and on the famous field of Chaeronea he sent the Athenians and Thebans down to a bitter defeat. It is a sad reflection that the league, which originally had been formed to protect a temple, eventually was employed to suppress a democracy.

The vast epoch of time from the subjugation of Greece in the fourth century B. C. to the fall of the Western Roman Empire in the fifth century A. D. is characterized by no important society of nations that could be likened to the present league. During the grand period of the Roman Empire there was no necessity for an international political confederation, because all the Mediterranean peoples enjoyed the uniform and beneficent *pax Romana*. All lands recognized Rome's sovereignty. There existed but one state, one government—that of Rome, and this fact of orderly empire obviated the need for any league of peace.

But the human race was larger than the Roman Empire, and the barbarian invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries opened the door of the Middle Ages. During the first obscure centuries after the fall of the Empire in the West, nations did not come into existence as individual and distinctive political units. The ephemeral glory of the Carolingian renaissance soon passed into the realm of legend, while only the tradition and empty theory of empire continued to lurk in the minds of dreaming monarchs. In fact, the strange and almost mystical persistence of the idea of a universal Christian Empire was one of the most remarkable features of those centuries. Popes and Emperors alike could not forget the former grandeur that was Rome. This politico-religious ideal was most clearly voiced by Dante, who held forth a picture of the perfect body politic, a *humana universitas*, a panacea which would restore the golden age. In his *De Monarchia*, he described this theoretic state which should have several kings over its various divisions, and one king over all. A single ruler was necessary for the unification of society; and this monarch should be none other than the divine heir to the throne of the Caesars, the Holy Roman Emperor. The spiritual sword, thought Dante, should be the exclusive weapon of the Pope, who should stand on a level with the Emperor in the administration of the perfect world. Thus we see that the aspirations of the Middle Ages were not international but supernational. To us the significance of mediaeval dreams consists in the hopeful attitude of the scholastic philosophers that a world state transcending all centrifugal forces is actually possible.

Not until the early part of the fourteenth century do we encounter any semblance of the modern conception of an international league; and then it is not a concrete example in politics, but only the idealizing of a scholar, Pierre Dubois. He proposed to institute a court of arbitration, consisting of three ecclesiastical judges and three "others" on each side, which tribunal would meet on the occasion of any difference between nations. There was to be only one appeal from the decision of the court—an appeal to the Pope. The scheme of Dubois has no value for us except as a naïve theory of international arbitration.

Two centuries now passed during which the lines of nationalities were more and more sharply drawn. The European no longer raised his eyes only to his immediate overlord, but began to turn to his king for guidance. Borders and frontiers became worth fighting for. The spirit of patriotism was reborn. Under these new competitive conditions was created in the early sixteenth century a real league of nations, a league which we may call the first modern society of nations for universal peace. It was the work of Cardinal Wolsey, chief adviser to Henry VIII of England. Upon the occasion of concluding a treaty of alliance with France, Wolsey insisted on the acceptance of a program for perpetual peace between the two signatories and all those who might later sign the agreement. In addition to France and England, the King of Spain and the Pope consented to sign the compact. The preamble of the constitution of this league declared that a general peace among the Christian nations of Europe was necessary in order successfully to combat the Turk. The body of the covenant had to do with the course of action to be followed in case one of the contracting parties attacked another. All the signatory princes were pledged to wage common war against the first disturber of the *status quo*. The thirteenth article extended an invitation to all Christian princes to join the federation. But in regard to this project for universal peace, we cannot credit Wolsey with any sublime purpose of effecting perpetual peace in Europe,—he knew his times too well. The ultimate aim of Wolsey was undoubtedly to make England the arbiter of Europe, and he seized the opportunity of consummating this result at the time when the Pope was urging a crusade against Selim I. Wolsey's league was conceived in a diplomatic and not pacifistic spirit; the league lasted only one year.

In 1623, a hundred years after the downfall of the league of nations just described, a little-known French theorist, Emerich Crucé, published a remarkable essay on international peace called *Le Nouveau Cynée*. Crucé was a man far ahead of his time. His cosmopolitan toleration speaks forth in the following short passage from his book: "Who

am I," he asks, "to wish harm to an Englishman, a Spaniard, or a Hindoo? I cannot wish it when I consider that they are men like me, that I am subject like them to error and to sin." He advocated the establishment of a permanent assembly of ambassadors representing all the nations of the known world from China to England. This congress was to sit in Venice, at that time a natural center of affairs. Any differences arising between states should be settled by the judgment of the whole assembly, and if any state rebelled against the decision of so notable a body, that state would be disgraced before all other states. Oaths should be taken to hold as inviolable law the decisions of the congress, and pledges should be made to pursue with arms any who opposed these laws. The striking similarity of Crucé's project with the league covenant of the present day is immediately evident.

Contemporary with Crucé was that well-known *political romance*, or *Grand Design*, given out by Sully, the minister of Henry IV of France. Recent research seems to have demonstrated that the *Grand Design* was never an actual policy of state, but merely the fabrication of Sully's imagination after he retired from active service at court. Nevertheless, Sully's theories on international peace are of interest, even though we cannot ascribe to them too great importance. Briefly, the *Grand Design* proposed to establish a general council consisting of sixty-six representatives from the fifteen foremost powers of Europe. At the head of this Christian Republic should stand, at least nominally, the two elective overlordships, the Holy Roman Empire and the Papacy. The council was to examine and "settle quarrels amicably, to throw light upon and arrange all the civil, political, and religious affairs of Europe, whether internal or foreign." But as far as practical politics was concerned, the *Grand Design* never materialized.

Several decades after the promulgation of the *Grand Design*, William Penn came forth with an essay on the peace of Europe. Viewed from the present day, his essay is highly significant, especially in the clauses relating to the use of joint force, if necessary, in carrying out the decrees of the league, or *Imperial Diet* as he termed it. Penn believed in a Diet which should meet regularly and decide on rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe one to another. All differences between sovereigns should be brought before this assembly, unless private embassies were capable of settling the questions. If any king refused to abide by the judgment of the Diet, all the other kings, "united as one strength," should compel his submission. Thus did the great Quaker plead for peace.

A few years after the publication of Penn's essay, a French economist and moralist, St. Pierre, wrote a memorable work on perpetual

peace very similar in some respects to Penn's project. St. Pierre actually believed that he would live to see universal peace in Europe. His plan was a congress to settle differences by arbitration. There were to be, however, no representatives at this congress other than those appointed by the crowned heads of Europe, and this perhaps was the greatest objection to his scheme. Like William Penn, he advocated the use of a common army at the common expense to compel any dissenting sovereign to submit to the will of the majority. A very great fault in Pierre's plan lies in its disregard of political evolution; rulers were to be guaranteed assistance against seditious subjects, and the royal succession, whether hereditary or elective, was to be guaranteed according to the fundamental laws of each country. Such a project was impracticable not only in the eighteenth century, but is impossible in any century.

The eighteenth century was the glorious era of political philosophers. Many were the theories and counter-theories presented, either setting forth the means of securing international peace, or showing on the other hand that peace was not the natural state of the human race. In this century we meet such celebrated names as Rousseau, Jeremy Bentham, and Immanuel Kant. The last especially is worthy of attention. Immanuel Kant, one of the greatest of German thinkers, advocated a federation of republican states. For the same reason, he argued, that men first entered into a social contract and formed a community which grew to a nation, statesmen should seek to form a federative union among free powers. Kant looked to commerce as creating a condition of international self-interest, which would never be jeopardized by a commonwealth of enfranchised republican citizens. Kant admitted that each state would be obliged to surrender a portion of its sovereignty upon entering such a federation, but this could be justified by the analogy of man giving up his individual lawless freedom when he entered into the social contract. But to attain this dream of perfection, Kant declared that a moral regeneration must take place in the hearts of men. Kant's idea of a league of nations may be regarded as the most ultra theory yet expressed for the attainment of peace. But an inspiration of this kind, although not practically feasible, often leads the statesman to practical definitions, and we cannot afford to overlook its great significance.

Leaving the realm of political philosophy and turning to the actual history of political events, we come to the famous treaties of the year 1815, which inaugurated a wretched epoch that we may call for want of a more wholesome name the "Era of Metternich". Although Prince Metternich of Austria possessed a mind unappreciative of any modern conception of what a league of nations ought to be, yet his scheme

for maintaining peace in Europe by an alliance of the four greatest powers should be reviewed with care by the student of today. After Napoleon had been conquered at Waterloo, the powers of Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia turned to the difficult tasks of reconstruction. The conditions immediately following the Napoleonic era were surprisingly similar to present world conditions. The same period of upheaval had been experienced, the same weariness of strife prevailed, and the same dreams of perpetual peace were in the air. The future of a continent rested in the hands of the makers of treaties. On November 20, 1815, the four powers above mentioned entered into the Quadruple Alliance, for the purpose of preserving intact forever the boundaries fixed by the Congress of Vienna. By this alliance the four sovereigns resolved to aid each other in case revolutionary principles again convulsed France; to adopt measures conducive to the maintenance of the new settlement in France; and finally to hold meetings at fixed periods to consult upon their common interests, and pass any regulations which might be deemed salutary for the general tranquillity of Europe.

A halo of sublimity and mysticism was cast about this great enterprise by the Tsar of Russia, Alexander I, who urged upon the contracting parties in the Quadruple Alliance the necessity of a sacred union of Christian monarchs in order to further the happiness of all mankind. This was the famous Holy Alliance, which is sometimes confused with the Quadruple Alliance. The Tsar, far off in St. Petersburg, had set himself to dreaming of universal peace on a monarchical basis. Kings were shepherds who should watch over their flocks. All men were brothers in one grand fraternity. Alexander did his best to write these ideals into political fact, and although he voiced the yearnings of millions of Europeans who craved a lasting peace, he failed to take into consideration the rising force of popular government, which refused to brook the unrestrained exercise of despotic prerogatives. In many respects the Holy Alliance possessed the spirit of the modern league of nations. It was the expression, perhaps not entirely sincere, of a longing for a better world, a world safe for its inhabitants. Peace was its ostensible object, and it sought to gain peace by preserving the terms of a treaty made in accordance with the best judgment of the plenipotentiaries at the congress. The present league, in general, desires these identical things. But, of course, the great difference between the two documents is that the one depended on kings for enforcement, while the other depends on republics and democracies. After the Holy Alliance had been signed by Austria, Prussia, and Russia, an invitation was extended to England to become the fourth signatory, England,

however, politely refused to sign a document so vague and meaningless. Thereupon the continental diplomats became busy, and in the space of the next two years managed to extend the alliance to include France, the Netherlands, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Switzerland, and the Hanse Towns. Have we here, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, a situation similar to the present international situation in 1920? Does the United States in refusing to enter the League of Nations stand in the position England occupied a century ago? Is "Wilson's League" another Holy Alliance?

The outstanding figure at the Congress of Vienna had been Prince Metternich. Through his adroit statesmanship the *status quo ante bellum* was restored; and by the Quadruple Alliance, Metternich expected to create the machinery for perpetuating the terms of the Treaty. His theory concerning the duties of kings has resulted in untold suffering for millions of people. After 1815, monarchs seemed to forget that they sat upon nineteenth century thrones. They thought the spirit of "liberty, equality, and fraternity", which had been the thrilling cry of the French peasants in arms, was crushed forever. Metternich was not slow in bringing the Holy Alliance into use as an instrument of oppression. By its means he extended his reactionary policies from Austria to the German Confederation, Naples, Piedmont, and Spain, thereby making this alliance of kings the strongest and most baleful influence in European politics. But this state of affairs could not last indefinitely: the peace of absolutism was doomed to failure sooner or later in a century in which the voice of the people was destined to become the controlling factor. In 1822, England withdrew from the Quadruple Alliance, and found a moral ally in the United States of America. In 1823, President Monroe issued his famous Doctrine which sounded the note of warning from the New World to the Old. The days of reaction were growing short. As the deadly influence of Metternich declined, and the wrath of down-trodden peoples arose, the tower of oppression at last came tumbling to the earth, dragging with it the pomp of kings. The great lesson which the history of this alliance holds for us is the fact that enduring peace cannot be secured through efforts to suppress the constitutional liberties of peoples. A diplomatist's idea of wisdom may not coincide with that of the people, and any machinery by which he can impose his will on reluctant subjects must in time prove subversive of peace and harmony. The era of Metternich is past, strong kings and kaisers are no more, but selfish interests, political, economic, and racial, are not yet banished from the world.

I know of no important move made during the second half of the nineteenth century towards the formation of a society of nations.

Essays were written and poems composed by hopeful dreamers, but a practical occasion for a league of peace did not arrive. The United States was strikingly successful in settling many differences by international arbitration, and this fact gave rise to much comment, both here and abroad, as to the practicability of some permanent judicial body, which should hear and decide disputes before passion and rancor could have time to stir up the litigant nations. To this end, therefore, the Russian Tsar in August, 1898, addressed a rescript to the principal countries of the world, inviting them to send representatives to The Hague to consider questions of international peace and the limitation of armaments. The conference convened the following year. Although unsuccessful in regard to the reduction of armies and navies, the conference did succeed in establishing a permanent tribunal for the adjudication of such disputes as the nations chose to bring before it. Americans may well be proud of the fact that the United States was the first nation to take a case to The Hague, in 1902. Again, in 1907, our country took the initiative in summoning a second Hague conference. It began to look as though the dreams of idealists might possibly be realized at no very distant date. But strong as were the ideals of peace, the interests of militarism and nationalism were mightier. The Hague has rendered yeoman service ever since its foundation, but has not proved an effectual check on a government which is determined on war.

If Roosevelt's administrations were marked by The Hague conferences, the administration of his successor, William Howard Taft, was equally marked by an ever-increasing agitation for some means of settling amicably all international disputes. The United States now worked alone. The other nations of the world discouraged any definite attempt to cause a material change in their armaments. President Taft was very active in propagating the ideals of universal peace, and he took pains to show favor to all organizations formed for that purpose. Most of Taft's ambitions, however, fell to the ground, because the Senate at Washington consistently refused to ratify any treaty unless first rendered futile by conservative amendments. Yet the apparent failure of Taft was turned into temporary success by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan in 1913. The Bryan plan for peace proposed to institute with other governments a system of permanent commissions of investigation to take up disputes between the United States and other countries, when an agreement could not be reached through the ordinary diplomatic channels. The most important feature of this project was the rule forbidding governments litigant to declare war or to increase their armies or navies during the investigation by a commission. These commissions were to possess no executive powers, and their reports

were not to be binding. The true purpose of the plan was merely to afford time for an impartial investigation. There were further minor qualifications which made the project immediately practicable, and a number of treaties were ratified with other governments on the basis of Secretary Bryan's proposals.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 put to utter flight all hopes of universal peace. The citizens of the United States, however, refused to be discouraged completely, and many persons accordingly exerted themselves in behalf of peace. The "League to Enforce Peace" was formed in 1915; the Lake Mohonk Conference was held in the same year; a World Court Congress met in Cleveland, Ohio; and the "Woman's Peace Party" sent forty delegates to an International Congress of Women at The Hague to exert pressure on the European powers to end the strife. As America month after month beheld all Europe in the throes of misery due to a conflict which might have been avoided, she raised her voice again and again in favor of some means to make future wars less likely. But in 1917 the United States also was drawn into the war; and in 1918 the victory at last arrived. Soon thereafter President Wilson sailed for Europe to form a League of Nations.

H. S. Fraser, '22.

Constancy

*Within the gray smoke's upward twist
Familiar faces come and go,
Dissolving in the filmy mist
That hangs above the bowl's red glow.*

*And yet, in all this changing mass,
There lingers one I can't forget,
That will not go though others pass—
The face of her whom last I met.*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

Editorial Comment

PREJUDICE furnishes far the pleasantest and easiest ground of judgment. A man who has his opinions ahead of time is saved the trouble of thinking, of weighing values. Honest consideration is a difficult sort of performance, anyway; thinking is notoriously laborious. Prejudice does away with both. To dislike a poem of Shelley's because Shelley wrote it, saves not only the bother of carefully considering the faults and merits of the selection, but of reading the poem at all. To decide that Corot's paintings are not good settles the standing of a great many individual pictures at once; they do not have to be separately judged.

A great deal of time would be saved; a great deal of energy and intelligence could be directed to other matters, if only judgments were not so often reached by process of reasoning, but by generalization, by prejudice. This is a matter deserving consideration; let it be not altogether neglected.

* * * * *

It is interesting to note that the majority of very young writers of poetry—verse, if you insist—are pessimists. The world is a sad, sad place, principally because of the callousness of some divine maiden. It is too bad, of course; and the lengthening years bring further disillusionment: love is nothing; soulfulness is nothing; the greed for financial ease surpasses all. A very unfortunate state of affairs. All the world is wrong; the broken-hearted idealist stands apart and meditates moodily.

Before long religion proves itself a mockery, and atheism is added to the burden of worldly woe. This world and the next are now gone to pot; and the verse produced shows this effect. Death is the dominating theme; tears and sorrows are plentiful.

Fortunately, before many years drag drearily by, the young idealist loses some of his grief; his vision becomes wider; he sees new things. And gradually the effect wears off, except in a few isolated cases, too amusing to be regrettable. Time is a sure remedy for the world-weary young poets.

* * * * *

Those few who do not get over their self-pity are entertainers to humanity. The trouble with them is that something has kept them from finding anything they really want to do. Therefore they whimper. But those of us who are not so unfortunate, and find something of interest in life, see in the outpourings—morose, morbid, disgusting,

wonderfully clever—of these poor chaps a genuinely humorous quality. They amuse us, and incidentally make themselves so delightfully miserable that life seems almost worth while.

* * * * *

Not that pessimism has not a just and honorable place in literature. It is a true and worthy point of view, the pessimistic; and one of profoundest philosophical dignity. But pessimism, the noble attitude, and what is inelegantly called "the puppies" are two very different things. The pessimism of Keats and Arnold has nothing in common with childish whimperings, and sighs of love-lorn lovers, any more than the optimism of Beethoven is the cheap sentiment of modern ragtime effervescence.

* * * * *

The careful reader will note that in all this valuable discussion of pessimism and optimism there has been no mention made of Pollyanna. This is a step forward in literature.

Poetry

*Divinely beautiful she walks at eve
 Within a wood where darkening shadows fall
 And where the soft perfumes of flowers call
 The weary earthman, eager to receive
 A sight of that inspired lady fair
 Whose graceful charm has held her sway on earth
 Through varying moods of pathos and light mirth.
 Her very presence clarifies the air
 And sheds a fragrance like the breath of May.
 The earthly men who look with ardent gaze
 See nought but outward beauty in her ways;
 They fail to grasp what inner thoughts display
 Themselves upon her face; but men whom God
 Has given sight beyond the edge, see deep
 Into her soul, and catch the mighty sweep
 Of thoughts too vast for words, of ways untrod.*

C. D. Abbott, Jr., '22.

Dead Man's Mill

*Set round with Devonshire moor and hill,
Gray down and barrow, glade and fen,
Lies a wandering valley wild and still
With a ruined mill in a lonely glen,
Where the boughs thick laced with rank grown vines
Are so dense that into the long dale shines
Scant light; where down ravine and spur
Low winds imprisoned scarcely stir.
But where the flat pond's weed-choked sands
Spread wide, where the broken mill wall stands,
Over the dam with a spectral flash
The coiling whirls of the chill wave splash;
And in the pit where the wheel once turned
Writhing waters belabored and churned
Cover the deep in which was found,
Bloated and black, the miller, drowned.
Long since are the wheel and the mill race gone,
And the walls sink lower as years pass on,
For the sound of the surging waters shrill
Alone by day haunts the roofless mill.*

*But woe unto him whom some delay
Keeps from home at the end of day
Woe unto him whose pathway goes
By the grim old mill at the day's dark close!
For, lo, in the night strange sights appear,
And the shuddering passerby there must hear
How the wave in the race makes a murmuring sound,
How the wet wheel creaks as it whines around,
And the mill stones groan as the grain is ground.
He will find that the fallen walls uphold
The shingle roof as in times long old,
And over and back on the warped oak floor
Faint echoing footsteps fall once more,
For there in the drifting fog and mist
The ghost of the miller grinds his grist.*

*There guided by hands no hands can feel
The rasping stones and the wailing wheel
Are making for dead men mouldy meal.*

*And they say as he paces to and fro,
This miller for men whom no men know,
In a hollow tone which the winds prolong
Chants a weird old mournful song.*

*"Wish ye that I your grain shall grind?
Fetch it at once, fetch all.
Leave portion none for men behind,
Take ye no care, no thought to mind,
Bring it to me for ye will find
That I shall grind it small,
Small.*

*"Will ye have of the grain I grind?
Take it at once, take all.
Leave none for me or mine behind,
I am no churlish man unkind,
Take all, for swiftly ye will find
That need for more is small,
Small."*

N. E. Rutt, '23.



Loss

DIREKTOR GRADINER sat in his room in the Waldhaus at Vulpera. The window was open and he was looking out across the village towards the Alps which lay in the heavy moonlight. The air was tinged with a slight sharpness from their snow-covered tops. It was almost unbelievably quiet. Suddenly the sweetly shrill tone of a violin sounded.

The music seemed to come from a small room in the servants' quarters, and when it stopped, the Direktor left his room and wandered over to the outlying building in search of the player. After some questioning, he knocked at a small door which was opened, disclosing a drab, low-ceilinged room, the monotony of its outline broken by a bed and a chair. A short, ruddy youth was standing in the open doorway, one hand gripped tightly around the neck of a violin, the other on the knob.

"Sir?" he said, haltingly.

"You have been playing?" Gradiner asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Play again for me," the old man ordered quietly.

Half frightened by the unexpected intrusion and the command, the young fellow raised his violin and drew the bow across the strings in a hesitating way. Gradiner noticed his hesitancy.

"Do not be afraid; just play," he said.

Then the boy began again and continued for some time. Finally the Direktor signed him to stop.

"Will you come to Zurich with me to study?" he asked.

"Zurich!" stammered the boy. "You must ask my father."

"His name and address?"

"Heinrich Haberacher, Fontana."

"I will see you tomorrow," and he turned and left.

Hubert blew out the light and sat on the low window sill. His eyes were bright with wonder and joy. He did not go to bed until the moon had sunk behind the hotel.

The next day while Hubert was carrying the luggage of incoming and departing guests, Direktor Gradiner made a journey to Fontana. The conference with the boy's father was short and satisfactory. Hubert was to return to Zurich to the conservatory, where he would study and, when the time was favorable, be launched on his artistic career. All expenses would be paid by the State from funds set aside for the purpose.

II

Zurich was near. The journey from Vulpera had been very tiring and Direktor Gradiner was wedged into the corner of the compartment, sound asleep. But Hubert, buoyed up by his imagination, sat on the edge of his seat, breathing rapidly. The lake, blue and bright under the sun, lay along the tracks. The Alps stood vague in the distance. He did not even remember them with a backward glance. Zurich was ahead.

It was dark when the train stopped. Gradiner and his protégé got out, the latter completely stunned by the glare. They drove straight to the Hotel, secured rooms and retired. Late into the night the young fellow gazed out of the window over the town, spangled against the blackness of the lake and the sky.

In the morning he rushed to the window as soon as he got up. The city, rather dull in the early light, was already astir. But the mountains! Where were they? A faint haze covered the horizon. Then Hubert felt the real pain of separation—a queer, vague groping for something indefinable—homesickness. His violin was not taken from its case that day, nor the next. Direktor Gradiner understood his pupil's feelings and said nothing for some days. But as matters grew worse, as Hubert withdrew more and more into himself, the Direktor grew worried.

One forenoon the old man found him in one of the worst sections of Zurich. He was standing on the curb looking through the window of a dirty coffee-house. He did not answer when Gradiner spoke to him; and the Direktor, astonished by this, tried to discover what was attracting Hubert's attention. He also looked in at the window.

Seated at one of the low tables was a coarsely handsome girl, staring from low-lidded eyes full at the young man. Rather angry, Gradiner started to lead him away, when he noticed that the youth was looking beyond the girl. On the wall, over her head, hung a large mezzo-tinted photograph of Mont Blanc. Crude as it was, the splendor and majesty of the mountain dominated the picture. A dull pain pulled at the heart of the old man, and he turned hastily away. When he disappeared around a corner, Hubert was still standing in the street.

The Direktor stopped him when he returned to the Hotel.

"Hubert," he said, "it is time to get to work. You have had long enough to accustom yourself to the city's strangeness. Tomorrow your lessons will begin."

Hubert nodded, "Yes!" and went up to his room. He opened his violin case, took out his instrument and carefully wiped off the dust. He tuned it quickly, then taking his bow, played a single chord, deep

and vibrant. He stopped and sank into a chair, weeping. The violin dropped across its case. Morning broke through the windows on the same scene. The lamp was still burning, the violin untouched, Hubert asleep in his chair, his head fallen back.

III

One night, about three weeks later, Hubert was returning to his room, after an evening spent at the conservatory. The pupils had given a party to welcome Direktor Gradiner back from his vacation, and as a matter of course, Hubert had been invited. He had accepted from sheer, overwhelming loneliness, and now he was regretting his step. The affair had not been successful as far as he had been concerned; no one had paid more than the most perfunctory attention to him; his dialect had kept him from entering into any conversations, and his general unsociable attitude had left him in a position of continual isolation. Now he was more lonesome than ever.

Slowly he climbed the stairs to his room, went in and lighted the lamp. His violin was on the table; the music stand covered with open sheets stood close by. He seized the instrument, turned to his music and began to play. Then he stopped short, angrily knocked the pages to the floor, blew out the lamp and began to play again. He was in the grip of a great emotion and a great longing. Notes sprang in a jumble from his brain and then cried out to the quiet night their passionate wail of sorrow and loneliness. The mountain winds sang of their desires, stronger and stronger; then suddenly weak and dead. He stopped playing, and ran at once to Direktor Gradiner to play his new music. The old man, sleepy but attentive, was careful with his praise, but appreciation and happiness were in his face as he said, "Yes, it is good. You shall play it at your first appearance if you so desire."

IV

Hubert had two consolations in his life of loneliness and labor: the lake and the infrequent letters he received from his father. Whenever possible he would wander down to the shore and watch the water color under the setting sun, watch the distant vagueness of the mountains die away against the sky of night. There were pine forests across the blue water and they were the companions of his peaks.

As for the letters, his father wrote neither well nor interestingly; but there was, in his notes filled with parental advice and village gossip, a stolid peasant atmosphere and some faint suggestion of the strength and quiet of the high mountains.

" . . . you must put yourself to your work as hard as you can. Direktor Gradiner has been kind to you and you must make yourself worthy.

"Mrs. Grüner lost her child the past week in a landslide. The poor woman weeps and curses the mountains. She will not be comforted.

"Be strong my son, and do not get discouraged. You are very young . . ."

After each letter Hubert would practise almost ceaselessly. A soul would enter into his violin. The mountains and the dropping streams pictured in his mind would speak from his finger-tips and fill the drab little room. Direktor Gradiner would speak encouragingly.

V

It was the evening before Hubert's first appearance. The conservatory concert had been planned in advance. Hubert Haberacher was to play "Mountain Winds," his own composition. The entire city was set for the affair.

Hubert was in his room, practising. His nerves were tense, his playing marred by mechanical errors, and impatiently he laid his violin aside and threw himself in his chair. He was dreadfully overwrought. His whole career, often rendered doubtful by loneliness, misunderstanding, and lack of confidence, was now at the climatic point. This concert meant success or failure. Failure? No, it could not possibly be that. He rose and went to the open window. The lake lay a sheet of black velvet fringed with reflected gold lights; the mountains were invisible, but their strength came to him through the night. It would not be failure!

Suddenly there came a sharp rap at the door.

"Come in."

"Hubert Haberacher? A telegram."

He signed for it and slowly tore open the yellow envelope.

"Father killed by avalanche. No need to come, impossible to recover body. Müller, Mayor."

His eyes were dry, but the lids twitched rapidly; his throat tightened as he dropped mechanically into his chair. He buried his head in his arms stretched out over the window sill. After what seemed hours, he rose and looked at the clock. It was 7.45. He dressed hurriedly, bathed his face, and rushed to the conservatory. Gradiner, in a state of nervous excitement was waiting for him in one of the small rooms, off stage.

"Hubert," he shouted. "Where have you been? Are you ready to start?"

Hubert nodded. Gradiner went on the stage and announced him. The accompanist walked out and arranged his music. The audience were discussing him eagerly when Hubert appeared; before them stood

a boy who looked like a man. His face was extremely pale; his hair was tousled and his eyes dull. He walked slowly to the very center of the fore-stage, raised his violin and began to play.

He was bashful and stiff at first. The endless rows of black and white stared him in the face too critically. Then the hall became the mountains; the doorway far in the rear was the doorway to his father's house. He played to the mountains, sweeping on and on, the strings shouting aloud the pain and sorrow of his loss.

There stood his father! The vision vanished as Hubert looked.

His fingers wavered and tripped. The pianist gazed up sharply, Gradiner coughed from off-stage; but Hubert came to a feeble end, stopped, and stood looking blankly at the audience.

The applause was merely polite. He had failed! He turned and walked quickly off.

Gradiner gripped him as he passed.

"Hubert, Hubert lad," he whispered. "What is it?"

The young fellow shoved the yellow slip into his hand and collapsed. The Direktor sent pupils scurrying for medical assistance.

VI

The home of Heinrich Haberacher stands a little apart from the rest of the village of Fontana. The huge foothills rise immediately at its back. A small, brilliantly blue lake is visible from its front windows. It is very beautiful and quiet there. The village cattle wander near the lake. A young, white-haired man lives there. The villagers say he is harmlessly insane. He supports himself by playing a violin in the church on Sundays. During the week he sits at his doorway and looks down towards the lake, or wanders slowly around to the rear of his cottage and stares with a stupid look in his eyes towards a deep gash in the breast of the mountain, where Heinrich Haberacher's body and Hubert Haberacher's life lie buried under an avalanche.

E. B. Rosskam, '24.



Christopher Morley's New Books

TWO new books by the most prolific of Haverfordians could never fail to attract attention, but when two of such dissimilar character as *Pipefuls* and *Hide and Seek* appear almost simultaneously, then it is time for even the unbelievers to wake up and see what "Kit" Morley's facile pen has to offer. His popularity has become so national that there are few who are not familiar with some phase of his work. And his former work has set a standard which will not be easy to maintain. Yet, there is no need for any one to be disappointed in this new output. While it is not as original or as brilliant as what has formerly appeared, it does nothing to detract from his present reputation.

The first is a collection of charmingly written familiar essays, all the subjects of which will appeal to people with a literary bent, and particularly to Philadelphians. It is quite true that Mr. Morley's personality pervades all his work, and lies poorly concealed between the lines. This is one of his chief elements of charm. Who but an ardent bibliomaniac with a sense of humor could conceive the magnificent idea of George Snipe autographing the Rubaiyat: "This book is given to the Anti-Saloon League of Naishapur by that thorn in their side, O. Khayyam." Who but a modern Epicurean could describe breakfast in Broad Street Station in a manner that would cause a hungry man to perish? Who but a Haverfordian could paint the campus on a winter morning with the vividness of this passage:

"It is like a fairyland of unbelief. Trees and shrubbery are crusted and sheathed in crystal, lucid-like chandeliers in the flat, thin light. Along the fence, as you go up the hill, you marvel at the scarlet berries in the hedge, gleaming through the glassy ribs of the bushes. The old willow tree by the Conklin gate is etched against the sky like a Japanese drawing—it has a curious greenish color beneath that gray sky. There is some mystery in all this. It seems more beautiful than a merely mortal earth vexed by sinful men has any right to be. There is some ice palace in Hans Anderson which is something like it. In a little grove, the boughs, bent down with their shining glaziers, creak softly as they sway in the moving air. The evergreens are clotted with lumps and bags of transparent icing, their fronds sag to the ground. A pale twinkling blueness sifts over distant vistas. The sky whitens in the south and points of light leap up to the eye as the wind turns a loaded branch."

Perhaps he does strain for humorous effects occasionally, but who can be funny all the time? He confesses that he finds it very tiring

to think of laughable things. But he turns out so many good ones that the poor ones can be easily forgiven. This memorable advertisement alone would be enough to pardon a hundred bad jokes:

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He can be serious too. One might almost say philosophical. "On Making Friends" has points in it that even Emerson might have been proud to write. Of course, it is in the usual informal style, and its sentiment and delicacy make it delightfully intimate, but still it has something akin to Bacon's and Montaigne's genius in it.

Pipefuls will grow upon you. You cannot read it without recalling many pleasant places and occasions familiar to all Haverfordians. It abounds with artful pleasantries and humorous allusions. Best of all, however, it tells of the man whom we used to see three times every week during a whole semester of last year, hurriedly making his way early in the morning, to Chase Hall.

Hide and Seek—the book of verses—is vastly different. It carries us back to that first book *Songs for a Little House*, which prophesied what was to come later. It never reaches the heights of homespun happiness and domestic simplicity that were so evident in that first attempt. Still, it carries on the old idea, and in a few instances, which are altogether too rare, approaches them. *The Music Box*, *To Louise*, and *Sunday Night* seem to echo the old spirit and show that some day there will be more about the "little house" and its household.

The Nursery Rhymes for the Tender Hearted are a surprise. One comes suddenly upon the clever parody "Scuttle, scuttle little roach;" then follow more anecdotes from the entertaining lives of coleoptera. The last of these is most amusing:

*I knew a black beetle, who lived down a drain,
And friendly he was though his manners were plain;
When I took a bath he would come up the pipe,
And together we'd wash and together we'd wipe.*

*Though mother would sometimes protest with a sneer
That my choice of a tub-mate was wanton and queer,
A nicer companion I never have seen:
He bathed every night, so he must have been clean.*

*Whenever he heard the tap splash in the tub
He'd dash up the drain-pipe and wait for a scrub,
And often, so fond of ablution was he,
I'd find him there floating and waiting for me.*

*But nurse has done something that seems a great shame:
She saw him there, waiting, prepared for a game:
She turned on the hot and she scalded him sore
And he'll never come bathing with me any more.*

The Translations from the Chinese of No Sho, Pu'r Fish, Po Lil Chile, Sai Wen, Chu Pep-Sin, and O B'oi, with their strange kinship to laundry slips, are extremely clever. No Sho is a cynic of the first order. Witness this:

*One of the penalties
Of being a human being
Is
Other human beings.*

The kindly poet seems a trifle bitter and sarcastic in these humorous bits. He seems to bear a grudge, perhaps only a superficial one, against all modernists and vers-librists, and takes great delight in aiming a few darts at them. The Lady Editor of the famous Chicago periodical may be a subject for satire, but that of Addison might be more effective than Swift's. It must be admitted, however, that it is funny.

Mr. Morley deserves tremendous credit for his faithful adherence to what he calls "verses craftsman-made." Disregarding the modern tendency for vers libre and novel forms, he clings to the old school of Dobson and Landor, still occasionally writing rondeaux and ballades. Perhaps the poets of the new era are geniuses, but at least Mr. Morley is successful. We heartily echo the request of Oliver Twist!

C. D. A., Jr., '22.



The Joy of Living

*Lift the rock and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there am I;
I am in the golden sunshine,
In the silence of the sky;
Flying through the prairie breezes,
Dipping in the ocean spray,
Dancing where the clouds are darkest,
Sleeping where the moonbeams play,
Forging hammers for the thunder,
Seeing that the rains are right,
I am like a dancing shadow,
Dying with the dying light.*

J. H. Smith, '21.

Alumni Notes

NOTE—The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to Henry S. Fraser, Haverford College.

1902

Charles Wharton Stork has published through the Dutton Company of New York an anthology of contemporary verse selected from ten magazines of America.

A sonnet entitled "Beauty's Burden" by Charles Wharton Stork, is included in the very

careful anthology of magazine verse for 1920 published by William Stanley Braithwaite.

1910

Christopher Morley is included in Braithwaite's index.

1914

L. Blackledge Lippmann is listed on another page of the same.

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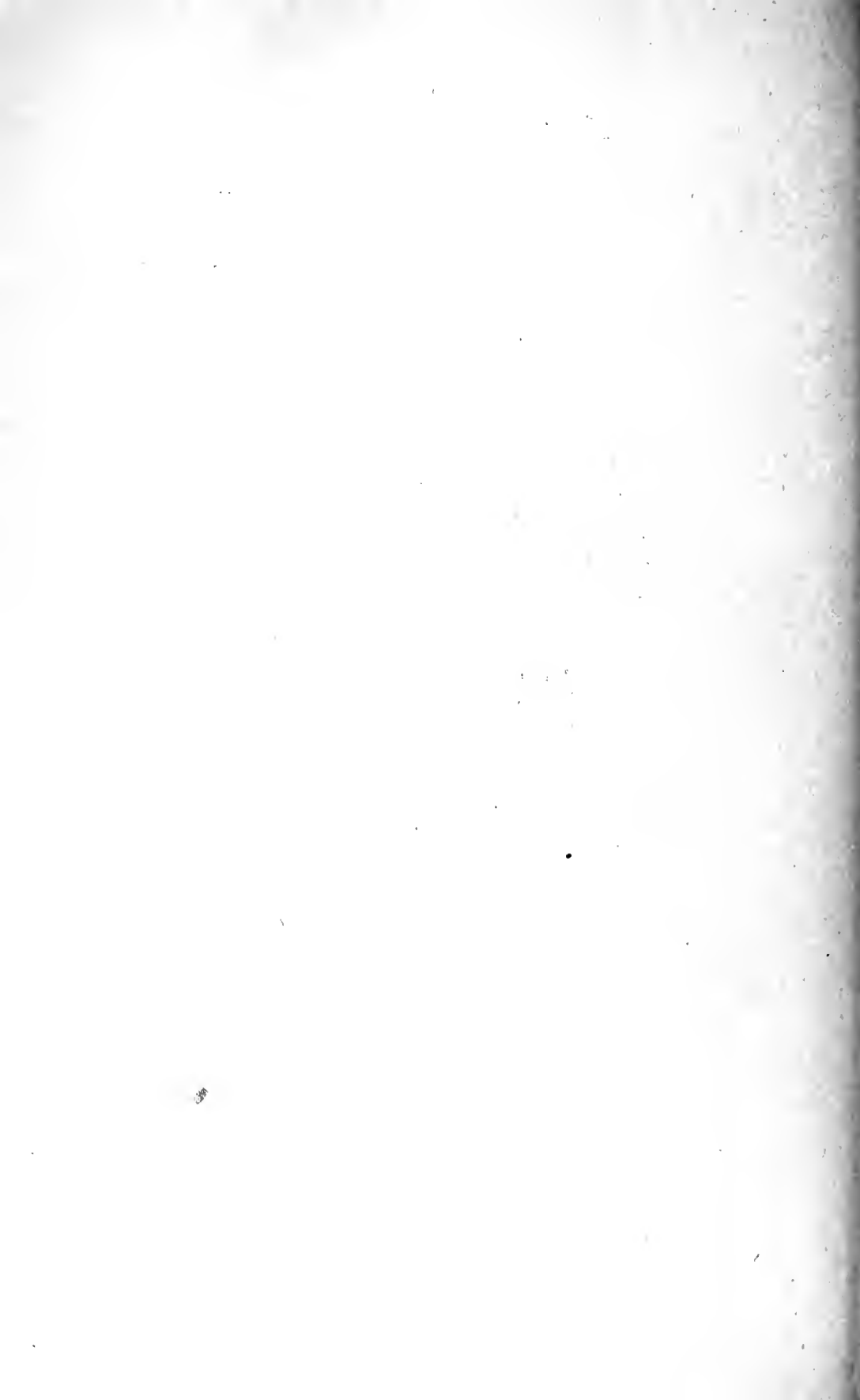
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Wordsworth and the French Revolution

ALTHOUGH the French Revolution had a profound effect on all the poets writing in England in the early part of the nineteenth century, its influence upon Wordsworth was perhaps most characteristic and most worthy of inquiry. The stages of hope, disappointment, despair, and final recovery through which Wordsworth passed were typical in a certain degree of the mental experiences which all Europe underwent during this revolutionary epoch. When the Revolution opened in France in 1789, Wordsworth was a young man of twenty, who had grown up in singular isolation from the world of action. He was totally devoid of any knowledge of the crying social problems of his day. From his earliest years, a love for nature had been his consuming passion. Mountain, wood, and lake filled him with "aching joys" and "dizzy raptures," which were to him the very breath of being. And this life was one of exuberant joy and healthy emotion. He was filled with the sheer enthusiasm of living, and beheld the goodness of man in the innocence and glowing warmth of his own soul. He approached the shield of human nature from the golden side, and was certain that the metal which he saw was pure. This idealism was not suited to bring him into close contact with the hearts of other men, and hence he possessed very few friends. He could more often be seen returning alone from a walk or a row than participating in the social pleasures of the men of his own age. Not that he shunned company—but his real life, when he was most truly himself, came to light when he contemplated alone some wild scene of nature, and drank its beauty and grandeur into his very heart.

The theories of social perfection and universal happiness promulgated by the philosophers and thinkers of the early French Revolution were calculated to make a deep impression upon Wordsworth. The ardent young man was at once won over to the new doctrines of the ascendancy of reason and the natural goodness of man. Yet though he readily acknowledged reason to be his guide, he was first influenced by the Revolution through his emotions. In 1790, and again in 1791, he went to France, and there observed the sufferings of a people who for centuries had been downtrodden by a line of despotic monarchs. The tyranny of the ages had at last culminated in the bloody cataclysm which now forced itself upon the astounded consciousness of Europe, and Wordsworth was only one of many intellectuals who enthusiastically welcomed the new theories. He was for the first time in his life brought

into absolute harmony with his fellow-men. He felt their misery to be his misery, and at last his love reached out to include all humanity. Wordsworth had gone out from England, so a present-day writer recently put it, with the lantern of enlightenment in search of general man, and in France he found the object of his quest. He returned to England a complete convert to the revolutionary sentiments. His joy in life was now redoubled by the conviction that a true solution for the alleviation of human misery had been discovered, that reason was to make the world more perfect, and that the true and best nature of man was being expressed at that very hour on the continent.

*O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!*

The first shock he received of the possibility that he might be in error came when England took a definite stand against the doctrines expressed in France. This was a great blow to the poet. Patriotism and natural tendencies clashed, but patriotism lost, and "what had been a pride was now a shame." But this was followed by a more ominous turn of affairs which very quickly resulted in shattering all Wordsworth's visions, and leaving him in hopeless despair. The Terror began in France and an example to all the world was thereby afforded of the inevitable result of unchecked liberty. Wordsworth still clung to his belief in the theoretical unselfishness of man, and loudly proclaimed, perhaps to convince himself, that this was the final dark before the glorious dawn. One fact more was still required to complete Wordsworth's bitter disillusionment, and this was not long in arriving. As soon as the new France got upon its feet, instead of considering the possibilities of a better social order, she started on a series of wars for territorial aggrandizement, which involved all Europe in carnage. Here was the complete collapse of all Wordsworth's dreams, the perfect proof that man is inherently selfish and is a prey to his instinct for self-assertion.

Wordsworth was deprived of his faith in man and sank into mental despair and complete scepticism. He had been shown the unsoundness of the French revolutionary principles in a most overwhelming manner. Yet he clung to the doctrine that reason is dominant over all other aspects of life, and pure intellect the only basic reality in the determination of human behavior. He lost the emotional enthusiasm of his earlier convictions, and retreated to the depths of his own intellect, there to seek the causes of the French failure. He was greatly

influenced at this time by an English radical, William Godwin, who proclaimed reason to be the only principle that should govern conduct, but Wordsworth could find no solace in this system. In the last analysis he was obliged to fall back on himself. As time passed he gradually recovered his former faith in the things of the spirit, and gave up his attempt to apply reason as his only guide. He had let the worship of intellect overshadow all Christian doctrines whenever the two conflicted. He now attempted to regain his old spiritual faith as well as his old joy in living. The first step in the prolonged period of his recovery was the proof in his own mind that reason is not an infallible guide. We see this worked out in a tragedy called *The Borderers*. Here, as Goethe had done in the *Sorrows of Werther*, Wordsworth relieved and at the same time convinced himself by the force of the written word. Oswald, one of the characters in *The Borderers*, is a man directed solely by his reason, and also by his sense of justice, to commit a murder which cold intelligence apparently recommended and approved. Oswald's gradual realization that his act was cruel and opposed to all the natural goodness of man was exactly the same process of awakening that was taking place in Wordsworth. In this drama Wordsworth looked himself over, so to speak, and came to see where he was in error. When he abandoned reason, he stepped over to even a more thorough mysticism than he had entertained as a young man. He spoke of this mysticism as "reason in its most exalted mood." It was the unaccountable belief in the ultimate goodness of man and of the world, that at times came sweeping over him, and convinced him absolutely of its reality. In other words, he felt himself invaded and at the same time comforted by a divine something which possessed him body and soul. Nature was what awakened this mystical experience. The *Lines Written above Tintern Abbey* are those which express the new fact of his life, and they form, it has been said, a belief as new to the mental outlook of that period as the Sermon on the Mount was to the Roman world during Christ's mission on earth.

And I have felt

*A presence that disturbs me with a joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.*

Thus nature won the sceptic back from the dark paths of doubt through which he had been stumbling, and made him more a priest of nature than he had ever been before.

D. H. Willson, '21.

There Have Been Days

*There have been days on which I played
With barefoot boys along the strand;
Cuirass and sword from wood we made,
And forts we built of logs and sand.*

*And now we charge the enemy,
Across the sand in line we dash—
"Give up the fort to liberty,
Or down to earth your walls shall crash!"*

*And now we rest upon the shore,
To dream of gold and islands far
Away where warring breakers roar,
And ships are wrecked upon the bar.*

*But now those days are in the past,
The days we ran beside the sea;
Alone I sit, and write, and cast
About for joys now dead for me.*

*Old men declare there comes a time
When boys must turn from childhood's way;
But oh, give me those years sublime,
When friends fought barefoot by the bay!*

H. S. Fraser, '22.

Gottfried Keller

TO EVERY enlightened people there are born in the course of national development certain poets and writers whose works are the clear and faithful pictures of the manners and ideals of their era. Because of their personality the more brilliant and successful geniuses often stand forth as the radiant and lasting monuments of the centuries in which they lived. But it is only seldom, and by a rare gift of nature, that poets are born who can know and record everything which constitutes the intimate life of their people, their wishes and dreams, their thoughts and emotions, their moods of happiness and their times of despondency. Goethe possessed this great power, and we find the same to exist in Gottfried Keller.

It may not have occurred to the average person to regard the Swiss who are of German extraction as a people endowed with a literature distinctly their own, which is at the same time a valuable part of the cultural products of the Teutonic race. In the glorious land of "green vales and icy cliffs," there has grown up a literature upon which the healthful contact with nature, together with the enjoyment of hard-won national freedom, has left its indelible impress. Misery, crime, and dissension refuse to mar the picture of national serenity. The moderation and soberness which characterize the phlegmatic "Schweizer" must not be thought to preclude the existence of a great and potent fire of genius. No more positive evidence of this fact can be cited than the great man of whose life and achievements this paper will briefly treat.

One renowned artist, Arnold Böcklin, and four writers, Jeremias Gotthelf, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Gottfried Keller, and Carl Spitteler, are Switzerland's contribution to German art and culture in the nineteenth century. Of these, Keller is the best known to the world today. The growing appreciation which his works are now finding in Germany exceeds the attention which was accorded them during the author's lifetime. People that have become deadened to the thrills of an unspeakable war, with its ravages, sufferings, and losses, turn with a sigh of relief to the refreshing consolation and the soothing balm, which the great novelist holds forth to them in his tales of simple life.

Keller at the time of his death was one of the foremost German poets, and still remains the greatest bard that Switzerland has ever

produced. The Swiss, despite their wonderful inner life, are perhaps too stern a people to give expression to the joys and sorrows of earthly existence in the same powerful lyric outbursts which characterize more manifestly emotional peoples. The number of their poets is few. Even the merit of Keller's poetic work has been disputed, although the gleaming gems among them, with their intense patriotic fervor, their passionate love of the fatherland, have been equalled by few.

Gottfried Keller was born on July 19, 1819, in Zurich, the son of the master wood-turner, Rudolf Keller, and his wife, Elizabeth. Gottfried's father is still preserved to us in the great psychological novel, *Der Grüne Heinrich*, the first part of which is a fairly accurate account of the author's boyhood and youth. Rudolf Keller is portrayed as one of those earnest, patriotic citizens whom the wave of progressiveness in morals and politics, with its striving after a newer, fuller, and more poetic life, had swept in its wake. An untimely death overtook him, and his widow and two small children were left in restricted circumstances. Young Gottfried was early assailed by the buffetings of a hard fate. Summarily expelled from the village poor school because of some rebellious commotion, in which he was unjustly accused of having been the ringleader, he was obliged thereafter to pick up a random elementary education wherever he could find it. While living under his mother's roof, his active, germinating genius turned to painting as the outlet for its creative desire. The decision came too early to result in a genuine vocation, and it took Keller many years of work and disappointment to realize that his success would have to lie in other fields. Possibilities for an artist's career in Switzerland were far from encouraging. The doctrines of Zwingli had done much to make colorful pictures unpopular. After scraping together the meagre family fortune, the young man, twenty-one years of age, left his home to settle in that beehive of German artists, Munich. Two futile years he spent at the Academy, engaged principally in self-tuition which seems never to have passed beyond the dilettante stage. A fantastic tendency led him to cast on his canvas naïvely heroic, unnatural landscapes, loaded with mythological and symbolical attributes, although occasionally graced with original ideas, which he had the misfortune to see exploited successfully by others. Adversity dogged him at every step. Of his two most promising productions, the one, which had been accepted for exhibition, was scorched beyond all hope when placed near the stove to dry while the artist went to regale himself in a nearby tavern in anticipation of his advance to fame; the other was irreparably damaged by water and mud while in transit to an exhibition in his native city. Thwarted at every turn, Keller found himself reduced to such pecuniary

straits that he was obliged to hire himself out to paint flagpoles for festive occasions. Finally returning home in 1842, penniless and discouraged, he found an encouraging welcome in a loving mother's arms.

Keller later in life was wont to call the period from 1842 to 1848 his "wasted years." But in these same years, spent in wide and pleasant reading, in writing poetry and discoursing on politics, in making friendships and experiencing a love affair to its unhappy conclusion—Keller's wooings never were successful—in these years his true self was formed. It is of interest to note the source which inspired his earliest poems. They had their *raison d'être* in contemporary events. Switzerland had become the refuge for German liberals. Men of culture were compelled to leave their homeland, after the failure of their endeavors to secure governmental reform. Keller's deep sympathy for these exiles was the inspiration of his first poems. He said later: "I do not regret today that it was the summons of the living hour which decided my direction in life."

Meanwhile the poet had attained his thirtieth year without having exerted himself to gain a livelihood. The promise of his literary activity had not, however, passed unnoticed. Poems like *O mein Heimatland* (1844) and *Bei einer Kindesleiche* (1845) might well be taken to advocate a paternalistic government, and such was their worth that the canton of Zurich voted the author a stipend of eight hundred francs for study in foreign countries. Immediately giving up the project of a journey to the Orient, he turned once again to Germany. This time his steps led him to venerable Heidelberg, where he sojourned a year and a half, combining in true student style his love for earnest study with a proclivity to youthful license and revelry.

The letters written from Heidelberg show us Keller as a student of philosophy, profoundly swayed by the doctrines of the sceptic, Ludwig Feuerbach. Both in Heidelberg, and later in Berlin, where Keller established himself in 1850, he worked in desultory fashion on his biographical novel *Der Grüne Heinrich*. There was, furthermore, a noticeable inclination to try his skill at the drama—a step nearer the work in which the author was destined to meet with success, but still not the true direction of his genius. Keller appears to have set his heart upon becoming a dramatist. The desire to be nearer the theater carried him to the Prussian capital, where he spent five years, strange to say, without producing a single piece in entirety. A second volume of his poems appeared in Berlin in 1851. It was here that the young author had his troubles with the publishers,—or rather, they had their sorrows with him. Vieweg, foremost among the publishers in the capital, had to

wrest the manuscript of *Der Grüne Heinrich* from the author, sheet by sheet. Keller said that the last part of the great work was "literally scribbled in tears." The liberal advances which had been granted him for his novel, as well as the subsequent stipends from the home government, were quickly consumed during the five years' stay in Berlin. The story is related that the author one day found himself reduced to a ten pfennig piece with which to purchase something to appease his hunger. He entered a baker's shop to buy a roll, made his choice, and was about to pay for it, when the coin was rejected as a counterfeit; whereupon he spent the day without eating, and on the following morning decided to borrow.

No longer entirely unknown, Keller now began to move in polite literary circles, and incidentally involved himself in another of his fruitless love affairs. Sickened finally by the affected esthetic varnish of Berlin society, he tore himself loose, and went home to Zurich (1855). Here the efforts of some well-wishing friends to secure him the appointment of Professor of Literature at the *Eidgenössisches Polytechnikum* seem to have failed largely through the poet's own passive opposition. His was a productive genius, not content with being relegated to the task of criticism and analysis. Keller was now appointed to the distinguished office of *Stadtschreiber* of Zurich. At this time his published works were few, but the plans for practically all the author's subsequent writings had been carefully worked out during the sojourn in Germany and Zurich (1846-1856).

By a bold stroke Keller was thus raised into a high office. The scrupulous and unimpeachable manner in which he executed the duties of his office for fifteen years excited the praise of all. He produced little outside of a few scattered poems during this long period, but we may rest assured that his fertile brain was busily engaged in treasuring up and bringing to maturity the plans of his earlier years. A lucrative position and increasing prosperity were slowly and surely paving the way for the uninterrupted literary activity which began in 1872, and continued till the time of his death in 1890. He had the satisfaction of affording a comfortable old age to his mother, to whom he felt he owed a debt of great gratitude, since it was by her self-sacrifice that he had been enabled to pursue his rambling studies in Munich, Heidelberg, and Berlin.

The circle of his acquaintances grew rapidly after his final return to his native city. Ferdinand Freiligrath, Theodor Storm, and Paul Heyse, three contemporary German writers, were among his closest friends, while C. F. Meyer and Böcklin, among his countrymen enjoyed his intimate acquaintance and genial conversation. When the steady

progress of his pen had once begun, the rare charm of his novels and stories soon won him new admirers and fast friends in whatever lands his books were read. In 1872 appeared his *Sieben Legenden*, similar to the short stories included in *Die Leute von Seldwyla*, which had been published in 1856 after Keller's departure from Berlin. In 1876 appeared a second edition of a work which is known to every student of high-school German—*Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe*. After an interval of five years, this work was followed by the *Sinngedicht*. Keller's other long novel, *Martin Salander*, was clearly a work of the author's old age, and was published only four years before his death. The end came peacefully on the 15th of July, 1890.

About Keller's personality much has been written by his biographers, and much has been disputed. The poet's physical appearance was not prepossessing: a mighty head was supported by a puny body. Emil Ermatinger in his valuable work, *Gottfried Kellers Leben*, based on the earlier biography of Jakob Bachtold, refers to the strikingly accurate etching of the poet by Karl Stauffer in the following terms: "The little figure, which is sitting in a chair, half exhausted, half absent in thought, holding a handkerchief in the right hand and a lighted cigar in the left, appears to exist only for the purpose of supporting the huge head. And this head the artist has sketched in the most admirable manner. A whole world speaks from the heavy, careworn features. To be sure, it is not the conventional picture of a poet, for there is no trace of the idealism of flowing locks and eyes upturned to heaven. But even the casual observer recognizes at once the man of unusual mentality."

The character of the poet, as it has been handed down to us, was not that of the amiable and benevolent man of letters that we might like to infer from his works. A growing irascibility and a propensity to sudden anger came upon him with years. A violent passion would often lead him to hurl powerful invectives against those whom he owned as his closest friends. It is recorded that he even administered bodily punishment more than once to those who had provoked or irritated him. Calmer moments would bring repentance, and, usually, an apology. And as to the charge of egoism which has been laid at his door, we may ask what great man there is who is not compelled to be self-centered to some extent, at least. He often loved to engage in pleasant conversation with a circle of intimates. He has betrayed in his stories that, like every true German, he was a friend of good wine; his occasional excesses are not unpardonable. His literary labor was spasmodic, but not because of indolence. He carried the plans of his novels about with him for months, before he confided them to paper in polished and per-

fect form. Despite his many amorous adventures, Keller never married; he enjoyed, however, the acquaintance and tender regards of a whole host of men and women, some of them the greatest literary figures of their time. His was essentially the sensitive nature of one who "early drank of the celestial springs of the upper mountains, where the flocks of the poet-clan graze." His letters like his stories evince an intense love for his fellowmen, whose every joy he shared and for whose every misfortune he had compassion. For those of lower station he always had a kind inquiry or a friendly word. Even the dumb animals shared in this universal love, and we find him writing to a friend that "a perfectly good letter, four sheets long, was ruined, not quite four weeks ago, by a wee kitten, barely five inches long, which put its little paw into the inkwell, and then walked away over the table where the letter lay ready to be folded." What a quaint charm lies in these lines! What a beautiful insight into domestic serenity they give us!

Gottfried Keller was the product of a hearty, fearless folk, who will always revere him and treasure his works as the noblest part of their literature. His writings, however, have travelled far beyond his own beloved Switzerland, and have given the author a place in that broader realm of literature which knows no nations and no boundaries. In the world of letters we look up to Keller as a great and lovable genius.

H. W. Pfund, '22.

Pierrette

*Pierrette is dead; is dead to me.
My hopes, once high as the tallest tree,
Are scattered now from sea to sea.
Pierrette is dead!*

*The woodland flowers, grouped in bands,
Cover their faces with their hands—
And the mountain flowers of all the lands.
Pierrette is dead!*

*Bury Pierrette in my heart full deep.
Where only the tiniest sunbeams creep,
Where only the mightiest passions sweep,
Bury Pierrette.*

*There shall she feel what she once forgot—
Something that passed her and touched her not.
My love for her, my love, and not
Oh Pierrette'*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

Two Poems

I

*Mariners from Martinique,
Rovers of the Spanish Main,
Bold hidalgos sent to seek
Unclaimed continents for Spain,
Launch once more your mighty galleys
Laden low with wealth and men;
Through the misty tropic valleys
Drive your mule trains down again.
Raise above both town and keel
The flag of Aragon-Castile.*

*Now the murky jungle creeps
Over path and wrecked abode,
Motionless in coral deeps
Gold and galleons corrode:
Yet beneath the moonlight mellow
Bend once more your spars and sheets
Till the bay of Porto Bello
Bears the ships of vanished fleets.
Sail beneath the silver light
Adventuring once more tonight.*

*Though no longer from your forts
Grimly down the cannon frowns,
Strangers own your lands and ports,
Strangers people alien towns:
Still the same tall palm trees glimmer
Lining dusky gulfs and seas,
And the same clear waters shimmer
Frothy white on sandy keys;
So tonight set sail once more,
Cruising from a moonlit shore.*

II

*"An emperor am I," proud Autumn said,
"And my arrival all earth celebrates
With pomp and pageantry; unlimited
My recognition; everywhere awaits
A palace of magnificence unknown
For me, but in its halls where is the throne
I seek? Still, I'll for my reception be
Prepared lest summoned unawares." So he
Thus having spoken from the roadside sod
As sceptre broke a stalk of goldenrod,
From asters and red berries wreathed with brown
Wove skilfully a jewel-studded crown,
And on his shield as an escutcheon drew
Acorns and oak leaves on a field of blue.*

*So sped his quest, but ere the search was done
His eyes grew dazzled by the luminous blaze
Of melting golden light shed by the sun.
At times his brain steeped in the drowsy haze
Of mellow vale and murmuring rivulet
Was with a blinding languidness beset.
The flavor and aroma of ripe grapes
Clustering, and the soothing of soft shapes,
The somnolence of shimmering fires and shade
A growing and insistent slumber laid
Upon him. Things assumed new form and guise
Seen through the hair the wind blew in his eyes.*

*And so at sunset down he lay and slept
Soundly beneath the branches of an oak,
And as the pointed shadows past him crept
And distant hills dissolved in gilded smoke,
The boughs above a canopy outspread
To cover his crowned royal careless head.
The drifting leaves descending without sound
In flowing robes of russet wrapped him round.
While in among brown grasses and bent reeds
His withered sceptre bore the next year's seeds.*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

Plans of Mice

HAI! the *Shanseng* is wearied from a great journey. May he come in and honor our wretched hovel with his presence. Here, you lazy food-buckets, are you good for nothing but to eat? Get out there and carry in the *Shanseng's* bedding. Quick, before the storm comes. Will the *Shanseng* please to be seated? And what is his highly valued name? My worthless name is Wang. So he comes from Chefoo? That is a great city. Wu-li, the carpenter's son, went there once. . . .

Listen! does the *Shanseng* hear the rain? It is a good thing that he got here in time. In a few minutes the roads will be rivers. Tien-fu be praised! This rain will fill the wells to the brim. They will not be dry again for months.

Ai! She is out. Does the *Shanseng* hear that? No, not the beating of the rain on the stones, it is something above that. It sounds like weeping, a woman sobbing. Ah! he hears it now, but thinks it is the rain. No, it is not the rain. It is she. Who is she? Ai! that is a long story. I would weary the *Shanseng* by filling his ears with such humble mud. Let him forget what I have said. It is the rain.

There she goes again. She always sobs like that when I mention wells. So the *Shanseng* wants to hear the story. Very well, if he insists.

Know that I was born and reared here. This is where we have lived for fifteen generations. I had one brother, but he was a worthless fellow, and we could not get along together; so when my father died, we did that which is not usually done. We divided the land. We drew a line down the middle of the property, and he took that side and I this. Then came Wu-li, the carpenter's son, telling of the mines and great wealth to be had in Manchuria. I and several others from the village set out for Manchuria, leaving our families behind. My brother also stayed at home. We took boat at Lung-ko, and, *Shanseng*, in three days did sickness fall upon me on that boat, so that I was assured I should die. But the gods were good, and I got to Manchuria, where the sickness left me.

We of the village took lodgings together, and found work together. We made much money, and prospered. But we fell into evil ways, and all went to a certain house many times. There were three sisters there; the two older ones were fat and painted, but the youngest—Ai-yah! listen to her, out there in the rain. She always weeps when I mention her. This youngest one was beautiful as the moon. Her cheeks were

as plump as pomegranates, and her eyes were as almonds placed in rice. She required no paint. How the *Shanseng* trembles! She can do no harm. Besides, it is only the rain.

Often we would go to this house, for we desired to spend our money, having made many thousands of cash in the mines, and my belly was becoming large indeed from the good things that I ate. There was no restraint in us, and our lives were not in accord with the rules of the teacher. We amused ourselves with these women much, and they were vile, save only the youngest. She was better than the rest. I preferred her to the others, and she trusted me. I promised to take her away from that evil place and marry her. She believed me, and we lived happily together for a year. But when I had prospered sufficiently, my mind was cast towards home, and I desired to see my children and their mother. I left her in the night, and took ship, arriving safely at home. There I was received with much joy.

Hah! the *Shanseng* hears it again? It is a little more shrill, is it not? She always knows when I am talking about her.

After I had arrived home, I cast all memory of her aside. I thought no more of her, and lived at peace in the midst of my family. Three weeks after I returned, we drew the body out of the well——

Wise is the *Shanseng*, and he probably knows the custom of a woman seeking revenge, how she drowns herself in the well of the one who has dishonored her. The well is blocked up, and the owner is held responsible by the gods for her life. This woman had followed me all the way from Manchuria, and had drowned herself in the well. The *Shanseng* asks why I do not fear the gods? Hah! Hah! The well was on my brother's side of the land. She did not know. My brother died the next year of the white plague.

Hai! listen to her screaming. She is angry because she did not get her revenge. I fear nothing, for she is dead, and, of course, it is the rain.

D. M. Pruitt, '23.



Editorial Comment

THE voice of one crying in the wilderness, and that sort of thing, is a very lovely figure of speech to be, and one that all should strive to become; but it occasionally is a very difficult office to fill with distinction. There are so many great questions that are to be discussed, and so remarkably few intelligent things to say about any of them, that one is seriously tempted to copy the policy of a former editor of this magazine, who once used up his page of editorial remarks in questioning, in very circumlocutory fashion, whether or not it was an advisable policy to shock his readers by saying "hell."

* * * * *

Shocking people is not very harmful, if it is done discreetly. Of course, a kick like the recoil of a carelessly held shotgun is unpleasant, and not favorably received; but a gentlemanly, flattering thrill is rather enjoyable. People like to be shocked when they are anticipating it, and they like to have other people's pet ideas knocked about. One of the chiefest charms of satire is the delicious way it demonstrates the folly of ideas of others. But, of course, the *best* satire does not attack our ideas—yours and mine—does it? And that sort of writing, that cheerful shocking, is perfectly harmless.

* * * * *

here are a number of things in this world that are considerably regarded as harmless, and of these are poetry societies. They are the sort of thing that people belong to when there is nothing much else to do; the sort of thing that is all right for any one who is interested in that kind of performance, you know; the sort of thing that really never did a bit of harm and might just as well be as not. They are mildly amusing, and give the people that belong an opportunity of reading their poetry to somebody.

That is all well and good; but a poetry society may accomplish something, after all. A discussion group for consideration of economic and political questions is held to be a good thing; it is said to develop the thinking powers of the members, and help them to get ideas clearly in mind. A club, meeting to do the same thing for poetry, especially poetry of the day, while it does not deal with so generally interesting a subject—perhaps—certainly is not useless. An understanding of poetry sometimes amounts to something.

Of course, a mutual admiration society is vicious; but, despite popular prejudice, mutual admiration does not usually exist in poetry clubs. Perhaps it is because all the members regard themselves as so good that the rest cannot attain to their heights; perhaps not. At any rate, the poetry club at Haverford is not a mutual admiration society; and its members have turned out some creditable verse, occasionally.

Villanelle

*Majestically slow,
To the comprehensive sea
The mighty rivers go.*

*The tide swings in from low
To high, reposefully,
Majestically slow.*

*Past grass and sedge that grow
Where only they can be
The mighty rivers go.*

*Along the undertow
The waves roll sullenly,
Majestically slow.*

*The piercing winds that blow
Chill nought; relentlessly
The mighty rivers go.*

*And sleet and rain and snow
Drive hissing in the sea.
Majestically slow
The mighty rivers go.*

S. A. Nock, '21.

Michelangelo

OF THE world's artists of all times there are several who may claim first rank; among these we may place those great magicians of color, Rubens and Titian; those master-draughtsmen, Dürer and Rembrandt; and finally that gigantic portrayer of soul and sensibility, Michelangelo Buonarotti. In order to comprehend Michelangelo's creations, one must know at least something of his life and temperament. For though this giant of the Renaissance possessed a rare knowledge of the technique of the diverse branches of his art, he really owes his fame to the deep simplicity and comprehensibility of his works. His art, especially his painting and sculpture, delights us and at the same time inspires us with awe in its untamed passion and exaggeration, its solemn beauty and power. In a way it resembles the prophets of old whose greatness we can only understand through their human failings. It is saturated with the essence of human weakness. But the very presence of this weakness enables average mortals to fathom the great master's motives.

Michelangelo was born March 6, 1475, at Caprese in the Apennines of Italy. His natural inclination for art manifested itself in his early youth. Although his father was strongly opposed to his son's ambitions, and wished him to learn a trade, he was eventually forced after much pressure to give his sanction to Michelangelo's desire to enter Ghirlandajo's "Bottega" as an assistant. Ghirlandajo was an artist of the first rank, perhaps the best Florentine painter of his period, and under his tutelage Michelangelo acquired his fundamental knowledge of painting. But his inborn talent drew him toward sculpture, and hence after one short year we find him leaving Ghirlandajo and entering the school of sculpture founded by Lorenzo de' Medici, one of the greatest of that family of art patrons. One day, shortly after this, Lorenzo happened to observe Michelangelo at work on the marble mask of a Faun. The trained connoisseur immediately recognized the unusual talent of the young artist and adopted him as his protégé.

From now on, Michelangelo had every opportunity to improve and expand his art. The collections in the Medici galleries were opened to him, and he drew from them an ever-increasing energy and enthusiasm. He was promptly taken up by the best circles of Florentine society. But a hermit by nature, he rather scorned these opportunities; however, the trend of thought, the ideas, and tendencies of such surroundings left their imprint upon his mind. Thus we see him during this period of intense study transformed from a mere inhabitant of

Italy into a citizen of Florence. He soon developed an ardent love for this city, the heart and soul of the Italian Renaissance, and throughout his life he manifested the greatest interest in all her affairs, both political and intellectual.

While living in the Medici palace, he produced his first work of importance, the bas-relief of the battle between Hercules and the Centaurs. Though it is somewhat lacking in technique of execution, it reveals a magnitude of conception and power, in line with the masterly expression of temperament so obvious in his later products. The period immediately following his graduation from Lorenzo's school was lacking in notable achievements. He employed his time in filling his mind with the literary heritage of the Middle Ages, and we find him devouring such authors as Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. Though already serious-minded and taciturn, he came out from this period of study and meditation a thoughtful and mature man. Thoroughly dissatisfied with his contemporaries and their doings, and inspired with the spirit of his illustrious predecessors, he now proceeded to express his pessimism in a series of sublime creations, all born within a comparatively short space of time.

The greatest of these is his wonderful marble-group *Pietà*, now in the Church of St. Peter at Rome. With tireless patience Michelangelo had previously studied anatomy by gaining permission to dissect corpses in the humid cellars of a convent. How different was he from his narrow-minded contemporaries who could not view the dead without trembling and horror! By this method he learned what he so often afterwards proved in his works, that there is nothing more beautiful in nature than the human body. This thought dominated his mind when he fashioned the *Pietà*, in such masterly style that it may rank with the statues of Phidias. Into it he breathed a real, a living spirit such as no sculptor, before or since, has been able to put into the dead stone. The Madonna is pictured melancholy and thoughtful. The folds of her simple attire cover her slender figure and half conceal the rock on which she is seated. In her lap lies her crucified son, the Savior. Only a genius could so form a corpse. Resting on his mother's lap in solemn beauty he conveys the still spirit of death in the very limpness of his fine limbs, yet from every pore of his transparent flesh there seems to breathe forth the message: "I shall rise again!" An indescribable melancholy pervades this group, and reflects the unutterable sadness in the artist's heart.

Deep sorrow had indeed encircled Michelangelo's soul, and he was now destined to a life of mental anguish, for his mind was too grand to be normal. At times he would be seized by a sudden and almost insane

frenzy for creation, and on such occasions he would slave without cessation, not even taking time to sleep or eat. Gradually he lost all control over his wild illusions and raging passions, as the hallucinations of his overworked brain taunted and persecuted him without rest.

In 1501, when these attacks were comparatively rare, he created a colossal statue of the boy David. The statue, which represents David with a sling in one hand and a stone in the other, is undoubtedly one of our most beautiful reproductions of a youthful muscular body in a state of natural relaxation.

The year 1505 initiated the most tragic period of Michelangelo's life. Pope Julius II summoned him to Rome to build a magnificent mausoleum. The Pope's conception of what the mausoleum should be had been great, but it was now overshadowed by the tremendous plans outlined to him by the artist. Michelangelo spent the next six months breaking the necessary marble at Carrara, and upon his return to the capital began the execution of his commission. Before long, however, the Pope lost patience, forced Michelangelo to interrupt his work, and to paint instead the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. The artist resisted with all his might; he begged and pleaded, arguing that his profession was that of a sculptor and not of a painter. But the Pope refused to listen, and Michelangelo was compelled to carry out his wishes. The great artist, embittered by the caprice of his spiritual father, now turned to his new task, and worked incessantly from 1508 to 1512 on the Sistine frescoes. Into the innumerable mass of figures composing this gigantic undertaking he instilled all his furious rage and disappointment. He painted the Creation of the Universe from the Formation of the Elements to the Deluge. He conceived God in several different phases: first while He was creating the Sun and Moon, and thundering through space with a terrible smashing force more like a demon battling with the elements than a deity fashioning the spheres; and again Michelangelo depicted the Lord as gliding through the air in melancholy peace just as he brought to life the first Man. The entire ceiling is covered with just such wonderful products of his imagination; even to name them all in this brief space would hardly be possible, much less to describe them. I can only say that to my mind these frescoes of the Sistine have never been surpassed.

After the completion of the ceiling, Michelangelo returned to Florence to take up his beloved project of the mausoleum once more. Although Pope Julius II now was dead, Michelangelo was permitted to work on the mausoleum without interference for three years, and to this period belong his most accomplished and mature works. The statues of Moses and of the Slaves which are now at the Louvre in Paris were products of these fruitful years. The statue of Moses repre-

sents the artist's conception of the Prophet. His powerful head is surrounded by a long wavy beard and flowing hair, while in his hands he holds the tablets of the law. He is seated upon a throne of stone, the very image of invincible strength. His pose and features express terrible scorn for the sins of his people, and he seems to be on the point of jumping up and dashing the tablets to pieces. Like Moses, the statues of the Slaves were also done for the Pope's mausoleum. One of the slaves is trying desperately to break his shackles,—truly symbolical of the artist's temperament! The other slave, beautiful of body, leans against a rock. He is utterly exhausted from a vain struggle with his chains, and has surrendered his will to the will of cruel fate.

While Michelangelo was working with all his energy and creative genius on this mausoleum, a new Pope, Leo X, ascended the pontifical chair. At once Leo proceeded to take Michelangelo away from his mausoleum, and impress his services along other lines. After several barren years the genius was allowed to return to his favorite task, but Michelangelo was now a man broken in spirit. His new respite was of short duration. Leo X died, and his successor, Clement VII, was a Medici who immediately laid claim to the artist's services. He demanded that Michelangelo construct the tombs of four deceased members of the Medici family.

This renewed interference with his plans caused Michelangelo's complete desolation of spirit and his sorrow is reflected in the figures with which he adorned the two completed sepulchres. They are of wonderful beauty in line and shape, of melancholy depth of feeling, but are somewhat lacking in realism. These statues, which represent Day, Night, Dawn, and Twilight, are like those ideal beings of the Golden Age, who, we are told, combined all phases of beauty, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. These statues as well as the other two, symbolizing Lorenzo and Guiliano de' Medici, are permeated with an air of hopeless melancholy. This was the mental state of their creator, because Michelangelo's never-ending disappointments, and the dire misfortunes of his native land, especially of his beloved Florence, had driven him to the verge of desperation. It is interesting to see how Michelangelo expressed his mental state in words as well as in stone, and I shall quote a bit of poetry to illustrate this point. It so happened that someone who admired and understood Michelangelo passed by his representation of Night, and wrote on the base of the statue the following lines:

*The Night which thou beholdest, bound in deep
And sweet repose, an angel's hand did hew
Out of this rock, and, though she is asleep,
Breathes: doubt'st thou? Wake her, she will speak to you.*

And Michelangelo after he read the verses added these thereto:

*'Tis well to slumber, best to be of stone,
While shame endures and Florence is not free;
So lest I waken, ah! subdue thy tone:
Methinks 'tis blessed not to hear nor see.*

Michelangelo attained an age of almost ninety years. Just before his death he was engaged in designing the dome for St. Peter's in Rome, counted one of the eight wonders of the world. Realizing the approach of his end, he regarded this task as a religious offering, and he worked his dying soul through and through it. His death came in 1564. As an artist Michelangelo was versatile. His poems and painting were enough to classify him among the world's greatest, but his sculpture surpasses these. The pitiful course of his own life developed a mind able to comprehend and portray conceptions that still sway all mankind.

E. B. Rosskam, '24.

A Proposal for a National Budget

ONE of the most persistent problems with which Mr. Harding's administration will have to grapple is the demand for economy and efficiency in the working of the national government. Mr. Harding stands pledged to "less government in business and more business in government;" and the weary taxpayer seems at last to have reason to believe that some measure will be taken to reduce the \$4,653,000,000 estimate of appropriations which the President submitted at the opening of the last session of Congress.

Along with the submission of these figures, the President voiced a plea "that the government expenditures be reduced to the lowest amount which will permit the various services to operate efficiently" and that we should "supply ourselves with a systematic method of handling our estimates and expenditures; in other words, a workable budget system." A workable budget system is not as fully understood in this country as in England, where it has been in operation since 1713, and it is hoped that the following survey will be of assistance.

First, let us examine the present system by which appropriations are made. The bureau-chief of each of the 240 bureaus makes up his estimate of the amount which he thinks is necessary to run his bureau during the ensuing year. He then submits it to his department-head, who revises it as he sees fit and then forwards it to the Secretary of the

Treasury for transmission to the House of Representatives. In the House, the estimates are split up and sent to the appropriate committees, and after being "worked-over" in these committees during most of the session, are reported out on the floor as an Appropriation Bill, near the close of the session.

The objections to this system are many and varied. In the first place, there is a decided lack of anything even approaching a program drawn up by a responsible executive. The original estimates are so altered by the time the bill is reported out of committee that the public is at a loss to fix the responsibility for an unduly extravagant or inadvisable scheme. Moreover, each bureau and department-head expects to have his estimate "sliced," and so he inflates it accordingly; likewise, if he is a good chief, he naturally thinks his department needs more appropriations than it is getting. So we have a mad scramble to get funds for all sorts of "improvements to the service"—some wise and some unwise.

Then again the executive bureaus duplicate each other's work to an astonishing degree. For instance, there are 12 different bureaus at present engaged in road-construction; 16 engaged in map-making and surveying; 16 different bodies have jurisdiction over water-power; and 42 are engaged in matters of public health. Likewise the committees in the House are not correlated with the Executive Departments; and hence we find a multiplicity of 13 or 14 Appropriation Committees in the House and 15 in the Senate with no *one* committee in either chamber exercising any control over the whole range of the appropriations.

Another objection to the present system of making appropriations is due to the policy of having committee-meetings behind closed doors. This opens the way to corruption and undue influence, and prevents the public at large from hearing a man in defense of his own suggestions. Likewise, through influence with the members of the committee, items may be inserted to benefit certain persons and communities to the exclusion of other individuals and communities with less influence.

And finally, there is no one committee whose business it is to maintain a comprehensive outlook over both expenditures and revenues,—to see, in short, that the outgo does not exceed the income. Objection may also be found to the present policy in the fact that the Appropriation Bills do not get out on the floor till the last few days of the session, and are then rushed through after only a few days of formal debate. Even then, there is no restriction on the insertion of items of appropriation under the guise of amendments.

James Bryce speaks of this system as follows: "As long as the debtor side of the National Account is managed by one set of men and the credit by another, both working separately and in secret without public responsibility and without intervention on the part of the official who is nominally responsible; so long as these men spend in preparing plans the whole time which ought to be spent in the public discussion of plans already matured, so that an immense budget is rushed through in a week or ten days," just so long will there be incompetence and inefficiency.

To remedy this state of affairs the budget system goes a long way. It can best be discussed under three heads: (a) The President or some official appointed by him makes up a budget for all the departments; (b) The Legislative department receives the budget at the beginning of the session and discusses it on the open floor. They have the right to revise it downwards, adopt, or reject it outright; they cannot insert items of any sort; (c) The Legislative calls on the Administrative Department to account for the moneys appropriated.

In the last session, Congress passed a budget-bill which was vetoed by the President on a constitutional point; but in view of the recommendation of the President that a budget-bill be passed, and the pledge of the Republican Party, there is good reason to hope that a measure satisfactory to both parties will be placed on the statute-books before the end of next year. Moreover, since it is very possible that a bill very similar to the one passed at the last session will again be considered, a consideration of that bill, under the three heads as outlined above, will be of value:

(a) The bill, known as the Good-McCormick Bill, is a compromise of two conflicting measures passed by each house, and provides that the President shall submit to Congress on the first day of each regular session the budget, which shall set forth his estimate on the appropriations and expenditures for the ensuing year; he must also accompany it with the necessary supporting data, and, if the appropriations exceed the revenues under the existing laws, he must set forth his ideas concerning the methods by which the difference can be raised. To prepare this budget, there is to be established a bureau under the President to be known as The Bureau of the Budget. The head of this bureau is to be the Secretary of the Treasury, and in each department and establishment there is to be appointed a budget officer, who will assist the department-head in making up his budget in the proper manner.

Provision is also made for the department-head as well as the budget-bureau to revise the estimates in any way he sees fit, before their submission to the House of Representatives. In addition to these regular

duties, this bureau is required to make a "detailed study of the departments, or the establishments, for the purpose of enabling the President to determine what changes should be made with a view of securing greater economy and efficiency in the conduct of the public service."

(b) Although highly desirable changes in the procedure of the House, whereby the budget-bills may be discussed on the open floor, are entirely omitted in the bill itself, Mr. Good, the sponsor of the bill in the House, declared, in the debate on the President's veto message, his intention of introducing legislation for that purpose in the near future. The changes made since then are apparently satisfactory to the President, who feels that the last bar to the successful passage of the bill is now removed.

(c) To ascertain whether or not the money appropriated is expended in the proper manner, there is to be created an establishment of the government to be known as the General Accounting Office, which shall be independent of the Executive Departments, and under the control of an official known as the Comptroller-General of the United States. He shall be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, shall hold office during good behavior, and may be removed by concurrent resolution of both houses for cause shown. The bill thus seeks to put him on a quasi-judicial plane, so that a man may continue in office regardless of any change in the administration. He would not be one of the "place-holders" to be appointed every four years, but would be a competent official who would be given time to become thoroughly familiar with the duties of his office. This provision, however, was the one which caused President Wilson to veto the entire bill, on the grounds that it took away his inherent right to remove officials in the public service, and thus was unconstitutional.

The offices of the Comptroller of the Currency and the Six Auditors are abolished and the duties of these offices are transferred to this new department. The duties of this department are chiefly to "investigate at the seat of government, or elsewhere, all matters relating to the receipt and disbursement of public funds." Here at last we have an impartial critic and accountant to regulate the actual disbursement of the public funds, and to guard against the repetition of the \$2,000,000,000 Shipping Board scandal.

It is very probable that a bill of this kind will be introduced in the next Congress, and though it does not go all the way shown by the supporters of budgetary reform, it certainly is a step in the right direction. May it ultimately lead to the saving of many millions of dollars!

E. G. Hauff, '21.

Red Autumn

By Arthur Crew Inman, Ex.-'17

ONCE in a great while appears a book which appeals to everybody, because it deals with something all love, and deals with it in a worthy manner. Once in a while we find a book that we like so well that we insist upon reading from it to our friends. Such a book is *Red Autumn*, a small volume of verses about the great open, the healthy outdoors that every human being delights in. And the song of the wind and the birds echoes in Mr. Inman's little verses in a way too charming to be describable.

Mr. Inman's work is not at all even. There are some songs that have the true ring, and some that sound painfully false. Compare the geniality of *Spring is Coming*, which begins:

*Sap is welling,
Buds are swelling,
Flicker's drumming,
Spring is coming.*

with the ineffective *Who Quested Life*, which contains the platitudinous stanza:

*I could not probe the mind
Of God, nor span the space
That curtains life from death:
I could not limn His face.*

Again, Mr. Inman makes what seems to me to be a mistake, when he writes free verse. Sprinkled among well-turned metrical poems he has some of the other kind which are so easy to write, and so much less effective than the regular. When a man can write *Into the Storm*, with its beginning worthy of Masfield:

*She leaps! She leaps! A thing alive!
She runs unleashed, her great white sails
All windy-hollowed to the storm. . . .*

why should he publish the fact that he will

*. . . seek the sea
And find at last what lies in mystic sleep
Beyond man's utmost seeing?*

I have no doubt, however, that the free verse which appears in this book is annoying only because of the excellence of many of the regular poems. It is really very good free verse, and any one unable to write metrically ought to be proud to write such bits as *Night of No Moon* and *Still Dawn*.

Another mistake, I think, of Mr. Inman, is putting two, three,

and four line "interludes" on whole pages, like rare jewels in a splendid setting. Three little lines must be unusually good to merit a whole page; and Mr. Inman's are not better than other people's. No discredit to Mr. Inman; almost anybody can write two or three presentable lines; there is no art in that. But it takes a Landor to make them great. The setting of these bits is too worthy, that is all.

Mr. Inman's ear is not faultless; he cannot rime *dawn* with *morn*; Swinburne could not, hard as he tried. But this is quibbling; we always forgive a poor rime in a good poem. The poet's hearty joy carries him along, and us with him, in utter delight. Most of the poems are cheery, but a few are not, and among these are some of the best, to wit, *Life*, *in Death* and *Wind*.

It would be a pleasure to quote a number of the poems in *Red Autumn*, but it cannot be done. I should like to mention the names of a few that I like best, and then quote a few lines entirely too lovely to omit. *Triolet*, *Over the Point*, *Communion*, *Prayer to a Lonely Land*, *The Oriole*, *Red Autumn*, *Vagabond*, are all worthy of praise, while the best poem in the book, *Who Sleeps Beneath the Sky*, I quote:

*Fir-couched, star-tented, I
Have heard the lullaby
Of wind-tuned branches; heard
The chords of nature stirred;
Have heard the vague unrest
Of worlds beyond the west;
Have heard the symphony
Of cosmic mystery.*

*Fir-couched, star-tented, I
Have seen the moon burn high
Into the purple sky;
Have seen her radiance dim
Behind the mystic rim
Where ghosts of dawn up-swim.*

*Fir-couched, star-tented, I
Have felt the gods draw nigh
Nor vainly questioned why,
Lest they, with mockery
At my temerity,
Should laugh and haste to flee
Into futurity.*

Arthur Crew Inman: *Red Autumn*. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

S. A. N.

Allen C. Thomas, '65

WHILE attending a meeting conducted by Herbert Hoover, on December 15th, Allen C. Thomas died. Dr. Thomas had been at Haverford for more than forty years, and had worked his spirit through the frame and fabric of the college. As professor of history he opened the white avenues of truth to hundreds of young men, and taught them how to honor and where to condemn the past. As librarian he made the library what it is today. One cannot but exclaim in admiration over the mind that so judiciously selected from the millions of books the few thousands every scholar needs. I speak the truth when I say that the other day a Senior observed to me that it was very clear, after using the library for four years, that the same mind had been at work upon it for a long stretch of years. The books bought in 1878 and those bought in 1920, all typify the same master chooser. It was his wide reading, his all-embracing interest in nearly all the principal fields of scholarly endeavor, that made his judgment of books so valuable. A wise president was he who placed Dr. Thomas at the head of the library in 1878.

In Thursday meetings, Dr. Thomas frequently addressed the students. His talks were brief and even epigrammatic. They were always enjoyed. His sparkling eyes would gleam as he shot his earnest words into the brains of his auditors. And Dr. Thomas always made his point; I still recall his "man with a measuring-line," and many other vivid pictures which his moral fancy so delighted to paint. One particular Thursday he spoke of ships that sailed too near the hidden rocks: the *good* pilot kept as far away as possible, and did not try his skill in barely missing them. Dr. Thomas was not a man to let his age weigh him down. A true historian he grew with the years; retrospect was not his characteristic attitude, and he saw good in this generation just as he saw good in his own contemporaries. He always was seeing good.

In his writings, Dr. Thomas sought to give others the benefit of his study. His greatest service was as a pioneer in the arrangement and composition of the modern history textbook, and he did his work so well that his own book has enjoyed many editions. In him, moreover, the Quakers found a worthy author to write the history of their Society in America.

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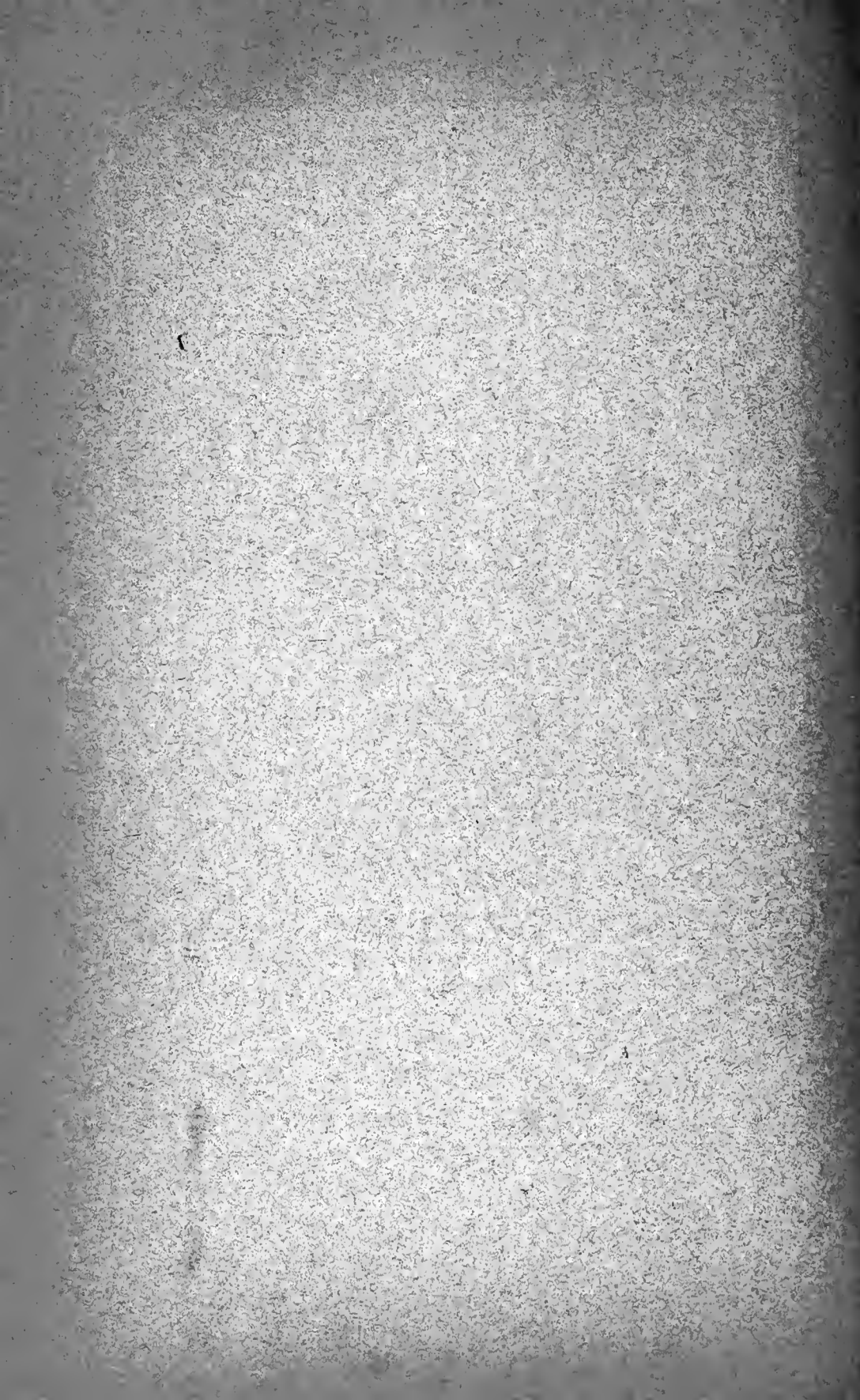
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Notes on Byron's Oriental Romances

ONE of the most widespread tendencies of the Romantic movement which began in English literature in the early nineteenth century was the shift from the conventional and gossipy topics of city and rural life to more primitive and semi-barbaric subjects and settings. The Levant was one of the most popular of these settings, and Byron was undoubtedly the most popular of writers on the East. In 1812, he had published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, a poem that won him immediate renown, and in the following year he began his series of Oriental romances which were enthusiastically acclaimed by all England. These tales, fresh from a foreign atmosphere, relate the extraordinary adventures of bold pirates and attractive women; they are rich in color and setting. At one moment we sail the wild seas with our hero, and the next we are riding to battle over the Grecian hills; now our hero languishes in a dungeon, and now he rescues a queen from a burning palace. None of the tales is written primarily to point a moral or give a message, but frankly they are all picturesque accounts set down by an author to relieve his soul of the mad impulses that so often surged through it. These narratives are full of faults, and yet they have the supreme advantage of being highly interesting and readable. They immeasurably surpass the metrical romances of Scott which had appeared a few years before, and this fact was recognized by Scott who consequently gave up poetry for the novel. Scott's lines have all the monotony of the most rocking of rocking-horse couplets, while Byron's have a flow of poetic diction delightful in its ease and smoothness, and nothing short of marvelous when one considers the speed at which he often composed. The rapidity with which these tales were written and published, one after another, was possible only through Byron's previous accurate knowledge of the Levant. Ever since early childhood he had perused travels and histories of the East, and had never failed to be carried away by the magic and pageantry of it all. Hence when a man he could bring his wealth of information to bear upon his themes.

The chief claim of these poems to literary recognition lies in their dramatic features. Here Byron was a master. He could throw himself without reserve into any given situation and work into it all the possibilities it could possibly suggest. He did not take time to describe a violet as Wordsworth would do, but in the glorious sweep of his imagi-

nation would tell of mighty mountains, lofty characters, heroic deeds, always the large and striking in the more picturesque realms of thought. Take for example this wonderful situation in the *Corsair*: the Corsair has been captured, cast into the prison tower, and is now hourly awaiting his execution by torture. A storm in the night suddenly bursts around the prison walls, and this is the way Byron relates the captive's actions:

*The fourth day rolled along, and with the night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling might.
Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild Spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echoed on his ear,
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the Midnight Star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain,
And hoped that peril might not prove in vain.
He rais'd his iron hand to heaven, and prayed
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
The storm rolled onward, and disdained to strike;
Its peal waxed fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan!*

But it is only in spots that Byron rises to such heights as this. There is a mass of loosely constructed, carelessly composed verses which if noticed apart from the context often appear puerile. The *Siege of Corinth* is especially weak in this respect. The cause, of course, is to be found in Byron's method. He wrote at breakneck speed, and was only too ready to write down the first rhyme and word order that entered his mind. With this carelessness was combined a certain arrogance that defied both criticism and revision. He strove for powerful effects and therefore did not devote himself too minutely to the nicer refinements of the poetic art. But we can perhaps afford to overlook the numerous discrepancies and faults of style in view of the poems as a whole. We willingly excuse many things in a large modern movie such as *Kismet* or the *Birth of a Nation*, because we realize the enormous

energy expended in the mere staging of the drama. So it is with Byron's tales; it is better to appreciate the grand scope and magnitude of his efforts than to pick flaws of which he himself admitted the presence. And the music and buoyancy of his cantos, blending admirably with the tempestuousness of his style, leave no traces of discontent in the reader.

One of the things that made these poems so exceptionally popular was the supposed autobiographical element in them. Englishmen identified characters such as Conrad and Lara with Byron himself. These heroes are aristocratic and scornful, full of gloomy hatreds, yet capable of passionate devotion to a cause or person. The untamed passion as well as the generousness of these men were typical of Byron himself. But it is a question whether these heroes fairly represent the whole of Byron's character, for the social Byron, the most popular man of his gay set, merry and convivial among friends, was entirely different from the cold and haughty figure which the general public imagined him to be. On the other hand, is it not Byron, the "spoiled child of Europe", who thus portrays himself in these lines from *Lara*?

*'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
 Woman—the Field—the Ocean, all that gave
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
 In turn he tried—he ransacked all below,
 And found his recompense in joy or woe.
 Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream!
 Alas! he told not—but he did awake
 To curse the withered heart that would not break.*

D. H. Willson, '21.

An American Man of Letters

EVERY thoughtful man or woman loves a country with a past. Here in America we are greatly handicapped by not having a long and picturesque history. We cannot point, like the native of Italy, to some highway and remark, "These ruts in the pavement were made by the chariots of the Romans!" We cannot, like the Frenchman, assert that, "This wall was built by Charlemagne." But although

our country is of more recent origin, we can nevertheless look forward with certainty to the distant future when we of today shall form part of a mellowed American past. Therefore, we should rejoice whenever we see any man who is helping to mellow the world of cis-Atlantic letters. We are so impoverished with respect to great poets, artists, historians, and scholars in comparison with the Old World, that we ought to welcome heartily all those gifted by nature to contribute to our nascent literary history. Of those men who are shaping their lives into the development of American letters, perhaps there is none living who deserves more credit than a certain citizen of New York, Henry Osborn Taylor.

Mr. Taylor started out in early life to become a corporation lawyer, and met with considerable success, but fortunately for us circumstances were such that he decided to give up his practice and devote himself to letters. And to one of his temperament this could mean but a single thing: he would spend his life taking a tour through time, and studying the past at first hand. The past has never been the past to him, since a live imagination, alert and sensitive, has enabled him to project himself into ancient states and empires, and to live as a companion and contemporary with the great men of the ages. He has heard the voice of Confucius and has followed him; he has fought and bled by Alexander's side; he has ruled the world with Augustus; he has prayed in the chapel with St. Francis; he has soared to the clouds with Michelangelo.

Henry Osborn Taylor is an unselfish man. So easily could he have enjoyed his trip through the centuries without the bother of allowing others to share his joy; but he was not the man to shut himself into a speculative closet, and accordingly from time to time as he passed the milestones, he has given us books of his experiences. Beginning more than twenty years ago with a work on ancient ideals, he has reached by now the sixteenth century. His latest work, published a few months ago, contains many inspiring chapters on the various phases of the Renaissance in western Europe. Besides these books he has written on the prophets, poets, and philosophers of the ancient world; the classical heritage of the Middle Ages; and the history of the progress of the mediaeval mind. These books have a unique charm, for Mr. Taylor refuses to take either himself or his mission too seriously, and we have the spectacle of a man writing solely to interest and entertain us, and not humbly kneeling at the dictatorial bar of posterity. He does not strive for the completeness and meticulousness of pedantic scholarship, but rather for the free literary exposition of the impressions he has derived from his extensive reading. Mr. Taylor is the product of no historical school; he cramps his mind by no system of

pseudo-scientific research, but merely speaks directly to the reader of the ideals and eternal strivings of the human race.

In one place he affords us a glimpse of his very interesting theory of history by which he guides his thinking. He declares that "some men live in the eternities, and must at their peril keep in tune with them. The need of adaptation belongs to them peculiarly. Yet, in some degree, it pertains to all who are touched with meditation; and the endeavor for it, which is an endeavor for peace and spiritual freedom, is an element of life which carries across centuries and millenniums. Although that which those Ancients reached, or even that which they tried for, may not be for us, still the contemplation of their efforts is as the effect of noble sculpture and poetry, bringing something like the final calm, the emotional purge, of tragedy." Thus we see that to this scholar of our nation, history has no beginning and no end; to him there is no such thing as an Alexandrian era, no Dark Age, no Italian Renaissance, in other words, no "periods" of history. He believes that history is a continuous "becoming". Cause and effect work in such subtle ways that one phase of development blends into another, just as the influence of a declining school of thought shades into the new and rising theories of another. Events do not mark the initiation or termination of developments; events are merely objective incidents having their origin in the continuous march of man. And on this conception of history, Mr. Taylor bases his essays.

The secret of his success lies in his enthusiasm. His whole being is instinct with the joy of truth-finding, and consequently his illuminating pages cannot help but inspire and inspire again. There is no other way to catch something of his spirit than to quote a few lines taken at random from his works. I only hope that the fire and genius of these passages may cause some persons to seek further for the high truths of history as set forth in his brilliant books. Speaking of the glory and at the same time the folly of classic paganism, he says: "It was a great lesson, this final lesson of the higher paganism, this steeling of man through reason against fate, against the whole mass of possible evils from without or from within, the violence of tyrants, the loss of everything dear, the tortures of uncontrolled desire. It was a lesson of self-control, self-poise, self-sufficiency. Yet it was no gospel for mankind. Paganism had started from the full compass of human nature, but it had not followed up all of life. Its great shortcoming lay in its failure to recognize the ethical value of emotion, the ennoblement of man through his heart. The greatest of Greek philosophers through not recognizing the function of human feeling had imagined a Republic

where there should be no fond father's love, no foolish child's blind clinging to its dear parents, no closest tie of heart to heart."

In another volume this author crystallizes the fine religious spirit of the Middle Ages in one succinct paragraph, thus: "Beyond the region of dogma and metaphysics, the new freedom of the human spirit will show itself with power in the freeing of the Christian ideal of love from thoughts of measure and mortality. It will show itself in the monk's dismissal of pagan proportion and comprehensiveness from his principles of life. He no longer weighs the goods and ills of earth, or seeks to make his life humanly complete. He has broken with the mortal and the finite. He knows that his soul is immortal, and can be blessed only in the everlasting love of God. The passion of this infinite love is his joy, and its measurelessness is the measure of his freedom."

Finally let me offer one more passage in which Mr. Taylor sounds the note of despair after he has tried almost in vain to scale those "lonely peaks of thought" from which he sees truth's ensign waving. "At the end, what can we think or say of the adjustments of these great men? we pigmies! we little hills to talk of mountains,—of those elemental beings who laid out the paths for humanity to stray in, or, as we hope, move onward; who gave clearest voice to the fears which have oppressed, and the hopes which ever since have lifted men to freedom or to peace. . . . Yet though we cannot plumb their depths, and proportion their veritable values and relationships, it behooves us, for our own discipline, to order our thoughts concerning them as best we can."

H. S. Fraser, '22.

Color Schemes

THE mandarin was fat and sleepy. There was no more in his being sleepy than there was in his being fat, for both were innate attributes of his personality, and fitted each other perfectly. His great flabby eye'lids too heavy to stay open, and his ponderous form which was hardly suited to any kind of exertion, light or strenuous, required habitual rest and slumber. Of course there must sometimes be an appearance of work. It was necessary to appear to perform the judicial functions of a mandarin but merely to appear to, nothing more. There was Li, the clerk, a little weazened old fellow, with a thin gray drooping mustache—there was Li, always to help in case of emergencies. At least, one could sleep through a whole case,

and at the end pronounce in the official cadence, whatever sentence Li might whisper in one's ear.

This time, the mandarin was exceptionally sleepy. His great pudgy eyelids found it harder and harder to stay open, and his body sat low in his official seat, giving him the appearance of a leaky junk which is slowly settling in the water. Contentment was expressed in every flabby line of his body, for he was nearing the end of a very tedious day, and the only thing that kept him from falling asleep instantly was the fact that, from the numerous cases that had been brought up before him, he had drawn such an exceptional "squeeze" that he could feel very well satisfied with this one day's "work". Of course he would feel insulted should anyone imply that he received bribes. Why even the Emperor himself took presents before rendering sentence.

He was just preparing to draw himself up to something approaching official dignity so as to order the guards to close the courts, when Li came up with the statement that another case was waiting outside. He cursed the gods soundly, but commanded the guards to bring it in. It might mean a little more "squeeze". The guards returned, bringing with them a woman, her face in her hands, sobbing. The mandarin's face expressed his disappointment. There could be no "squeeze" expected from an old hag like that.

"What dost thou want, old woman?" he demanded rather sharply.

"Oh, Protector of the poor! Oh, Guardian of All Justice!" She used the customary whine of weakness before power. "I am a wronged woman deserted by my husband for another—a perfidious courtesan. Kill this other, I pray thee, kill her."

"Patience, patience," he replied. "One does not kill for that. Thou must be mad or lying, rather lying than mad, I believe. Guards, remove her. I have had enough of this."

But before the guards could seize her, she had straightened and was looking the mandarin straight in the face, and he saw her to be not old and ugly, but young and beautiful, so beautiful that he sat bolt upright and his eyelids actually opened wide. He thought of Ai-Lien his mistress, and all the other women he had ever seen, and decided that here alone was the culmination of his long search for the beautiful. A peculiar flow of lines in her scarlet coat and an unintelligible fold in her lustrous black hair proclaimed her above the natural. She had been weeping, this more than natural being, and she was pale, but her beauty was heightened by the pallor, if that could be possible. The guards stood back in awe.

"Now wilt thou help me?" She spoke in a delightfully sweet voice, soothing and at the same time commanding. "I am not a woman,

but the Scarlet Dragon, wife of the Green Dragon, who is master of the Ho River. My husband is infatuated with a certain courtesan, the notorious Blue Dragon, whom I desire thee to kill with thine own hands. Wilt thou kill her?"

And she looked straight into his eyes.

The mandarin blinked, for he did not like the idea of killing dragons.

"I cannot, I cannot. Thou art mad or lying," he whined.

Between the command of her eyes and of his fear, he was miserable.

She continued, "Every night they wander down the stream playing in the moonlight, until they reach the Hundred Isles, and there they sport until daybreak, while I am left deserted in my cave, eating my heart out with jealousy. Oh, Most Beautiful and Glorious Mandarin! I desire thee to stand on the Wei Rock this evening, and as they pass down-stream kill the blue impropriety. Thou Lovely One!"

The mandarin felt a great satisfaction enter his breast. Here, at last, he had found a woman who appreciated his worth. Hitherto no one had ever said that he was beautiful, but he knew she was speaking the truth.

She approached him and he felt the warmth of her delicate hand as it grasped his own. He looked down at it stupidly, for this was not according to the usual custom of court proceedings. He even tried half-heartedly to disengage his fingers.

"It cannot be done." He tried to make his voice sound as harsh as possible.

She stooped towards him and put her face a few inches from his. His eyes faced hers, and he realized that she was infinitely more than beautiful.

"Thou canst see that I am beautiful, but never was even dragon-woman as beautiful as thou art, thou Divine Judge. Wilt thou kill her? Oh, thou hast eyes like gems!"

He blinked once or twice, and motioned away Li, who was edging forward. He liked it.

"I cannot," he reiterated, fear still gripping him. He felt her breath on his face.

"Kill her," she whispered. "Oh, wilt thou kill her?" Then she kissed him.

"Shades of my Ancestors! I will! I will kill her. Hear, oh court, it is a judgment."

But she was gone, and he was facing a crowd of court guards, headed by Li, who were vainly attempting to conceal grins behind their raised sleeves. Now he realized that he had been a fool, a fact which

Li did not hesitate to impress upon him. But Li also repeated several times that it was necessary to abide by court decisions, and that the Blue Dragon must be killed, and that by the mandarin's own hand. One hour he shook in the qualms of fear. One hour he called himself a fool. And then, a sword attached to his girdle and with fear shaking every bone, he set out for the river. He brought a bodyguard of a dozen of the strongest fists of the city with him, and Li himself supported the right hand, whispering very doubtful words of encouragement in his ear. Down to the river's edge they went, and out upon the Wei Rock. The moon was bright, wiping all the colors of the landscape into one shimmering monotone. Over on the opposite bank he saw a reddish object, writhing and twisting in the light.

"Remember thy promise. Thou must kill her."

The Scarlet Dragon was there to witness the proceedings, and the mandarin quaked.

Then above the gurgling of the waters about the rock, above the beating of his own heart, he heard the roar of two dragons singing, and, far upstream, he saw two gigantic heads tossing about on the waves. They were approaching. Li presented him with his unsheathed sword.

"Kill," he whispered.

He stood on the edge of the rock and waited, waited as they came nearer, chasing each other about like a couple of children. He thought he could distinguish a blue from a green in those two ducking heads, and as they slipped by him in the moonlight, he made a lunge with his sword. There was a bellow of pain. The waters seethed into a frenzy and then all was quiet. After a moment, he heard, far downstream the laugh of a she-dragon, immediately followed by a scream near at hand.

"Thou hast mistaken them in the dark, thou fool! Thou hast killed my husband, and the blue devil is laughing at us. I have lost my husband, but I must, I shall have another! Thou shalt be my husband. Come!"

And he felt an irresistible force which dragged him into the stream, while Li and the big-fists stood motionless in amazement.

Rumor has it, that the Scarlet Dragon's husband is the most hen-pecked in nine provinces.

D. M. Pruitt, '23.

Gottfried Keller

II

IT IS no easy task to select from the works of an author who has wandered in so many fields of literature with such eminent success examples of that one type in which the gifted pen is at its best. We may not bring ourselves to like Keller's poetry, which first brought him public attention, and without laying ourselves open to the charge of being blasé, we may frankly avow that Keller lacks the lyric temperament of Nikolaus von Lenau, that his verses are loaded down with helplessness in rhyme and labored selection of phrases, and that they are thus deprived of the charm and power of Heinrich Heine's lyric masterpieces. Again we cannot unduly praise *Der Grüne Heinrich*, his famous biographical novel in four volumes. It is rather a common type of novel in German literature since Goethe penned his *Wilhelm Meister*, and shows how a young man is carried along by the current of his time and molded by the vicissitudes of his fate until he himself becomes the type of his period. Keller has not earned the mead of fame either through his poetic achievements or through his *Grüne Heinrich*, justly great as that work seems to many, but through those simple tales of unparalleled beauty, his stories of peasant life: *Die Leute von Seldwyla*, *Züricher Novellen*, and *Sieben Legenden*. Here Keller comes into his own, here he has given us something which will be treasured up when minor works have passed into oblivion, here he has been "discovered" more than once since the first little volume of *Seldwyla* made its appearance in 1856.

Seldwyla is the name of a fictitious Swiss town. There is a touch of the *Tarascon* of Daudet in the passages of the author's preface: "In the good old dialect, Seldwyla signifies a blissful, sunny place, and, indeed, there is situated a little town of this name somewhere in Switzerland. It is still set within the old walls of yore and will ever remain the same quaint, primitive place; that this was really the underlying and original intention of its founders is shown by the fact that it was laid out a good half-hour's stretch from a near-by navigable stream, as a clear indication that it was to amount to nothing. It is beautifully situated in the green mountains which open out toward the south, admitting the sun but excluding the rough winter wind. Thriving vineyards grow round about the old town walls, and higher up on the mountain-side stretch far-reaching woods, the wealth of the town; for such is its strange fate that the community is wealthy but the citizens poor, so poor, in truth, that nobody in Seldwyla really knows what they have been living on for centuries past. They lead

a merry life, however, and are always full of good cheer; they consider the cultivation of a kind disposition their own special art"

Such is the background on which we follow up the humorously naïve, good-natured satire on the life of a small provincial town. Keller in almost agreeable mood introduces us to a little world all his own; it is an inimitable sketch of a society in which the quaint limitations of a droll provincialism with its excitement over trifling occurrences, with its bubbling frivolity and love of petty adventure, are combined with an insatiable greed for gold, and, in fact, everything that glitters. The tenets of such folk-philosophy call for complete enjoyment of every happening in a simple life, of every intrigue that presents itself on the limited horizon. It is a class which never produces a man equipped to take up the battle of life and fight it out with unremitting vigor, but which on the other hand does not permit him to go to ruin, so that there is always present an older generation of bankrupt *fainéants* to act the rôle of onlookers and enjoy the capers of the succeeding crop of youthful swaggerers. Such then are the folk of Seldwyla as we meet them in the first volume of the *Leute*.

It was almost twenty years before the second volume was given to the public. In the preface of this the author tells us that seven little Swiss towns have been at feud with one another, each clamoring for the honor of being Seldwyla. No, Keller answers, "In every town and in every valley of Switzerland rises the steeple of Seldwyla; it is to be looked upon as a collection of such steeples, as an ideal town painted on the shifting mist of the mountains, suspended now over this province and now over that, sometimes even moving beyond the boundary of the beloved fatherland, beyond the banks of old father Rhine." After his return to Switzerland from Berlin, Keller had been struck by a change that had come over the people: his Seldwylers had lost their love for politics, since their discussions on that subject had led only to vehement controversies and bloody brawls. Instead, a craze for speculation in "known and unknown values" had arisen to satisfy their craving for excitement. A new viewpoint had to be adopted to conform with the new pastime. The first volume ranks higher in the eyes of most critics, and from it we shall select a story as the basis of further discussion.

One of the best of the tales is generally conceded to be *Frau Regel Amrain und Ihr Jüngster*, not only because representative throughout of the author, but also because it is an excellent example of the type known as didactic fiction. It is an encomium of motherhood, a portrayal of the wise and noble instinct that guides the true mother in the rearing of her child. Frau Regel was an outsider by birth, and came

from a more energetic and enterprising stock than her husband. The latter has brought all the good and bad qualities of the genuine Seldwyler to bear upon the exploitation of his stone quarry, has consequently suffered the inevitable shipwreck in his enterprise and has emigrated to America, leaving to Frau Regel the management of his business and three children, the youngest of whom, Fritzchen, becomes the hero of the tale. An eminent critic of Gottfried Keller has declared that nowhere else in the author's work, in fact nowhere else in the whole history of the novel, is there to be found a finer, truer, and psychologically deeper touch, than in the opening scene of this story. Frau Regel is being courted by Florian, her own foreman, and his passionate pleas, finally mounting to the high pitch of an amorous scuffle, have almost brought her own sternly repressed emotions and natural impulses to the point of giving way, when Fritzchen, who has been sleeping with his two brothers in an adjoining room, is awakened by the struggle. Filled with ominous suspicions the little fellow rushes into the room at the critical moment, his blue eyes blazing and his golden curls flying, "like a little Saint George", and assails the impetuous suitor with a curtain rod and unmercifully belabors his head with all his puny strength. The day is saved, Florian retreats in confusion, and Frau Regel regains her dignity and poise. This incident marks the starting point of the story, which finds a powerful *motif* in the awakening of the mother's affection towards her youngest offspring, and in her firm resolve that he, at least, of her children should not fall into the slack and indolent mode of Seldwyler life. She is led to this decision by the conviction that there are latent good qualities in the little fellow.

In subsequent years she "kept her word and brought him up to become a good and upright man in Seldwyla, who was one of the few that remained courageous and honest as long as they lived." She accomplished her task in an interesting manner. Her principle was to guide him as little as possible, allowing the "young tree, of the same wood as herself, to grow up in her proximity and take its direction from her." The elaborate rules and precepts by which Rousseau would rear his Emile are replaced by a more practicable method in the guiding hand of motherly love, by which she imparted her own noble virtues to him. When Fritzchen reaches those years of youth which are regarded as the most perilous, when churlishness towards elders is combined with an increasing attention to the opposite sex, his mother becomes doubly vigilant lest his impulses lead him astray. When she sees him blush at the approach of a girl, fear strikes her heart.

At this point of the story one is apt to feel that the assumption of the part of a directing Providence by Frau Regel has been a little

overdone. An example of her strictness is given on the occasion of a merry wedding in Seldwyla. Fritz has decked himself out in woman's costume, using his mother's best dress for the purpose. When she discovers his exploit, she hurries to the wedding herself. Here she finds him blushing and shy amid the flattery of a youthful company of doubtful reputation, but after her arrival he soon leaves. To us this smacks too much of the proverbial apron-string, but to Frau Regel it is stern duty. After a little cheek-stroking episode with a newly-engaged servant girl, Fritzchen is exhorted to wait contentedly for two or three years. The picture of an ideal wife is painted for him, and such he finally secures after the choice has been duly approved by Frau Regel, but even after marriage he still remains under her tutelage.

His next field of endeavor is local politics. Political reform is always timely in so drowsy and easy-going a community as Seldwyla, and hence, after much reluctance on his part and repeated instigation on the part of his mother, Fritz consents to enter the arena and become the active champion of a new order. The enmity he incurs by throwing the long established political bosses out of office, and the burden of responsibility he assumes in taking over his mother's business, finally make him sense the duties of a man. When his father returns from America, where he has been fairly successful, the young and ambitious son maintains an ascendancy over the once bankrupt parent. Frau Regel spends the evening of her life in happy surroundings, proudly basking in the success of her experiment.

The treatment of this tale is largely subjective. Keller has included in it many incidents of his own life with artistic elaboration. Frau Regel is based upon the character of the author's mother who guided him in her letters with the same dry and terse admonitions which Frau Regel administers to her son. But the characterization is clear and forceful, and in strong contrast to the vague picture of Keller's mother which we encounter in *Der Grüne Heinrich*. Frau Regel is one of Keller's masterpieces of female characterization, and that is saying a great deal for an artist who excelled so remarkably in this respect. With equal skill does he picture the prudish old maid, Züs Bünzlin, in *Die Drei Gerechten Kammacher*, adroitly keeping the three selfish, love-lorn comb-makers at bay, and directing them like marionettes to a senseless manifestation of hollow virtue.

In its tender tragic appeal, its romantic pathos, and its wonderful solution of the problem of *milieu*, Keller's most renowned story, *Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe*, stands paramount. It is in marked contrast to the tales hitherto mentioned. The precious humor of Keller, which defies description, is here blended with a strain of deep melancholy

which we meet with nowhere else. Two sensitive human beings, whose natural impulses have carried them together from the days of golden childhood to the mature friendship of later years, are kept from the path of happiness through the deadly estrangement of their respective families. Rather than carry on a wearisome earthly existence, barred from one another and with no prospect of future bliss, Vrenchen and Sali consume a summer's day in joyful rustic exuberance, like ephemeral butterflies, and then, with clasped hands and innocence untainted, seek death and a perfect union in a better world.

Keller grapples with problems of real life at every turn, but he never descends to the vulgar, he never loses his dignified sublimity of thought and delicacy of expression. He is, however, far from being a moralizer despite his ethical correctness. He hates everything which savors of smug hypocrisy. But his sense of humor is too real and his confidence in man's essential goodness too great not to leave room for little failings now and then. He is averse to measuring everything with the rule of moral rectitude, and he has confessed that he is fond of "tying every mischief to the sphere of humanity with a golden ribbon." It is to this wholesome realistic tendency that we are indebted for that splendid array of wonderful characters, both men and women, whom we encounter in all his works. We cannot help feeling that they have really been or are, and we should not be surprised if they stepped forth from the page to meet us with an air of sturdy Swiss integrity about them. Keller suffered severely during his youth and manhood, but he never turned pessimist, and whoever reads one of his books must feel that he has won a new and better outlook on life, a greater love and indulgence toward his fellow men.

H. W. Pfund, '22.



Editorial Comment

IT MAY be interesting to others to know some of the subjects that are suggested by helpful friends as good for editorials. Consider these: Physical Exercise; Aims of the Youth of America—Not toward Money, but the Higher Things of Life; Spelling Reform; English in America. It is certainly pleasant to know that there are people who think the editor able to write about these different things; but it must be flatly confessed that he is not. In fact, he seriously doubts his ability to write about anything at all; but this latter is a secret not to be given away.

* * * *

It is interesting to notice the contributions that come into the sanctum, also. There are essays galore; some on painfully inapt subjects; some on subjects that necessitate the use of a dictionary by the uninformed persons on the editorial board; some on nothing at all, as far as can be seen. Some there are that are interesting; some there are that are not. And with them come a few stories, a very few. And once in an age appears a familiar essay. Four years ago, the HAVERFORDIAN was practically filled with familiar essays, with a story or verse between. Of course, we still have verse, and good verse; but not to space off familiar essays.

* * * *

There is no doubt that the familiar essay is a form of writing that a man can write or cannot. It is not an acquired habit, the familiar style. To be sure, it can be developed, but there must be a germ to start with. The ability to tell a story is also a congenital characteristic.

With the formal essay it is different. An essay may be successful without style; a formal essay is more a matter of knowledge about and acquaintance with a certain subject. Its value is in what is said, not how it is said, whereas the familiar essay is joyously independent of what it is talking about, and rambles on, eventually arriving somewhere, but not ostentatiously. The formal essay has something to say; the familiar essay wants to talk about something, and is not averse to digressions. The value of the formal essay depends upon its thoroughness and clarity; that of the familiar essay upon its charm and affability.

Familiar essayists are few, compared with the poets, story-tellers, and essayists. Once in a while appears a Lamb, a Stevenson, who can sit and chat with us, and give us a jolly good evening, and yet leave

us much the better and wiser for their company. And then there are a few who can amuse us by their wholesomely foolish way of discussing something, who can turn the light of their wit on some hitherto dark facet of a well-known topic. These men are the real charmers, the real conversationalists of literature. The poet, the story-teller, the formal essayist, must give a very definite impression, and reach a very definite point; but the familiar essayist is constrained only by his own whim; he is conversing, giving us a good time, and having a glorious time himself.

Mac of Placid

By T. Morris Longstrech, '08

THE mists of the Adirondacks, the odor of fragrant balsam, the sparkling ice jewels of a winter morning—all these things combined with a spirit “whose dwelling is the light of setting suns” make of *Mac of Placid* a novel, which, coming in this era of social and sex questions, is like a breath of pure mountain air in the stifling atmosphere of a crowded metropolis. Throughout the whole of it there surges a love of Nature, an intimacy with wild life which makes the great outdoors live in the book. It is impossible to read a single chapter without feeling the grandeur of wooded mountains, and the spell of lonely forests.

Mac himself, a large-hearted, generous lad, radiating the spirit of friendliness and reflecting always in his nature the nobility of the mountains in which he lives, is a creation whom the reader loves at first sight. His simple, spontaneous character has the added attraction of solidity in it. He is a red-blooded person who lives hard, and who loves with the devotion that makes heroes of men. We have Mac in all his moods, and we feel—a strange thing when reading a modern novel—that we really understand him. The other characters, although they are not drawn with the delicate shading and infinite care that the portrait of Mac displays, have the same naïf charm about them—that is all except R. L. S. And here lies the particular beauty of the book. The whole-hearted friendship between that fragile and brilliant man of letters and the strong boyish mountaineer is as impressive as any Damon and Pythias story. Robert Louis Stevenson brings into the atmosphere a spirit of culture, and yet his introduction does not in the least spoil the wildness of the scenery. It really emphasizes the singular unaffectedness and simplicity of Mac himself, and brings

out the lovable qualities of R. L. S. at the same time. And then there is Hallie, who is never definitely described, but who becomes in our eyes, as well as in those of Mac, the ideal of womanhood—not a great character but one who is always delightful. The portraits of Tess and of Mac's mother, both of them sordid women who add the necessary touch of realism to the otherwise romantic story, show that Mr. Longstreth is not incapable of painting the low side of life.

There is at no time any dragging of action. Everything works out with admirable probability. From the first quarrel of Pop MacIntyre with his impossible wife, to the final simple marriage ceremony between Mac and Hallie, performed in the presence of God's mountains and witnessed by no one, the interest is never once allowed to flag. There is plenty of adventure and fighting—the fighting of strong men infuriated by drink and knowing no mercy. The great blizzard of 1888 is brought in with marvelous effect. In fact the most thrilling passage is that in which Mac makes his way through the wind that was "bearded so thick with snow that at the fullest gusts there was no breathing possible", to carry some medicine to Hallie who lives several miles from the town.

Yet the book has its faults. We cannot help wondering, even though we enjoy the relief of idealistic characters, whether there are enough human weaknesses to make the people seem real. The actually bad characters are all bad; they have no good points in their personalities to give them the air of probability. Then, Mr. Longstreth's style is not always easy to follow. There are many rough places where it seems that a bit of polishing would have added immeasurably to the general effect. Many of the figures which he uses are ingenious and natural, but there seems to be a constant straining for the unexpected and unusual. If the style had been straightforward and simple, it would have reflected the setting to much better purpose, and would have given much more artistically the idea of simplicity which the book manages to keep in spite of this *préciosité*.

On the whole, however, in spite of these faults which could be so easily remedied, one cannot fail to be impressed by the absolute sincerity and devotion to Nature that is displayed. The love that the author has for the Adirondacks is just as evident as that of Mac's. It is felt on every page and will always be there for anyone who, confined within four walls, wants to feel again the spell of the great outdoors, and the attraction of life in the wilderness.

T. Morris Longstreth: *Mac of Placid* (The Century Co.).

C. D. A., Jr.

“Brushwood Boy”

*Out from the town as the sun goes down
And all earth's shapes and shadows fade,
At the day's decline when street lights shine
And the ghost of a wandering wind is laid,
With the thread of a new moon over me
I set my face
Toward a mystic place
By the shore of a nameless sea.*

*Far through the zone of a land unknown
By a road no one has trod before,
Till over the rim of a hilltop dim
I can hear the muttering waters roar,
And a sense of fright comes over me
With a chill of awe
When I feel the raw
Cold breath of that nameless sea.*

*Thick and chill are the scents that fill
The winds which haunt its desolate shore.
As I take my stand on a black headland
Where thundering breakers burst once more,
Closely the black sky covers me
And below me strain
From the dismal main
The waves of that nameless sea.*

*How broad, how wide is the sunless tide
Of your straits, O sea unscanned by man?
How weird and deep are the gulfs asleep
In your depths unplumbed since the world began;
And why does the thought recur to me
Somewhere before
I have seen your shore
And surf, O nameless sea?*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

The Super Power System

THE Super Power System is the name applied to a project which proposes to link together by a network of transmission lines, all the electric generating stations of the eastern manufacturing section under one great control system, thus supplanting inefficient stations that are wasting coal at present. The project also aims to provide for any increased demand for power in the future, by building large and economical power plants at the coal mines and at those sources of hydraulic power which are not now developed. On July 1, 1920, Congress appointed a committee to investigate the plan, and appropriated \$125,000 to finance the investigation. My purpose in these few paragraphs is to show the large advantages of this Super Power System in power-saving, and to give some idea of what innovations the plan involves.

The first purpose of such a system is to reduce unnecessary investment of capital in equipment to handle what is technically known as "peak" load. Let us take a simple illustration of this latter item. Suppose that a man builds a plant to supply West Philadelphia with electric power. Since it is chiefly a residential section, his plant would have to be large enough to handle all the lights turned on at one time of day. This largest load is called the peak load. Now his peak load would come roughly between five o'clock and nine o'clock in the evening. During that time his plant would run to capacity, but at other times of the day and night, the electricity required by the homes would be comparatively slight. In other words his plant is not running to capacity except for three or four hours out of the twenty-four, and there is a great loss in efficiency in the generators because they are not running to capacity.

Now let us look at a plant over in the manufacturing part of Philadelphia. This has entirely a day load from seven o'clock till five. The rest of the time it runs for a few lights or perhaps does not run at all. It is evident that one plant, slightly larger than either of the two mentioned, could handle the whole load, and handle it far more efficiently since it would be running at near capacity more of the time. In addition to this, the overhead expense of one plant would be cut out, and the power would cost less because there would be less capital invested on which interest must be paid. Technically the single plant would be said to have a better "load factor" than either of the other two.

Now the Super Power System is aiming to gain the best possible load factor and the lowest possible peak load by joining into one system the whole eastern seaboard between Boston and Washington, and extending inland one hundred and fifty miles. One of the most fertile lines that the Congressional investigation has taken is this of the load factor and the peak load. Although their data is not all gathered, they estimate that one-fifth of the present generating machinery could be stopped or turned to other purposes if this linking-up of the power sources were accomplished. In other words, there is at present twenty per cent. more capital than necessary invested in power generating machinery.

The second purpose of the system is to reduce unnecessary waste of fuel by eliminating small and inefficient plants now in operation. This would be accomplished not by legal coercion of any sort but by the natural operation of economic laws. A large generating plant will usually reach an efficiency of fifteen per cent. or over, whereas there are many small plants which fall below four per cent.; and a plant the size and type of that at Haverford College can turn at a maximum two per cent. of the potential energy of the coal burned, into power. Of course in the case of our college the electric power is merely a by-product of the heating plant. It is obvious that the small and inefficient plant cannot last long with such odds against it if the other power is available. The investigation of the committee has revealed the fact that the basis of efficiency upon which the Super Power System will be placed, will conserve twenty-seven million tons of coal now being wasted every year by inefficient machinery.

A third advantage has to do with expansion. In the zone at present there are $12\frac{1}{2}$ million kilowatts of electric power used. This is equivalent to 17 million horsepower. The most reliable estimates all agree that the demand for electric power will increase three times over in the next ten years, and the estimate of the investigating committee even places the increase well over that figure. The present power companies frankly admit that they are not prepared to handle such an increase, and even now under existing conditions they are having to refuse any increase in load in many places. The reason for this phenomenal increase is partly due to planned increase in the electrification of railroads, and partly to the rapid extension of the uses of electric power in industry. Manufacturers are finding every day that they can buy power more cheaply from the central station power plant than they can make it themselves. The proposal of the Super Power System to erect immense generating stations at the coal mines, to develop available water power, and to send this power into the wires which can take it anywhere from

Boston to Washington provides a means for the necessary expansion with as small and economical investment of capital as is possible.

These then are the advantages of the system, the more economical use of present and future capital, the saving of coal, and the cost of transportation of coal.

The plan of business organization which the Super Power System will adopt has not been made clear by its sponsors as yet, and this will be the crucial point of its success or failure, for there is no doubt of the advisability of the plan from an engineer's standpoint. As near as can be conjectured, the Super Power System will be a corporation independent of any existing power company, selling power as individual power companies do today. It will buy or sell to individuals or to existing power companies as the need arises. The possibility that the government would subsidize such a corporation is plainly in view. That such a company must have tremendous backing of capital is apparent when one considers the immense expansion which the plan aims to cope with. A rough estimate places the capital that must be invested to gain this expansion at three billion dollars, but it is undoubtedly true that the benefits derived would justify the expenditure.

The idea is not new. California is just finishing such a system which covers the whole state. Michigan has had a system which links together almost all the water power in the lower peninsula, and has the longest transmission line in the world. Central New England has a sort of league of power companies that form in effect such a system. Yet never before has anyone dared to propose a project of the proportions of the Super Power System which is being so seriously considered in the power world today.

A. W. Hastings, '21.

The Present Industrial Situation

WE ARE now passing through a period of economic readjustment consequent upon the conditions left by the war. During the war production had been developed to a very high point as the result of the demand for war necessities, besides being diverted into channels different from those normal in times of peace. It was therefore inevitable that some readjustment must be made to decrease

the enormous output and to return to what Mr. Harding calls "normalcy". On former occasions, periods of readjustment from a war to a peace-time basis have been extremely rigorous in comparison to the present period, and the purpose of this paper is to survey the causes and their development, to show the present situation, and to outline the tendencies prevalent at the time of going to press.

During the years of the war preceding our entry into the conflict, the United States became the source of supply to the belligerents for munitions and commodities of every conceivable description. Production speeded up, and from a period of depression in 1914 we soon changed to a first-class boom. Incidentally, from a debtor nation in 1914 to the extent of \$4,000,000,000, we changed our status so that by 1917 we had liquidated that amount and a little more. Our entry in the war merely intensified the conditions already existing. Production was speeded up even more and diverted into channels unknown to peace. Our great "nation in arms" had just been tuned up to the pace and become accustomed to the transition when the armistice was signed.

Then ensued a post-war boom,—as is frequently the case. The great shortage of goods in almost all lines and the impairment of production during the war caused a period of intense business activity. This condition was aggravated by excessive public buying, resulting from profitable business, high wages, and an excess of work over available labor, bringing about an attitude of improvidence towards the future and a tendency to spend rather than save. Then ensued a period of rapidly rising prices, and this in turn brought a wave of profiteering and speculation, which prevailed not only in the securities market but also in the commodities and real estate market, and even extended to the conduct of the ordinary mercantile business. High prices and speculation coupled with this intense business activity resulted in an expansion of bank credit, and this in turn further stimulated the upward tendencies in prices, business, and speculation.

About this time (the early part of 1920) along with this great increase, there developed a serious defect in the credit situation. This defect took the form of an impairment of the liquidity of credit; credit became, as the financial man expresses it, "frozen". The causes of this condition lie in the situation resulting from war-financing and in the way business was conducted during the immediately preceding period. There are four major causes which stand out rather prominently.

The first cause was the large volume of government paper, which from its character was not self-liquidating, and which continued to burden our banking resources. The issue of such a large volume of government paper was made possible only through the expansion of

our credit facilities, and this was accomplished even before the war by the introduction of the Federal Reserve Banking System which enabled our credit structure to expand to a point over four times the limit set by our old National Banking System. This should not, however, be construed as an unfavorable criticism of that excellent organization without whose aid we could not have financed the war or survived the present period of readjustment. The government hoped that this paper, assumed in the first place by the banks, would ultimately rest in the safe-deposit boxes of the individual investor. Much of the paper, however, was not taken out of the banks, or, if it was, was soon reinjected into bank credit as the basis of new loans to the business interests who found themselves unable to carry them without banking assistance, or who wished to make them the collateral for new loans for expansion or speculation. The important thing to remember, however, is that the banks were loaded up with this kind of paper, and as a result, were unable to extend their loans to finance enterprises backed by other classes of security.

Another impairment to the liquidity of bank credit came from the complete break-down of the nation's transportation facilities during the spring of the year, due to the outlaw strike, bad weather, and inefficient operation. Vast amounts of goods were tied up in freight cars, loading platforms, warehouses, sheds, and shipping rooms. It was impossible to market them and to release the credits involved. Renewal of the loans was necessary on a large scale, and to impair thus the turnover of a bank's resources is to cause serious trouble.

Another factor was the tendency of speculators and farmers in the fall of the year to hold huge stocks from the market in the expectation of higher prices and greater profits. These goods had to be carried on renewed loans and this resulted in another form of frozen credit.

The fourth cause was the public's retrenchment policy due to a refusal to purchase goods at the present high prices which were considered exorbitant. Another factor generally overlooked was the fact that the wages of a considerable portion of the population had not risen as fast as or to the point which prices had reached. This "buyers' strike" not only impaired the liquidity of the credit structure but resulted in a period of depression of manufacturing. The retailer, instead of clearing his shelves by selling at a lower figure, maintained his high prices and so kept his shelves stacked up. Thus, the retailer gave no orders to the jobber, the jobber gave no orders to the wholesaler, and the wholesaler none to the manufacturer. The manufacturer was then compelled to reduce his output, and on the continuance of the lack of orders to run on part-time or lay off a great number of men.

Unemployment spread and this further reduced the buying capacity of the public.

A further urge to readjustment was the curtailing of credit to the so-called luxury industries,—the automobile and allied trades, the "movie" producers, etc. At the same time, acting under the lead of the Federal Reserve head, loans were denied to purely speculative undertakings, and a gradual rise in the discount rate at the Reserve Banks tended to drive off the "least necessitous" borrower. These measures had their desired effect. Added to them was the declining trade balance in the international trade market due to the rapid recuperation of some of the foreign nations beginning to resume production and to export to this country. At the same time, due to the enormous borrowings by foreign governments during the war, the rate of exchange was so decidedly in our favor that prices were almost prohibitive to the foreigner. Our international trade would have been almost completely wiped out had there been any other market to which the foreigner could have turned to supply his needs.

These conditions and others have had their effect, and today we find ourselves confronted by a very complex and complicated situation in which the usual indications of such a period are present. Some of the most prominent of these are a sharp reduction in prices, heavy decreases in production, extensive unemployment, and a strong psychological reaction. These are self-evident. Some of the less noticeable are of no less importance. The fundamental alterations in the distribution of labor between trades and employments have been a feature of recent months. In the banking field, the volume of deposits has decreased instead of increased, although the note circulation was larger at the end of November than at the end of July.

This brings us to an interesting point which should be carefully noted in dealing with the present situation. The process now going on is not a process of deflation. Many inexact writers have characterized it as such; but they are mistaken. The circulation of Federal Reserve notes reached its highest point during Christmas week, while the week of the presidential election was the high-water mark of total money in circulation; likewise this same week was that in which the banks did the greatest amount of rediscounting. These facts show emphatically that this is a period of readjustment and not one of deflation or contraction. A better term would be "arrested expansion".

In this connection, we should note that the amount of government paper decreased from \$1,484,262,000 at the beginning of the year to \$1,158,974,000 at the end; in a similar period the amount of other paper carried by the Reserve Banks (*i. e.*, commercial paper)

increased from \$746,925,000 at the beginning of the year to \$1,437,974,000 at the end. We are accustomed to think that the farmers have been used rather badly by the Federal Reserve Board, but the examination of the following figures will disprove any such idea. Loans to farmers at the beginning of the year amounted to \$729,266,000; at the end of the year they had reached the total of \$1,980,033,000. The revival of the War Finance Corporation was premised on the misuse of the farmers by the banks, and even after the House had been informed of the falsity of this premise, they passed the bill over the President's veto. The significance of the above figures is that the amount of the loans secured by government paper was steadily reduced, while more accommodation was extended on bona fide commercial transactions.

Such are the conditions facing us today. What is the outlook for the future? In the financial and economic fields, it is very hazardous to attempt to predict the future; the most one should do is to point the tendencies and the general direction in which we seem to be travelling. The situation is desperate at present but there is no reason for pessimism. Only the most gloomy of the financial writers now deny that we have "turned the corner"; things are beginning to brighten considerably. One writer has said that if everyone would think and act as if we were in the midst of prosperity, we would soon be there actually. There is much truth in that statement. Everything is in favor of a recovery by the beginning of March,—the beginning of the economic year and the date generally accepted as the time to place the orders for spring. Some mills are beginning to resume by a slight increase in the number of days of work a week; inquiries are more numerous and some orders are being placed. The orders so far are for immediate delivery and there is practically no stocking up for any long periods.

In the field of international trade, the situation is very encouraging. Due to the rumors of a comprehensive plan of financing and the successful outcome of the meeting of premiers held to fix the amount of the German Indemnity, all of the continental moneys have been "looking up" for some time. The English pound sterling has jumped from \$3.40 to \$3.87 in a few months. Another factor which has helped the foreign trade situation has been the meeting of bankers of the American Association of Bankers to launch the Foreign Trade Finance Corporation with a potential capacity of \$1,000,000,000. This corporation will extend long-term loans on satisfactory security to aid the foreign buyer. This removes one of the greatest difficulties to the increase of foreign trade as hitherto the lack of security to back up a long term note prevented our exporting. Mr. Harding, the present head of the Federal Reserve System has been offered the Presidency, and under his capable

leadership, much is expected of this necessity to our economic prosperity.

If one is expecting that the increase of our foreign trade will bring back prosperity, he will very likely be disappointed. Before we can proceed very far in stabilizing our prices and getting trade either at home or abroad, we must first have lower rates for transportation and lower prices on steel products, but we cannot have these until the railroads and steel companies have lower costs,—and this means a lower wage bill. Thus far, the U. S. Steel Corporation, which controls the policies of the whole industry, has not as yet made any reduction in its prices, but it is predicted by responsible financial authorities that such a reduction will be announced by the middle of February. At any rate, reduction in transportation charges and in the price of steel products depends upon wage reductions. It therefore behooves us to consider for a moment the attitude of labor towards wage reductions. For the most part, wage reductions have been accepted with good grace by the great majority of the unions affected, and it seems that the Big Four chiefs will have the good sense to see that such a reduction is essential to restore the roads to anything like their usual value to the country. To restore prosperity, there *must* be a drop in the cost of production, and this necessitates a drop in wages.

The position and price of steel calls attention to several other inequalities existing in the commodity market. The commodity market at present is completely unbalanced. On the one hand we have rubber, hides, coffee, copper, and a few other products, which are below their pre-war prices; on the other hand we have cotton, wool, silk, breadstuffs, sugar, leather, etc., selling above pre-war prices but either below or very close to the present cost of production. Contrast with these the market for pig-iron 200 per cent. above the pre-war level, steel 105 per cent., coal 100 per cent., coke over 100 per cent., petroleum 250 per cent., brick 166 per cent., paper 180 per cent. above the levels before the war and much above the cost at which they can be produced in 1921. Before we can speak of the commodity market, we must have drastic reductions in those commodities which up to this point have not been liquidated.

The government has a function both positive and negative in this juncture. The government should make every effort to reduce its budget and to economize. Especially does this apply to the expenditure of hundreds of millions to build a navy superior to any possible foe—however imaginary or real he may be. The way is open to save millions by adopting the proposal of a “naval holiday”. Let us take it. Likewise, the government should revise its taxation system in order to distribute the burden equitably, and not to “hamstring” business.

All governments (national, state, municipal) can assist by inaugurating a program of public-works building so that employment may be afforded many who otherwise would be without a source of livelihood. Again we may repeat that there is no cause for alarm. The country is basically sound. The crops have been bigger than ever, our banking system is efficient and able to cope with the situation, and our transportation system is now giving a good account of itself. Therefore let us all pull together in doing our economic duties.

E. G. Hauff, '21.

Alumni Notes

NOTE—The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to Henry S. Fraser, Haverford College.

1885

Dr. Rufus M. Jones published an article of interest on "The Religious Significance of Death," in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* for October, 1920.

The same alumnus also wrote an article for *The Survey*, November, 1920, entitled "A Nationwide Adventure in Friendship."

1903

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury had an essay on "Luke, Translator or Author," in the *American Journal of Theology*, July, 1920.

1913

S. W. Meader offered a poem in the December *Life*. Title: "Foreign Children."

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MARCH, 1921

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Marie De France

THERE are few figures in the history of literature with personalities as elusive as that of Marie de France. Yet she gave a definite impetus to the progress of two great literatures, produced works that were the best sellers of her age, and was widely read a hundred years after her death—something of which few contemporary authors can be certain. In spite of this evident importance, all the information which we have concerning her life consists of one short line—

“My name is Mary, I am from France.”

This she says of herself; from it, from a few allusions to her in the works of her contemporaries and successors, from hints which she lets fall in her poems, and from a study of the language which she uses, modern scholars have deduced the main facts of her existence. She will always, however, be enveloped in the mist of the middle ages, a personality whose work is known, but about whom there lingers an indefiniteness and vagueness that makes her a permanent mystery in the minds of her present readers.

Scholars of three countries have attempted to solve the question of when and where Marie lived. They have all added something new to the solution, until finally M. Gaston Paris, taking advantage of all the discoveries, has reached conclusions which seem to be as nearly correct as diligent scholarship can make them. According to him, Marie de France was a Frenchwoman who lived at the court of Henry II of England. Her familiarity with life in castles and her knowledge of Latin point to the fact that she was of noble birth. Moreover, she dedicated her lays to a “most noble and courteous king, to whom joy is a handmaid, and in whose heart all gracious things are rooted.” No one who was not of the ruling class would have had the privilege of dedicating any work to his sovereign. Scholars agree that this king must have been Henry II, in spite of the vast dissimilarity between his real character as set forth in history, and this paragon of courtesy whom Marie describes. Whether she was directly connected with his court, there is no means of learning, but it seems most probable that a woman of acknowledged talent, such as she was, would have been a figure at a court noted for its brilliance and for the support which it gave to learning of all kinds. Henry’s queen was a Frenchwoman, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and it is not unlikely that it was through her

that Marie lived in England. But just who Marie was is unknown. Her social status and mode of life must remain an unsolved question, in spite of the efforts of writers who have attempted to give her a definite place in the world. We can be certain only of the bare statement that she was an educated Frenchwoman, living in England, who had a literary bent which she followed with considerable success.

She wrote altogether in French, but there are evidences throughout her compositions that she knew English and that she had some knowledge of Breton. French was the language of the court and was therefore the only medium through which she could reach the readers whom she wanted to interest—the nobility. The “Lays” were her most successful productions, but not her only ones. She translated the Purgatory of St. Patrick from the Latin, and wrote a series of fables. These, however, did not have the narrative charm of the lays and so failed to gain permanent popularity. It is to the “Lays” alone that she owes her immortality. Composed about 1175, according to the theory of Gaston Paris, their success was immediate and continued on into the next century. We read in Denis Pyramus, an author of the thirteenth century, about “Dame Marie, who turned into rhyme and made verses of ‘Lays’ which are not in the least true. For these she is much praised, and her rhyme is loved everywhere; for counts, barons, and knights greatly admire it, and hold it dear. And they love her writing so much, and take such pleasure in it, that they have it read and often copied. Those Lays are wont to please ladies, who listen to them with delight, for they are after their own hearts.” So we learn that Marie was particularly popular among ladies, which is not unnatural when the social conditions of the times are considered. The women, living in castles where they had little company, could not help enjoying tales of love such as Marie wrote. Her subjects were just the things which would be most appealing to them, and their support no doubt played an important part in sustaining Marie’s popularity.

Now, in order to explain the subject matter of Marie’s poems, it is necessary to trace the growth of Celtic influence upon French literature. The *chansons de geste* which reached the zenith of their popularity in the early part of the twelfth century had exhausted the store of material represented in the *matière de France*. The legends of Charlemagne had been worked until they could no longer attract the flagging attention of their audiences. French literature was about to die from sheer lack of nourishment, from scarcity of subject matter. Some new element had to be infused into the spirit of French writing, if it were to continue. Celtic literature was turned to for relief and the addition of its themes

to the artistry of French composition proved the saving grace of medieval literature.

The lay was a new thing. It had originally been a lyric dealing only with some incident in a long romance and used to break the monotony of its regular meter. Then the minstrels who told their stories in prose used them for a like purpose, and they became a regular feature of the minstrel's tale, so regular in fact that the whole performance came to be known as a lay, and from this Marie conceived the idea of calling her narratives by that name. In Marie's hands, however, it becomes a short narrative in itself. Instead of writing the lyric, she tells the story which was the occasion of the lyric. This twofold meaning of the word *lay* is still confusing. In the present edition of a standard dictionary it is given in almost the same breath the two meanings—a lyric, and a short narrative poem. So, Marie, when she felt called to write, decided to relate the songs of the old minstrels. As she says in her prologue, "I considered within myself what fair story in the Latin or Romance I could turn into the common tongue. But I found that all the stories had been written, and scarcely it seemed worth my doing, what so many had already done. Then I called to mind those Lays I had so often heard. I doubted nothing—for well I know—that our fathers fashioned them that men should bear in remembrance the deeds of those who have gone before. Many a one, on many a day, the minstrel has chanted to my ear. I would not that they should perish, forgotten, by the roadside. In my turn, therefore, I have made of them a song, rhymed as well as I am able, and often has their shaping kept me sleepless in my bed."

The lays which can be definitely called Marie's are twelve in number. There are several more which are attributed to her, but which cannot be proved her compositions. Their length varies, the shortest having one hundred and eighteen lines, the longest one thousand one hundred and eighty-four. They treat of various phases of romantic love, from the true love of knight and lady to the false love of the werewolf's wife.

To take up each of the lays individually is unnecessary. There is a certain similarity in their construction which gives each of them the same general spirit, and the close examination of one—one which is generally considered among the best—will serve to show the character of all. The Lay of Sir Launfal, aside from being one of the most beautiful and most delightful in the collection, illustrates very clearly the good points for which Marie is famous, and the faults which she was unable to avoid.

At King Arthur's court, there lived a brave and generous knight, Sir Launfal, whom the King for some reason violently disliked. This knight was extremely generous and had been at court only a short time when his money supply was exhausted. Deserted by his friends, he wandered disconsolately through the country, seeking "solace in the fields of June". While so doing, he was met by two damsels who had been sent to bring him to their mistress' pavilion. He accepted their invitation and was conducted into the presence of a maiden

" . . . whose beauty far surpassed

The flower of the lily, or the rose

New opened in the joyful summertime."

She told him that she was a fairy, and that she had fallen in love with him; that if he proved brave and courteous she would be always true to him and give him the best of the land, provided only that he never spoke to any one concerning her. He was fascinated by her beauty and immediately lost his heart to her.

"And so the days flew by on gladsome wings."

Sir Launfal gradually became more and more popular, and one day attracted the attention of the queen, whose passion was inflamed by his beauty. He scorned to respond to her love and incurred her hatred. She taunted him with insulting words until in his anger he forgot his oath of secrecy and boasted to the queen that his lady was far more beautiful than she. The queen, speechless with rage, hurried to the king sobbing that Launfal had tried to make her faithless to her husband, and when she had refused to grant him his desire, had insulted her and vaunted of a lady whose beauty was greater than hers. The King swore to avenge her. He summoned a council of barons to try the unfortunate knight. Launfal's fairy love had deserted him, and broken in spirit he had to appear before his judges. The barons who were friends of the knight begged the King to give Launfal a chance to produce his lady and to let her be compared to the queen. The King consented. When the appointed day came, the lady appeared to save her lover from a terrible death, and, in the judgment of all, completely surpassed the queen in beauty. Launfal was rescued and carried away to Avalon, where he lived for ever with his fairy love.

This hasty and rough synopsis gives, of course, a very inadequate idea of the lay itself, but it will serve to show the type of story which Marie told—a tale of chivalrous and romantic love, of eternal devotion, of fairyland and mysterious beings whose beauty is indescribable, of magic that can accomplish miracles beyond the imagination of man. It is simply told; there is no elaborate description, no flight of fancy,

but everywhere a charming exactness of detail, a boldness of outline (although the two may not seem to go together) that makes them unusually delightful. It must be admitted that it is superficial and slight, and that it lacks any touch of character portrayal whatever, but that was true of all medieval literature and was one of the strongest characteristics of the period. No reasons are ever given for the action—it merely takes place, and whether or not there was a motive the author did not care. Nor is there any moral. Marie, as reflected in her works, was not a religious woman. She was not a sophisticated nineteenth century novelist. Her characters are at no time influenced by religion. They are not flesh and blood; they do not live in a world of reality. They are rather the inhabitants of an ideal land, where love is the sole religion, where only lovers are of importance, where everything is conducive to the delights of love. Marie is very successful in creating this atmosphere. As one reads the lays, he cannot fail to be impressed by the distinct touches of reality which she gives to her un-real world. She makes it a new country in the mind of the reader. Everywhere love predominates, but its course is not smooth. It is always the unselfish, self-sacrificing love that she exalts.

As Alice Kemp Welch says in an essay in the *Nineteenth Century*: "Equality in love! Such is the vital note struck amid the artificial and soul-enfeebling atmosphere of medieval love poetry! This is the note which Marie set ringing down the centuries whilst her manuscripts lay unused on library shelves . . . In putting into words the dawning desires of her time she gave form and impetus to feeling and thought struggling for expression, and gained for her work a definite place in the development of human utterance. Evolution, whether of the spirit or of matter, is the supreme law of things. Marie struck a spark from the ideal which poets and writers down the ages have formed into a flame."

C. D. Abbott, Jr., '22.



Seaward

*The setting sun drops in a bank of clouds
As evening shadows creep across the bay.
A gentle land-breeze whispers through the shrouds,
Warm from the meadows, scented with ripening hay.
Ashore the twinkling village lights appear.
Low laughter and a herd-dog's sleepy bark
So indistinct as scarce to catch the ear,
Drift softly to us through the quiet dark.*

* * *

*Hurrying footsteps, the crash of a gong,
Sharp spoken orders, the gleam of a light,
As the murmuring engines' throaty song
Breaks on the hush of the peaceful night.
Our faces are wet with bursting of spray
As the coast lights behind us dwindle away.*

A. MacIntosh, '21.

The East Gate of Jao-Yuen

JAO-YUEN, nestling among the foothills of Shantung, is one of the prettiest villages in China. As one passes over the summit of the hill on the great highway from Hwanghsien after a long and toilsome day's journey amidst creaking mule-litters and cursing muleteers, the little village below, with a gentle veil of smoke hanging above it, seems like a gem set in the midst of a valley. It gives true promise of rest and one feels like praising the auspicious gods of the Orient for their foresight in placing this haven there.

But when the incentive for pushing on which this picture gives has worn off, and one is all but at the very gates of the village, and is just waiting for the next moment when he may be comfortably installed in an inn and rest, the muleteer for apparently no reason at all except his general perversity, takes a sharp turn to the right and follows directly under the village wall to the next gate, a full half-mile distant.

One asks the muleteer why he should be so perverse, and he replies that the gate is sealed, sealed with the seal of the governor of the province, so that no one may pass through, and with the seal of the emperor of China, so that no one dare pass through, and with five feet of Shantung brick, so that no one can pass through. But the reason for these seals he will not tell. He merely shakes his head and is silent. And in the inn, during the evening, the inn-keeper is asked, but he quakes when he hears mention of it, and intimates the presence of spirits. The old fortune-teller's eyes glisten, however, for, through the protection of his profession, he is above the danger of spirits, but not above taking silver from the "foreign devil" for satisfying his curiosity. Besides, the fortune-teller loves a good story.

* * * * *

During the rule of the emperor Wang, the country was lazy and fat, even as the emperor, for through the emperor's just reign the people were satisfied and lived in ease. Commerce was profitable, and the great highways of China teemed with a very busy population. The whole country seemed prosperous.

Jao-Yuen partook of this prosperity also. For, Jao-Yuen was a stage on the great road from Hwanghsien, and the swarming masses that passed through the east gate from Hwanghsien brought a wealth of trade. The business neighborhood centered just within this gate,

and many were the bakers and cooks who grew fat from their profession, for the desire of travellers the world around seems to be to satisfy their hunger.

By far the most prosperous cook of them all was Lu-sze-fu. He was a jolly fellow, with twinkling eyes, and—fat, for prosperous men are always fat. His cook shop was very near the east gate, which probably accounted for its success, for it was the first to attract the attention of the weary traveller. Here he would sit all day looking out upon the street, with a smile and a word for every passer-by, and a general glow of content all over his genial face, while his little apprentice boy diligently attended to customers. And then in the evening he would overturn his long bamboo cash box, and count over the day's receipts, all the while heaving a gentle sigh of satisfaction. For though he knew, from a tally of the cakes and sweetmeats sold for the day, exactly how much he would find in the bamboo, nevertheless there was an element of pleasure in counting it.

But one evening, his gentle sigh of satisfaction was suddenly cut short by a grunt. The money did not tally and he started to count it over again. But try as he would, he could not make it tally. Twenty cash had grown legs and walked away, as he himself expressed it. Probably the apprentice had made an error, or he might possibly have stolen it; Lu-sze-fu gave the boy a thorough thrashing, and there was a genial twinkle in his eye.

But this did not help matters. The next day again he was lacking twenty cash, and the next day after that. It could not be the apprentice boy, because, for him, it was too painful to try it a second time. Besides, Lu-sze-fu was keeping a very good watch over him now. At last the old cook became so worried that he brought the matter before a necromancer. He unfolded the whole case and waited patiently for some solution. The necromancer put on his heavy crystal spectacles and opened one of his well-worn books. He peered up and down the pages, until at last his eye lit upon something satisfactory, for his face burst into smiles.

"I have found what the book of the dead says of thy case. Please give me five hundred cash."

After Lu-sze-fu had handed over the money, the old fellow continued: "The great book says that thou hast received each day twenty cash of spirit money. This, as thou knowest, vanishes every evening at sundown, returning again to the spirits. Tomorrow, have all thy customers throw their money into water, and thou canst assuredly find who thy spirit purchaser is, for spirit money floats upon water."

The next day, Lu-sze-fu tried it. He had a basin of water ready, and made every purchaser throw the money into it. All day there was no result, except that a large number of his customers thought that he had gone crazy, for the money merely sank to the bottom with a dull thump. Towards evening, however, a tall beshrouded woman came to the booth. She seemed to be anxious to hide her face, and was in a great hurry to be off. And the queerest thing of all was that her footsteps seemed to make no noise at all, and she spoke no word. She was absolutely silent, merely picking up two *tzung-tzes* (rice and date puddings, price ten cash each), and offering her money. She paid no attention to Lu-sze-fu when he asked her to throw her money into the basin, but merely held it out to him. At last, compelled, she hurled it into the basin, where it floated, bobbing up and down upon the surface of the water. But when Lu-sze-fu looked for the woman he found that she had started running down the street towards the gate. Lu-sze-fu dashed after her, out through the gate and into a graveyard nearby. She hovered a moment over a certain grave and then disappeared. A little nonplussed, Lu-sze-fu approached the grave, not daring to get too near and yet interested by his insatiable curiosity. He edged a little nearer and then a little nearer still, hardly daring to breathe. He listened. From within the grave came some very peculiar sounds. It might have been some animal. He listened a moment, quaking, and then turned tail and bolted, back into the city and to the magistrate. The magistrate came to the graveyard with a whole regiment, for protection is in numbers. They dug up the grave and found in it a woman, dead, with a little live baby boy beside her. On investigation it was found that this was the grave of a woman who had died three days before in travail. Undoubtedly the gods had allowed her the birth of a son after death. The spirit with the instinctive feeling of motherly care, had taken the spirit money, burned to her at the funeral, and every day had bought *tzung-tzes* to keep the child alive.

The magistrate obtained orders from the mandarin and the emperor to have the gate sealed, for now that a spirit had gone through it, it was a spirit gate and would no longer be safe for mortals to pass through. He also adopted the young child, who became a great general, as beautiful as the moon and beloved by everybody.

As for Lu-sze-fu, his shop thrived three fold on the strength of the story.

* * * * *

So says the fortune-teller.

But the muleteers from Hwanghsien curse and go around to the north and the south gate.

D. M. Pruitt, '23.

The Sergeant

*Draw your chairs up closer, Buddies—Garcon, bring your finest wine;
Twenty francs—here, keep it, sonny—all the drinks tonight are mine.
Fill your glasses, make it bumpers, 'cause we're going to drink a toast
To our gallant old top-kicker—fill 'em to the brim—I'm host.*

*Boys, remember how he cussed us; drilled us till we thought we'd drop.
Kept us moving every minute, never seemed to let us stop.
Always growling, finding trouble, though we tried so hard to please.
Sure—I know, I've cussed him badly—now I thank him on my knees.*

*We were raw and didn't know it, war seemed nothing more than play.
Kind at heart, though stern of feature, our old sergeant had his way;
Made us from recruits to soldiers, taught us all he knew of war.
Boys—he was a man, God's finest—you all knew him—why add more.*

*Over here, he lost his sternness, watched us with a mother's care;
"May they always do their duty," was his never-ceasing prayer.
Eased our hike with song and story, kept our hopes and spirits high.
Life to him, a noble purpose, and as nobly did he die.*

*In the Argonne, you remember, we were cut off for a day;
Death seemed near, for German snipers kept us pretty much at bay.
Little Dan—you know—the bugler, volunteered to go for aid.
Though our sergeant loved him dearly, still he said, "Are you afraid?"*

*"No," the boy replied unflinching, "where my duty lies, I go."
But the sergeant held him tightly, kissed him ere he let him go.
Then we watched him crawl behind us, bullets rained and plowed the dirt,
Till he crumpled, fell face downwards, with a red stain on his shirt.*

*Stopping not to weigh the danger, our old sergeant broke away;
Crawling, rolling, 'cross the clearing, where our little bugler lay.
Reached him, clasped him, held him tightly, kept him to the other side
Where the bullets could not reach him, got him safely back—and died.*

W. D. Coder, '21.

The Superiority Complex

EVERY one aims to combine in his own interesting person many different social ideals. We are not one but many and can see in aspects of our own familiar selves the germs of the ideal good Samaritan, Lothario, Plato, Beau Brummel, Patrick Henry, and Oscar Wilde. It is not enough to excel in one line; we must be all round men, at home in any land, at one with any group. No paths are barred,—all is possible. Youth is not a function of time but a state of mind,—and this is youth.

Then youth is delusion; for the good Samaritan cramps the style of the Lothario, and the Beau Brummel urges the Plato from his study. Sooner or later the struggle is on; the lion refuses to lie down with the lamb, and the peacock shrills her disapproval of the owl. There is no rest until the lamb reposes piece meal within the lion, or the owl, maddened by the peacock's strident notes, gives up the ghost. So the good Samaritan cruelly stifles the Lothario, or the Beau Brummel smothers the Plato with fine raiment.

One way of life or another wins out and, looking sadly on a host of dead possibilities, the self is wedded to its fate; to spend and be spent forever on some romantic charity; to munch forever the chocolate eclaires and meringues of sexuality; to dawdle forever at the tailor's and then upon the Mall; or to ponder forever on will-o'-the-wisps in a lonely hermitage. One such choice is made; yet, though the other selves have passed beyond the bourne, their spirits return to haunt the chooser with insidious wishes for what might have been. A solid oneness—as the philosophers say—is not attained. There is a rift in the lute; and even he who has chosen to be a social wit worries, at first, less over his next witticism, and more over whether it was wrong to kill that part of him that might have been an Edmund Burke.

Such haunting shadows rise but to be worsted. No healthy being is so troubled long. With as great speed as the chameleon puts on protective coloring, as quickly as the disillusioned youth develops protective pessimism, the self brings casuistry into play to grapple with the shades of discarded chances. Are not the virtues of other careers still his in his chosen way of life; their vices, by his better choice, avoided? Can not his larger ego contain whatever good there is?

Not long ago two destitute hoboes were hobbling along a country road in France, discussing the war.

"Us allies are sure to win in the long run," said one.

"Sure—we're so rich," said the other. Thus imperceptibly, by unconscious yet skilful blending, a pleasant mental climate can be achieved, whether the role to be played be prince or pauper, poet or peasant. In this associative process, the universe may well come to be concentric with the individual; in all cases somebody else takes a back seat. Our learned lawyer, self styled the guardian and preserver of society's progress, can not but regard him who makes thumb tacks as at best a minor nut on the industrial machine; while our maker of thumb tacks who happens to be an idealist, outside of business hours, and so is steeped in a philosophy of the social service of production, sees in our lawyer an evil,—necessary for a time, but certain to pass as society learns the art of living together. The shop girl slightly refers to "factory hands" and dubs herself a "saleslady".

"Hello, Rube," shouts the smart young man in a Ford.

"Hi, City Guy," calls back the farmer, and, turning to his neighbor, remarks with a note of deep wisdom in his voice: "If it wasn't for us, them folks would starve."

Each in his own way vaunts his place in life. With all his "facts not theory" our active business man takes pains to glorify himself by a utilitarianism, expressed or implied, that is as pure theory as the aesthete's "art for art's sake". The protective coloring instinct is too strong for an unbiased opinion. A tale is told of a Southerner who, meeting a noted negro educator at the White House, could not bring himself to address him as "Mister", and, thinking "nigger" slightly inappropriate to the occasion, compromised on "professor". The truth more often lies between the extreme of self appreciation and of the judgment of others. But why seek a true estimate? Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief;—let each assign himself as high a place in the sun as possible, for does he not have to live there?

Christopher Roberts, '21.



Two Poems

I

Will-O'-The Wisp

*Among the waste hills westward whence
This sluggish river winding flows,
Where, fed with rot and feculence
From stagnant pools, foul swamps expose
Their sloughs to muggy night and day,
Is some one lost, they say.*

*Through labyrinths of brush where climb
Gray tangled creepers, where rank weeds
Thriving on flats of mud and slime
Border a wilderness of reeds,
Forever wandering vainly about
He seeks the lost way out.*

*Unseen by day his fruitless quest
He follows, but when the dull green
Hills blacken, and the wastes invest
Themselves with darkness, may be seen,
Flickering through the dismal night,
His lantern's pale blue light.*

Strange Ship

*When light is scarce and nights are long
 And low clouds scud and flee,
 When in from the east, an endless throng,
 Come the rolling waves of the sea;
 Then from the gloom of mists and rains
 As squall and storm begin,
 With groaning blocks and clanking chains
 An unnamed ship comes in.*

*No use to hail it; more reply
 The wild night gives than it.
 No sign it heeds in passing by,
 Nor buoy nor beacon lit.
 And no man dares (so some avow)
 What course it takes, to take,
 For no seas foam about its prow,
 Behind it spreads no wake.*

*Up stormy bay and inlet steers
 The captain at the wheel,
 Round winding shoals he luffs and shears
 Where broken breakers reel.
 And he threads by no chart availed
 The torturous straits alone;—
 Could these one hundred winters sailed
 Hold reef or rock unknown?*

*So thus on blust'ry nights and wet,
 In with a roll and dip,
 Its misty white sails fully set
 Rides a strange and ghostly ship.
 And on it, shunning day and light,
 To visit on the shore
 His treasure hoardes, through storm and night
 Comes Captain Kidd once more.*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

Editorial Comment

THIS is our last bow; we of '21 are finished. Whatever we may have accomplished incidentally, we have done what we intended to do primarily: we have put the HAVERFORDIAN back in its place as a means of expression of undergraduate talent. It would be the rankest egotism, not to say mendacity, to claim that we alone are responsible for all this; the mere thought is actually funny. What we have done is to give a bit of impetus to something that will carry on through its own worth.

War years and consequent general disinterest in ordinary affairs, as well as removal from college of personal and financial support, killed the magazine three years ago. Until that time it had appeared regularly for almost forty years. Those who had been connected with it before were nearly all out of college; but the material for making a first-rate literary magazine was present in the new classes. This was our belief, and it has been more than proved. What we presumed to undertake, not, be it confessed, without fear and trembling, has simply picked us up and carried us along.

The prospect of men better trained in editorial work, men of literary ability of an order worthy of Haverford, bids fair for the future of our magazine. Now that the start has been made, the efforts of our successors can be entirely devoted to improvement and enlargement. The editors of the future may spend their time in finding the happiest balance of material, in encouraging soundness in all types of writing; while subscriptions may be expected to grow as the respect for the HAVERFORDIAN becomes wider spread.

As we said, we merely pushed the rock on the mountainside. The avalanche (modest, perhaps, for an avalanche, but still permissible as a figure) of literary productions of merit that followed was due to the ability already in the college body. Whatever has been excellent in the HAVERFORDIAN this year must be credited to our contributors and the energy of our associate editors. The commendation we have received is due to the cordiality of our subscribers and the geniality of our critics. And it would be both unjust and tactless to neglect mentioning the support of the advertisers!

Yet we pass on the magazine to the new board with a feeling of having been of use. Perhaps we are not altogether deceived!

S. A. N.

A. W. H.

The HAVERFORDIAN takes great pleasure in announcing the election of C. D. Abbott, Jr. as editor-in-chief for the year 1921-22.

To Thomas Hardy

*Great, good, sad man, may every best
And sweetest blessing ever rest
Upon your head magnificent!
True friend of all the innocent
Whom evil days and men molest!*

*All glory to you, who have guessed
The secret of the sea's still breast,
The unrelenting winds' intent,
Great, good, sad man!*

*Upon your solitary quest
Into the realms of fate, to test
The secret high and excellent
Of man's despair and discontent
And doom, take our love manifest,
Great, good, sad man!*

S. A. Nock, '21.

The Sinister Bar

HENRY CATHELTER, Lord Leatherfume, F.R.A.; M.A.Ox.; Chairman of the British War Temperance Committee and of several other boards of like nature, sat at his desk in as comfortable a position as any man with the weight of British thirst on his shoulders could sit. He waxed reminiscent. His secretary, Charles Grandison, was the recipient of his mental meltings away. Grandison also had several letters after his name, but Lord Leatherfume, feeling it incompatible with dignity to be of less alphabetical importance than one's secretary, permitted him to write only B.A.Cam. So Charles Grandison, B.A.Cam., sat also, punching the keys of his typewriter whenever he felt the conversation required him to make some remark.

"Ol' fella," Lord Leatherfume began, "y'——"

"Click, click?" questioned Grandison, for the remark had been inseparably tangled up in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

My Lord blew the draperies away from his lips and began again, this time intelligibly.

"Old fellow, do you recall our first expedition after the wicked, but beautiful maiden? That little flower girl?"

The typewriter disclosed only a polite interest.

"Yes, she was good," pursued Lord Leatherfume, "and how she said, 'My Gord . . .'" The noble attempt to reproduce cockney astonishment and sorrow was comparable only to one of Lord Leatherfume's undergraduate attempts to recite, in original language and meters, the speeches of Orestes pursued by the Furies, and it produced only a more confused impression of the whole subject in the typewriter's mind. The instrument gave forth a pathetic note.

After ten minutes of this subjective conversation, a small youth with no letters at all after his name, brought in the mail. Grandison bent his now mutilated energies on opening it, and in the course of his investigations discovered two bits of interest.

"Only two this morning, my Lord," he said, "one down in Hammerwell, the other's along the Thames somewhere. Been selling brandy after hours. It's Murphy's report, but he's got nothing definite."

Henry Cathelter, Lord Leatherfume, cautiously stretched his limbs and said, "Good Lord, more labor for the weary. There are entirely too many public houses breaking rules. Most annoying. Something

must be done." From the very moment that had marked Lord Leatherfume's advent into the whirlpool of war temperance, things had been accumulating that "something had to be done about", until the Chairman was forced to stretch cautiously in order not to knock things over.

"Something must be done," repeated my Lord, and for emphasis firmly placed his feet on the floor.

Grandison, already satiated with this remark, pushed the spacer until the bell rang, and thus having reached the end of his mechanical rope, said, "Well, then let's do something. It would be remarkably easy to make a test by going ourselves to some low 'pub'."

"Grandison, you should be Chairman of this Committee." This, however, was said without any real conviction on Lord Leatherfume's part. "We will try that for a change though. We'll dress as workmen, and try to make them sell us something. On to victory! For King and Country!"

Lord Leatherfume rang for the youth, and when he appeared ordered him to procure two huge red kerchiefs, "the kind low persons use, you know, m' boy." While this errand was being done, my Lord carefully rolled up the cuffs of his heavy tweed suit, pulled his shirt sleeves of fine silk into prominence, and turned up his coat collar. Grandison did likewise. Then the youth returned, bearing one painfully red and one sullenly blue kerchief.

"Couldn't get both alike, m' Lord," he whispered. To say "m' Lord" had always dazed him, and now the failure of his mission had added fright to his mental state, rendering him almost imbecilic.

"Very well. I'll take the red one, Grandison. It seems more workmanlike. I suppose less important laborers would only use blue ones anyway. You can take notes behind it, too." This matter had evidently been carefully thought out, so Grandison took his share of the goods without demur.

To add the final touch to the costumes the kerchiefs were flagrantly draped from coatpockets, and the soft hats were pounded into hideous shapes and put on backwards. The party, now thoroughly disguised as the lowly British workingman, departed for the street, Lord Leatherfume leaving instructions to call a taxi. While waiting, a friend passed who greeted the couple effusively, much to their astonishment. In the taxi, Lord Leatherfume said to Grandison, "Our disguise was not so successful, old man. Billy went through it immediately."

"But why shouldn't he? Our faces are what they've been for the

past year, and Mr. Jamison has seen us almost every day."

"To be sure," broke in my Lord, "so they are. And, too (this with a great flash of wisdom), we're not going where we're known, are we?"

In spite of the vast importance of the Chairman of the British War Temperance Committee, his picture had graced the supplement sheets only thrice. My Lord, who had frequently soothed his spirit by remembering that a prophet was without honor in his own country, now realized for the first time the meaning of this seemingly undue suppression. He felt immensely cheered at his discovery and offered his secretary a cigarette. Grandison, who had become acclimated to being a source for these articles, was so surprised that he refused—an act which he has bitterly regretted ever since.

On and on they went, the respectable streets of London falling rapidly to the rear, and the highways and byways of Hammerwell rapidly engulfed them. At length the taxi drew up at "The Hammer and Tongs", undeniably the lowest "pub" in the district.

"Wait for us," commanded Lord Leatherfume as he climbed out onto the sidewalk, where he immediately became a monument symbolizing the joy of all visible humanity. Grandison followed him and went through the same process of becoming an artistic figure. A crowd had formed with amazing speed and only a narrow lane led to the hostelry. The excitement was intense and manifested itself in much shoving and swearing.

Lord Leatherfume was unnerved and blew his nose on his red bandana to steady himself. Grandison, however, looked over the multitude with a calm, though slightly glazed eye, and his superior, noticing his coolness, made a mental note to permit him on the morrow to use all the letters after his name that he owned. "Dignity be damned," thought my Lord, "the man deserves them."

With a final tug at his cravat and a final blow on his kerchief, my Lord made his triumphal entry into "The Hammer and Tongs". Absolute silence reigned in the tap-room in spite of the fact that the place was crowded; not only were all the chairs taken, but even the window ledges. The receptive side of the bar, however, was vacant, and its polished rail and surface glared at the newcomers coldly and uncompromisingly. A barmaid was rubbing an already mirror-like beer lever, while the male dispenser was running water into perfectly dry glasses and then applying himself vigorously to repairing what he pretended had been a mistake.

Not in the least shaken by these signs, the two walked to the bar.

"I'll do the talking," Lord Leatherfume had said, "you just be the unintelligent worker."

Grandison had thought, "Your country's blood be on your own head," but as this had remained only a thought, my Lord spoke first.

"My good man—I mean, fellow," he began with all the bluff heartiness of a music hall girl picking a gentleman from those ensconced in the front stalls, "I desire—no—damn it all, gimme some brandy."

"My good fellow" looked glum at this request and answered, "Sorry, sir, but I couldn't get none even for my wife."

"Don't call me 'sir'," said the true British workman patronizingly, "I'm only a hardy laborer like yourself. Gorbline, tyke, I'm dry. (This was my Lord's one understandable cockney phrase.) It's so hot." And he emphasized his discomfort by flourishing the red kerchief across his brow.

The "tyke" only became more glum and remarked that even if he'd any, which of course he didn't and never would, he couldn't sell any to workmen. 'Gainst the rules an' all that talk.

"But my dear lad (a memory had flickered in Lord Leatherfume's brain, which led him to think that British workingmen habitually addressed one another as "my lad"), I must have some brandy. I'm willing to pay any price for it." He showered noisy shillings on the bar, and then covered them with pound notes. "All yours for a drink of brandy."

This was the final touch.

"No!" simpered the barmaid.

"No! !" said the barkeeper, sternly.

"No?" whispered Lord Leatherfume.

Then he felt perfectly satisfied with his unsuccessful efforts. Two more negative nods from the ones facing him and he turned and left with Grandison following closely. The barkeeper toasted the barmaid in good brandy as the door shut behind the tweed-clad backs and the oddly shaped hats of the British laboring men.

"That proves my assertion," said Lord Leatherfume after they were settled in the taxi, "Everything is absolutely proper. I suppose we may as well try the Thames one, though, if you want to. I like to do things up well, Grandison, don't you?"

They tried the Thames one with equal success.

The following day, Henry Cathelter, Lord Leatherfume, F.R.A.; M.A.Ox., and Charles Grandison, B.A., M.A.Cam.; F.R.G.S.; M.M.C., sat in their office. Lord Leatherfume was dictating from papers lying on his desk.

"Take this down, Grandison. *The Times*: an open letter to the British public. Owing to much discussion concerning the workings of the British War Temperance Committee, the Chairman and his secretary made a personal investigation of existing conditions. This investigation proved that all the public houses of London are run in accordance with the regulations of the W. T. C. Sign it with my name and yours—yours below mine. That will be all for the present, Grandison."

In the homes of the British prohibitionists, Lord Leatherfume was toasted in cold water as the safeguarder of national purity. In the homes of the laborers and barkeepers, Lord Leatherfume was toasted in brandy as the workingman's true friend. And Lord Leatherfume is still Chairman of the British War Temperance Committee due to his ability to satisfy both parties.

W. A. Rietzel, '22.



By the Waters of Babylon

*Beside the drifting streams of Babylon
Tall turrets, light-tipped by the setting sun,
Threw their last shadows to the passing day
And then they and the night became as one.*

*But by the drifting streams of Babylon
The wailing of God's people had begun.
Softly the trees were nodding o'er their heads—
Smooth ran the river to the setting sun.*

*Then from the prisoned people rose up two
Who looked up at the town, as at a new
Well-pictured thing; who softly breathed a sigh,
And from their sandals shook the heavy dew.*

*The two young men stood by the garden's wall
And watched the moon wheel gently; heard the call
Of one last sleepy bird, and saw the lights
Flare up to gold, then saw the gold glint fall*

*And let the night rush up the streets again.
The older whispered to his friend, "The pain
Of weeping for a past by shallow streams
Is being swept away. Oh, let us drain*

*The cup the night is holding to our lips—
Not as the fiery-breasted hummer sips,
But as a strong man parched by a long race!
The girls are beckoning with slim finger tips!"*

*He pointed to the old wall at their backs,
Then turned and peered thro' one of many cracks
Seeing, with eyes that stared at the fair sight,
The shaded place with all its moon-washed tracks.*

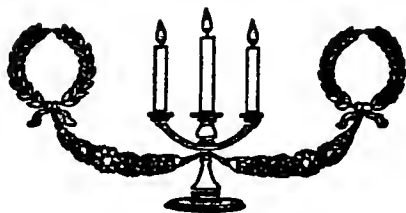
*The garden spread its sweetness far and wide
As if to greet them, while from every side
Laughter and music came and filled their souls,
Suggesting fancies of things yet untried:*

*The tingling smiles of maids not over-shy;
The sensuous float of incense, drifting by
Upon a wind that wandered from the hills;
The high-lights and the deep shades of the sky.*

* * * * *

*Now in the East the first of dawn was paling
The summer sky; a few gray clouds were sailing
Like ships in a calm sea. But no young men
Returned to sandy streams, to ceaseless wailing. }*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.



Walter De La Mare

ROBERT W. SERVICE in his *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* has sounded the note of what we Americans choose to call strong poetry. The soldier leaving for the war, the shock of battle, the moans of the wounded, these are the themes of Service. In a similar manner Rudyard Kipling in poems like the *Lost Legion*, and the *Gentleman-Rankers* has portrayed for us the dauntless warrior of England and the hardy sailor who has sailed on every sea. Verse of this type, masculine, throbbing with the pulse of action, has become very popular, especially during and since the World War, because it appears to represent the true man of the twentieth century. But for those who are "touched with meditation", the *Spell of the Yukon* is not the only spell which may enchant the mind. There is a land where fancy loves to dwell. There is a land where shadow plays with light. And into that fairy realm of unreality Walter De La Mare directs us.

Mr. De La Mare is a contemporary English poet of the quiet retiring type. Apart from the noise of life's forum he writes from the pleasant world of his own imaginings; not a great poet, but a happy one. He is content to go his own quiet way, willing to be accompanied but not begging for an audience. Strolling in his garden of fancy he lets his thoughts play and roam at will, and the result is the golden poetry of a mind at peace. He makes no attempt to startle the reader into wonder, nor shock him into attention, but merely sings of trees and children with an almost Stevensonian charm. If a man be practical, if a man be ambitious, if a man be an average American, he will find little patience for De La Mare, because he is and must be the poet of the few.

The field in which our poet is at his best is in his songs of childhood. Here his all-embracing love sheds its calm light upon the innocent heads of boys and girls at play. Is not this a lovely little quatrain?

*I had a silver buckle,
I sewed it on my shoe,
And 'neath a sprig of mistletoe
I danced the evening through.*

Or what could be more charming than this first stanza from *The Christening*?

*The bells chime clear,
Soon will the sun behind the hills sink down;*

*Come, little Ann, your baby brother dear
Lies in his christening gown.*

Or this—

*How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear!
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear.*

To be sure these pretty little lines are perhaps of no value to struggling mankind, but at any rate there does come a time in the day or evening when one's mind is ready to understand simplicity. Wordsworth has proved that simplicity is not to be contemned, but rather cultivated. Beauty and delicacy are the result of simplicity, and who cares if some call it sentimentalism?

De La Mare has also composed considerable verse in a weightier vein. His characters from Shakspeare, and his sonnets are of another type from the songs of childhood. Possibly his lines on Macbeth are the best of this class,—he calls Macbeth “a soul still childish in a blackened hell”. The sonnets may hardly be termed exceptional.

In 1914 appeared a volume of forty-seven poems under the name of *The Listeners*. Although this volume has been favored by some critics, it can boast of nothing original. Titles like *When the Rose is Faded*, *Sleep*, *Time Passes*, *Music Unheard*, *Winter*, could not in any way give promise of original ideas to follow—these subjects have been too long the stock in trade of greater poets than De La Mare. But the volume named *Molley* (1918) came after four years of war, and even De La Mare could not escape the influence of this strife. Of his poems not written for children these are by far the best. Again I must quote. To me the most appealing of all the poems of this group is that addressed to one who has died in battle—

*You sleep too well—too far away,
For sorrowing word to soothe or wound;
Your very quiet seems to say
How longed-for a peace you have found.*

*Else, had not death so lured you on,
You would have grieved—'twixt joy and fear—
To know how my small loving son
Had wept for you, my dear.*

Mr. De La Mare holds the place in modern poetry which Mr. Barrie holds among playwrights. Neither writes to bring about reform,

or stir men to action, but to cheer, to amuse, to make us forget for a time all the cruelties of the world. De La Mare seems often to write purely for his own pleasure, such a thing as a reader being farthest from his thoughts. For example:

*I heard the fairies in a ring
Sing as they tripped a lilting round
Soft as the moon on wavering wing.*

Fancy, then, is De La Mare's forte. Witches, ogres, and dwarfs may frighten the little boy for whom the poems are intended, but good fairies are always present to rescue him. Both the child who is imaginative, and the man who is tired, Walter De La Mare invites to his garden to listen to the birds and watch the clouds float by.

D. H. Willson, '21.



Alumni Notes

(NOTE—*The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to Henry S. Fraser, Haverford College.*)

1902

Dr. Richard Mott Gummere, one time Professor of Latin at Haverford, offers a superb poem in the February *Contemporary Verse*. The title is "Youth Resilient".

1903

The *Harvard Theological Studies* for October, 1920, contains an article, "Studies in the Gospel of Luke," by Dr. Henry J. Cadbury.

1909

Percival B. Fay has a technical essay on the "Use of tu and vous in Molière," in the last October issue of the University of California Publications in Modern Philology.

1917

Iwao Ayusawa wrote an able article on "International Labor Legislation" in the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, of October, 1920.



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1921-1922

THE HAVERFORDIAN



APRIL, 1921

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER I

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Carl Sandburg

FROM Sandburg comes a product so essentially Chicagoan in every phase, that to one familiar with "The Windy City", the keen analysis and vivid description is startling. The so-called poems mirror the brutality, the smoke, the dirt, the filthy odors, the crash and roar, the pathos, the rawness, and the hopelessness of this great middle-western city. Cheapness and sublimity are mingled with a characteristic boldness and disregard. The words echo the harsh clang of the "elevated", they laugh, cry, rage, bleed, despair and finally die with the same intensity that the people of that city do. All the loudness, all the vulgarity, and all the boastfulness that is the hall mark of the Chicago atmosphere leaps from the pages.

Into the opening lines of "Chicago" Sandburg has crowded the very essence of the city.

*Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:*

What could be more vivid than that "Hog Butcher for the World" with all that it implies? How better describe the bewildering, endless miles of railroad track than "Player with Railroads"? The appalling maze of gleaming rails, the belching clouds of soft coal smoke, the begrimed shacks, and the refuse-strewn streets of the South Chicago railroad district flash before our eyes. "Stormy, husky, brawling" leads to a climax crowned with "City of the Big Shoulders," the epitome of Chicago.

In his varied career Sandburg has been a milkman, porter, scene-shifter, janitor, dishwasher, thresher, truckdriver and soldier. Of late he has turned to newspaper work and is now on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*. His past life has trained him in sympathy and understanding and his present position gives him unusual opportunities for observation and analysis. At one time he was a district organizer for the Social-Democratic party in Wisconsin and a socialistic tendency is apparent in some of his work. In the "Halstead Street Car" he points to the injustice and the horror of present economic conditions.

*Come you cartoonists
Hang on a strap with me here*

*At seven o'clock in the morning
On a Halstead* street car. . . .*

*Try with your pencils for these crooked faces,
That pig-sticker in one corner—his mouth.
That overall factory girl—her loose cheeks.*

*Find for your pencils
A way to mark your memory
Of tired empty faces.*

*After their night's sleep
In the moist dawn
And cool daybreak
Faces
Tired of wishes
Empty of dreams.*

He sums up all the dreariness and hopelessness of it in a few brief, clear-cut strokes. To a person who has "hung on a strap at seven o'clock in the morning" Sandburg's picture brings the original back in sharp detail.

In such things as "Sketch" we find him revealing a lighter touch with a suggestion of beauty that he does not seem to have in most of his work.

*The shadows of the ships
Rock on the crests
In the low blue lustre
Of the tardy and the soft inrolling tide.*

*A long brown bar at the dip of the sky
Puts an arm of sand in the span of salt.*

*The lucid and endless wrinkles
Draw in, lapse and withdraw.
Wavelets crumble and white spent bubbles
Wash on the floor of the beach.*

*Rocking on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Are the shadows of the ships.*

Again in "Lost" we see a lighter more whimsical touch and one wonders that since he is capable of such things as this he did not do more of it instead of some of the rougher things in which he so utterly missed the mark.

*Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.*

This is a picture drawn with clean, sharp, well-chosen lines. These two poems stand out in striking contrast to the harshness and the heavy-footedness that are characteristic of the greater part of his work.

Men who have devoted their lives to literature seem to hesitate at the difficult task of defining poetry, and such great numbers of so-called authorities arrive at such a diversity of opinions that the greater part of them must be wrong. The field has such a tremendous breadth and scope that a definition may touch the truth without revealing the whole of it. The very qualities that make poetry what it is also render it resistant to analysis. Difficult as the task is, we may state two simple, basic standards showing what is not poetry, and though these may not be infallible they may help us in a criticism of Sandburg's work.

The first of these standards deals with form. We may state without fear of much contradiction that we cannot class as poetry a piece of work having no rhythmic pattern apparent to the ear. In applying this test the ear should be trusted before the eye as the eye may be deceived by some printer's trick but no such device will deceive the ear. Secondly, we must take into account the subject with which poetry deals. It deals with an idea capable of universal application or with possibilities of widespread appeal. It is certain that a statement of limited interest such as information as to whether a fence before a house on the Lake Shore Drive has iron or steel points on the end of the bars or whether the statue of Lincoln in the Park is made of bronze or granite, is not inherently great literature either as prose or as poetry. Ideas dealt with in poetry may fall into a neutral zone where it is hard to decide just how great their appeal is; but many of them fall into the zone of triviality and limited interest where there is no question of

their classification and it is in this zone that many of Sandburg's efforts may safely be placed.

In applying the test of rhythm to Sandburg's work let us pick at random a sketch from the "Chicago Poems" and strip it of the form that the printer gave it:

CHAMFORT

There's Chamfort. He's a sample. Locked himself in his library with a gun, shot off his nose and shot out his right eye. And this Chamfort knew how to write and thousands read his books on how to live, but he himself didn't know how to die by force of his own hand—see? They found him in a red pool on the carpet, cool as an April afternoon, talking and talking gay maxims and grim epigrams. Well, he wore bandages over his nose and right eye, drank coffee and chatted many years with men and women who loved him because he laughed and daily dared Death: "Come and take me."

Taking away any device that may deceive the eye there remains only a paragraph of prose that has no basic rhythm apparent to the ear. Not only does the author neglect rhythm but he also uses words that are hard to blend into a poem intended to be rhythmical. Let us choose another:

WHITE SHOULDERS

Your white shoulders I remember and your shrug of laughter.

Low laughter shaken from your white shoulders.

Again we find the same bewildering irregularity. The inversion is unpleasant to the ear and there is no semblance of order.

Most of the "Chicago Poems" are strangely like the city in newness and rawness. The author seems to delight in pushing himself forward. One has only to pick up the volume and skim the pages to find himself confronted with innumerable "I's". "I know him. . . . I speak to you. . . . I ask . . . I heard . . . I have . . . I am riding . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . and I." The constant impression of egotism becomes irritating and wearisome, and his insistence on shoving himself into the foreground forestalls the effect striven for. In this he is strangely like the city forever pushing forward and bellowing for attention. In his angry opposition to the Billy Sunday type of evangelist we find him saying,

"You come along . . . tearing your shirt . . . yelling about Jesus." He purposes to express his disapproval of "A Contemporary Bunkshooter" but after reading this and some of his other work one

is tempted to paraphrase the line quoted above, "You come along . . . tearing your shirt . . . yelling about Chicago," or "You come along . . . tearing your shirt . . . yelling about Sandburg." He sets himself as the judge of another man's style and then in defense of his own method of expression we have him saying,

*Style . . . go ahead talking about style.
You can tell where a man gets his style just
as you can tell where Pavlowa got her legs
or Ty Cobb his batting eye.*

*Go on talking
Only don't take my style away.
It's my face
Maybe no good
but anyway, my face.
I talk with it, I sing with it, I see, taste, feel with it,
I know why I want to keep it.*

*Kill my style
and you break Pavlowa's legs
and you blind Ty Cobb's batting eye.*

He has the supreme self-confidence to place his ability on a plane with that of a world-famous dancer and a world-famous baseball player. Yet he is inconsistent. First he compares himself to Pavlowa and Ty Cobb and then he makes a plea that his style "Maybe no good but anyway, my face." We never hear of Pavlowa making excuses for her legs or Ty Cobb for his batting eye. In the very act of apologizing for his method of expression he uses a style that causes confusion and misunderstanding in the mind of the reader. Another good example of his obscurity is found in a passage from "Prayers of Steel,"

*Let me be a great nail holding a skyscraper
through blue nights into white stars.*

What does this mean? The opinion of eight well educated men was that it means nothing, and it is safe to say that anyone picking up the volume and reading such a line as that would come to the same conclusion.

And such an evident masterpiece as this—recently published in a recognized magazine—ought not to be overlooked:

*BANDANA DANCE
The dance of the red bandana
is not for men only nor women only.*

*It is for lovers of fire, men and women,
in a high wind and a gold red moon
and light feet circling thornapple
branches burning.*

A very intelligent man read this several times as *Banana Dance* and found it equally attractive under the mistaken title.

At times he strains so hard for effect that the creaking and clawing can be very distinctly heard. This is true in "Killers" and we may take the last two lines as fairly representative.

*Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on the long job of
killing*

Sixteen million men.

It strikes one as a heavy, boastful affair. In it there is no delicacy of touch, no flavor of originality. It makes no contribution to literature or to human thought. "Fight" is a similar attempt.

I come from killing

I go to more.

I drive red joy ahead of me from killing.

*Red gluts and red hungers run in the smears and the
juices of my inside bones;*

The child cries for a suck mother and I cry for war.

The argument might be used that "This is reality; the author is painting a vivid picture of things as they are." No doubt to many exponents of free verse this is really a work of art. The popular movement among these people often shows a tendency to be trivial, unclean, vulgar and raw, if we are to judge from some of the free verse that is occupying so much magazine space at the present time. Sandburg does not convey any sense of strength or force in the lines quoted above, he merely uses words that he thinks are strong and forceful. The casual reader derives no benefit or enjoyment from reading the so-called poem. The whole thing strikes him as theatrical rather than magnificent or impressive. Reality expressed in an effective, forceful manner is laudable but there is no substantial argument in favor of a half-baked attempt at reality.

Sandburg's work, then, can hardly be classed as poetry. The greater part of the sketches fail to meet either of the standards that we adopted for the purposes of criticism, and it seems highly probable that his style "maybe no good". There remains, however, his keen and brilliant analysis and his clear vivid descriptions and it is through these qualities that he may lay claim to a place in literature.

A. MacIntosh, '21.

In Defense of Platitudes

(Those who remember the scorn of one of our former editors for platitudes, will realize that in printing this we run risk of being haunted by his defunct editorial self.—ED.)

IF THE risk may be taken, it is well to speak a kind word for the lowly platitude. The platitude, which is to be defined as a flat, stale truism, is the iron worker who stands at the Solomon's throne of conversation, and is, although condemned by all conversationalists, the very necessity of human intercourse. Human conversation is not all that of Whistlers and Wildes; there are those among us who neither shine nor glitter, and who yet must talk. We are not all geniuses; for if we were, none of us would be. This is a paradox.

When we consider, then, that most of the talking is done by the lowly herd, the great unwashed, the sans-culottes, hoi polloi, the plebs—in other words, by you and me, it seems that we should speak a word in defense of the platitude. For in so doing we act according to the right of every man, and defend ourselves.

But in speaking of platitudes, it is not necessary to go to the depths and discuss the weather. That topic is the last, the ultimate, platitude; it is used when all others fail; everybody knows all this, and therefore we need not say it. But, weather omitted, we may safely discuss anything.

After all, whatever we do is a mere hackneyed repetition of what everybody has been doing from time immemorial. We eat, we sleep, we talk; we are born, we marry, we die; we aim high and attain nothing much; we spend all our energy in petty squabbling. Our clothes are all alike, patterning themselves after their wearers. We eat the same food. Is it any wonder, then, that we talk about the same things from year to year, decade to decade, century to century? It was in Shakespeare's time as in ours, and he evidently thought that the Romans were even as you and I, for (to trespass on forbidden ground—pleasant thought!) in *Julius Caesar* Casca and Cicero talk about the weather! No doubt Jaques thought himself startlingly original when he soliloquized; probably Shakespeare thought he was, too; but he was merely repeating the thoughts of dyspeptic old Palladas in the Greek Anthology. How on earth, then, can our Wilde (pun) friends expect us to be original?

Consider the number of our greatest poets who have written on spring, roses, skylarks, and how few have written on flamingoes and

aard-varks, and then express disgust that the common herd does not find new subjects to talk about! Remember that Chaucer remarks, "*That if gold ruste what shall iren doo?*"

And again, the subjects of our conversation have not at all worn out. Each day brings new weather. (There we are on *that* again; it seems to be *semper et ubique*.) We can go on saying the same thing without offending anybody. As long as we do not scintillate we shall be welcomed as pleasant companions. It is when we begin to glitter that we are regarded as a sort of show, an amusement, something to trot out and put through tricks. The witty are desired for their wit, for their power of entertaining, just as musicians are asked to a dance; not because their personal company is desired, but because their music is a convenience. Musicians we pay with pelf; wits, with dinners. The clever, original conversationalist never knows whether himself or his conversation is desired; whereas we of humble and lowly ability know that when we are invited anywhere, *we* are wanted; we know that our friends want *us*, not our glib tongues. And so we can smile when some rascally skilfull talker makes us look like nothing at all, and comfort ourselves with the thought that perhaps his tongue is held higher than himself. Which is all very satisfactory to the under dog; and as ninety-nine per cent. of us are under dogs, the result is generally gratifying.

S. A. Nock, '21.

The Wild Duck

*A wild duck, brown against the ocean's blue,
Was swimming gracefully, first rising high
Upon some towering wave, which passed it by
And dropped it in a valley, far from view,
Then slowly borne aloft, and tossed anew
Into the chasm; dropping till the sky
Seemed lost above. It made no lonely cry:
It cared not where the desolate sea gulls flew.*

*Alone it sought another, where the tide
Was running fiercely, and the waves were strong
And angry; where the dismal sea gulls cried,
And tireless north winds howled the whole night long—
In darkly swirling waves, a wild duck died
And for his dirge there droned the surf's drear song.*

C. D. Abbott, Jr., '22.

A Survey of the History of Immigration

THE following article can hardly claim originality as its *raison d'être*, but perhaps a brief survey of the salient points in the history of immigration into this country may have some interest in view of the present international situation. The immigration problem is a burning one in Congress today, and the conscientious citizen should not suffer himself to be misled by many of the wild notions which the Washingtonian breeze often wafts over the country. Mr. Hauff of this college will undertake in the next number of the HAVERFORDIAN a presentation of the question as it faces the government this spring, so I shall be content to give here a sketch of the history of immigration to the close of the war.

In one sense immigration dates from the days of Columbus, but it will be more reasonable if we designate the first comers to our shores as settlers and colonists, and not use the term "immigrant" until after the close of the Revolutionary War; for an immigrant is one who leaves his native land to seek his fortune with another people not his own. The colonists of course did not come to America to work side by side in co-operation with the aborigines, but to institute a new type of government and civilization; they did not come to be grafted on the previous population, as do immigrants of today, but to conquer and occupy the land.

Led by Columbus and other brave sailors, Spain was first on the field. In 1565 she established her first permanent colony at St. Augustine in Florida. But France likewise was not slow to send out adventurers to explore the shores of the New World. The first attempts of France at colonization were made in the St. Lawrence region, where, in 1608, the foundations of the post of Quebec were laid. The third great nation to turn its attention to the founding of colonies in America was England. The earliest successful English colony was made in Virginia (1607); and thirteen years later began the occupation of the New England coast. The interests of these three colonizing forces soon began to clash, and bitter rivalries and eventually wars were the outcome. The French pushed down from Canada into the basins of the Ohio and Mississippi, and when the English colonists along the seaboard started to push inland, a struggle was inevitable. In the Seven Years' War the fleur-de-lis was crushed beneath the tread of the lion. The Treaty of Paris

at the close of the contest gave England all the territory east of the Mississippi, except New Orleans, which was ceded to Spain together with the vast French holdings west of the Mississippi. After this time the English colonies could develop in comparative peace, since Spain was too weak to try the wager of battle with Britain in the New World.

Throughout all the years of the incessant struggle with the French, colonists had been landing along the Atlantic littoral in steadily increasing numbers. Previous to 1700, the colonists had come in small groups, but at the beginning of the eighteenth century a large increment suddenly arrived in the form of thousands of Germans who had been deprived of their homes through the War of the Spanish Succession. They took up their abode for a time in New York, and later in Pennsylvania, where they found a considerable number of German settlers who had preceded them. This large immigration was supplemented during the generation before the American Revolution by another tremendous influx of colonists, the Scotch-Irish. This people composed the Protestant population of Ireland, and when they began to suffer under political and economic discrimination, they turned to America as the land of promise. They came in vast numbers, and altogether constituted the largest addition of any people to the colonial population of the eighteenth century. The Scotch-Irish were destined to produce some of the greatest men of our history.

The settlers of the colonial era abandoned Europe and emigrated to America for many different reasons. It is futile to attempt to determine what one incentive was the chief actuating power. Some came to gain freedom of worship; such were the Pilgrims, Quakers, French Huguenots, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Pietists, Moravians, etc. Others sought America because the Old World did not hold the material opportunities for which their ambitious souls were yearning. Still others set out from a bounding love of adventure and a passion for the strong man's life.

When the Revolution began in 1775, the settlers were organized in thirteen distinct colonies stretching along the coast from New Hampshire to Georgia. The frontier facing the west was constantly being extended by the hardy Germans and Scotch-Irish. The diverse elements in the population were beginning to be fused. The hard life and democratic spirit made for the destruction of all class barriers: and the result after many years was a composite type in which we begin to perceive those characteristics that the world calls "American".

After the colonies became independent, we cannot designate newcomers any longer as colonists but as immigrants, for reasons given at the opening of this essay. During and after the war the stream of

immigration received a decided check, due to the precarious status of the new nation in political, financial, and commercial respects. What immigration there was from 1783 to 1820 came chiefly from Germany and the United Kingdom. Exact figures are lacking, but it is evident from other sources that this was the low tide in the history of immigration. It is important to note the industrial change which now spread over the United States—a change which in time had much to do with altering the character of immigration. The impetus of the Industrial Revolution, the uncertainties of the shipping trade, the Embargo Act of Jefferson's second administration, and finally the War of 1812, compelled Americans to rely for sustenance upon their own natural resources. Manufacturing consequently was greatly increased, until from 1812 to 1816 home manufacturing interests held an almost complete monopoly on home trade. This industrial intensification created a demand for both skilled and common laborers, and employers turned their gaze to Europe as the likely source for factory labor. In the last century Europe has responded with a willingness far exceeding our original expectations.

Beginning with the year 1820 we are able to make a more satisfactory study of immigration, because in that year, in accordance with a federal enactment, the collectors of customs at the various ports began to keep records of the immigrants as to numbers, ages, sexes, and occupations. According to the totals thus compiled it appears that from 1820 to 1920, one century, more than thirty-one millions have sought our shores. Let us now on the basis of statistics consider the character of immigration in the period following 1820 and prior to the Civil War. The great majority of arrivals came from Germany or Ireland, with numbers favoring the latter, due to the Irish potato famine of 1845-46 which drove tens of thousands of starving peasants to Canada and the United States. The same year that this terrible famine occurred, the German immigration total began to swell, until in 1854 the grand total of all immigration reached 427,833, a figure not again attained for nineteen years. The Germans for the most part took up western farm lands on which they settled down to a productive and highly necessary occupation. The Irish, on the contrary, remained in the cities of the East or went out into construction camps.

As immigration increased with the years, a gradual feeling of opposition towards foreigners was engendered in the minds of many native Americans. This feeling was enhanced to bitterness when it was perceived that the power of the Roman Catholic Church was being augmented through Irish immigration. To oppose the Catholic church and to aid in the election of native-born citizens to political offices,

the Know-nothing Party was formed in the early fifties. But the movement was not sufficiently powerful to effect any important federal legislation on immigration.

The outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 naturally caused a diminution in the number of arrivals. About a year before the war ended, the Congress at Washington enacted a law that, among other things, encouraged the importation of contract labor. But there was such general disapproval of this factitious stimulus to immigration that the law was repealed four years later. During the era of reconstruction, immigration quickly regained the footing lost during the war, and a new high record was established in 1873. The economic depression, however, entailed by the famous panic of this same year, caused a steady decline for five years, after which immigration took rapid strides until it reached its zenith for the century in 1882.

During these two decades (1862-1882) Scandinavia began to contribute a large element to the total immigration. The Norwegians and Swedes were welcomed by all Americans, since they were easily assimilable, and since they journeyed to the West which was in need of agricultural development. The vast majority of immigrants, however, still came as in years past from Ireland, England, and Germany.

In about the middle of this period the attention of the public was drawn from the question of European to the question of Chinese immigration. After the Civil War the stream of immigrants flowing from China to California took on the aspect of a torrent. At first, oriental immigrants were regarded with favor because the Chinese were industrious and tractable, and were highly instrumental in completing the first transcontinental railroad in 1869. But it was not long before the Californians began to look with disfavor upon these aliens so different in their customs and so incapable of assimilation. Californian labor argued that the Chinese were lowering the wage scale, and through their intense frugality were setting up a standard of competition which meant suicide to native laborers. The problem was finally approached by the national government. In 1880, a treaty was negotiated between China and the United States granting this nation permission to regulate, limit, or suspend at will the immigration of Chinese laborers. Two years later, therefore, Congress voted to suspend such immigration for twenty years; a presidential veto, however, reduced the term to ten years. It is to be observed that this measure excluded only "skilled and unskilled" labor, and did not apply to other classes of Chinese immigrants. The law was renewed at its expiration, and again indefinitely renewed in 1902. As a result of this restriction, Chinese immigra-

tion in the twentieth century ranges annually from only one to two thousand.

In recent years Japan has almost suffered the fate of China. Since 1905 there has been a strong anti-Japanese sentiment in the coastal states of the West, especially in California, and in 1907 an arrangement was made by the federal government with Japan, whereby the latter should refuse passports to would-be emigrant laborers to the United States; an exception, however, was made in the case of laborers previously resident in this country, and in the case of parents, wives, or children of Japanese living here at the time. A presidential order from the White House, on March 14, 1907, further denied admission to Japanese and Korean laborers who had obtained passports to Canada, Mexico, or Hawaii, and were using them to get into the States. The result has been similar to that of China. Japanese emigrants of today are not the unskilled laborers of fifteen years ago, who tended to lower the living standards of American workmen, but travelers, merchants, students, and the better classes of oriental society.

Turning again to look at immigration in the eastern states we find ourselves nearing the modern period. The study of immigration in the decades succeeding the epoch year of 1882 becomes largely a study of the present-day immigration problem. It is probably true that the increment which our population constantly receives from Europe would never have caused particular apprehension if the founts of immigration had not shifted from northern and western to southern and eastern Europe, from peoples assimilated with ease to peoples assimilated only with considerable difficulty. By the time the last decade of the nineteenth century arrived, it was apparent that the future belonged not to the Germans, English, Irish, Swedes, but to the Russian Jew, the Italian of southern Italy, the Pole, the Slovak, the Magyar. Economic conditions in Europe were mainly responsible for the extreme change in the nature of immigration. The Teutonic nations of northern and western Europe were fast assuming a modern commercial and industrial aspect, and democratic ideals were permeating social life and political constitutions. Naturally, therefore, emigration was no longer the journey to the land of promise as had been the case in former days. But on the other hand, conditions in Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans were such as to promote emigration.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method of setting forth the revolution in immigration is to quote a few figures that will readily afford an exact picture of the change. In 1881, there were 15,401 Italian immigrants, but in 1914, there were 283,738; in 1880, there were 17,267 Austro-Hungarians, and in 1914, there were 278,152; 10,655 arrived

from Russia in 1881, but 291,040 came in 1913. Glancing at our other tables relating to Germany, Scandinavia, and the United Kingdom, we immediately perceive an opposite and retrograde movement. German totals have dropped tremendously, especially since 1894; Scandinavia has maintained a better poise than her neighbor on the south, but of late years her ships have not carried those thousands who used to come in the eighties; England and Ireland, although contributing large quotas around 1905, have in the last fifteen years dropped to a level insignificant when compared with the floods of Italians, Hebrews, and Slavs.

Shortly after the war in Europe broke out in August, 1914, European immigration suffered an abrupt decline. In 1914, over 1,200,000 aliens were admitted to this country, a total second only to that of 1907, the year of the highest record in our history; but in 1915, immigration fell to the level of 1899, and in 1918, the paltry total of 110,000 recalled the days of the forties.

The limits of this article forbid an extensive summary of the history of federal legislation pertaining to immigration, but it must be noted that many restrictive and regulative measures have been passed by Congress from time to time. The year 1882 marks the enactment of the first comprehensive federal immigration bill. This law levied a head tax of fifty cents on all aliens landed at our ports, which money was to be used to defray the expenses of regulating immigration, and to aid new immigrants in distress. The law also provided that foreign convicts (except those convicted of purely political offenses), lunatics, idiots, and persons unable to care for themselves, should be refused admission. Other objectionable classes have subsequently been added to these, until at the present time the list comprises (with the above) persons suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, polygamists, contract laborers, "assisted" emigrants, epileptics, professional beggars, anarchists, imbeciles, feebleminded persons, prostitutes, and those engaged in the white slave traffic.

The next great step in the general regulation of immigration was taken in 1917, when Congress carried the bill over Wilson's veto. The law went into effect on the first of May, and excludes "all aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language, or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish." Exceptions were made in regard to resident aliens or citizens bringing in a father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, a wife, mother, grandmother, or unmarried or widowed daughter, whether they could read or not.

H. S. Fraser, '22.

Editorial Comment

THE publication of this number of the HAVERFORDIAN marks the beginning of the forty-first volume. A board which has been very satisfactory in all ways has disbanded, and a new and comparatively untried one is stepping into its place. The old one accomplished great things—the magazine was brought out of the oblivion in which it had lain for two years, it was established on a firm basis, an example of excellence was set which met with the approval of all reviewers. Now, it is going to be no easy task for the new board to maintain the standard which has thus far been so high. Only with the greatest trepidation does it enter upon its duties. The past five issues are monuments which must be looked upon as models—to be equalled and, if possible, surpassed. The genuine support of the whole student body will do much to assure the future success of the magazine—not lukewarm praise to the author of each article, but real criticism and appreciation. It is only by means of frank criticism that the writers can know whether or not they are reaching their readers—and no writer is ever hurt by having his work criticized. It is almost his only way of improving himself. May there be a more general critical spirit in the future—not the kind that seeks only to destroy, but the kind which has in view the ultimate improvement of the HAVERFORDIAN.

* * * * *

The retiring editors are to be congratulated particularly on the poetry which they have been printing. There have been rumors from various alumni that it has not been unappreciated. Why should the quality of the verse written at Haverford be so unusual—is it due to that cause of so many present-day college peculiarities, increasing individualism? Is individualism a stimulus to the writing of poetry? The answer to the question can hardly be conjectured. It must remain a question for individuals to decide for themselves. But there are a few things which might be said—things which have only a slight bearing upon the question. Many colleges have had an output of unintelligible, *vers libre*, imagist productions; Haverford has not. There has not been a single free verse poem published in the revived HAVERFORDIAN. And this has not been because the board has been opposed to it on principle, but because there has been none written. Yet, free verse has been a mark of individualism in other circles. There has in some

of the Haverford verse been a striving for odd expressions which might correspond to the peculiar metrical forms of *vers libre*—but Milton sought for new phrases. And there has even been a classical restraint in some of the year's productions.

* * * * *

The HAVERFORDIAN takes great pleasure in announcing the election of D. M. Pruitt as Associate Editor; D. A. Flanders, as Advertising Manager; Percival Hall, Jr. as Circulation Manager; and C. B. Strayer, as Assistant Business Manager.

Treasure Trove

*A golden ship comes sailing
Over a golden sea,
Bearing gems and spices
From the world's ends to me.*

*Golden figs from India,
And old prints from Japan;
Jade idols come from China
Or gold from Yucatan.*

*And do I take these treasures
And scatter them afar?
Or do I keep them by me
And hide just what they are?*

*I rather think I hide them:
For everyone can't see
That what I say is treasure,
Is treasure just for me.*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

The Flapper

TO THE moralist the Flapper is a trial; to the apostles of eugenics and dress reform, she is anathema; to those addicted to hygienic walking, standing, sitting, and breathing, she is as a hair shirt. We reply to the above that though prickly with thorns, this rose is fragrant. What if she does appear spineless with a rare slump and a rarer slouch; what if her walk seem a rolling lounge; what if her close-cut hair look bizarre; what if her scant skirts send shivers up our backs; what if her friendships have a Plutonic rather than a Platonic air; all is forgiven her, for she is a charming mixture of vividness and femininity.

Her letters are pailfuls of femininity which she showers on God-knows-what masculine fools. Her line is delightful, yet form letters in the business world are daringly original and brilliant with persiflage in comparison. Quite oblivious to humor, she burlesques the solemnity of "Special Delivery" and so keeps the muscles of the nation's messengers in trim. In all this she is not conscious, but works from spontaneous combustion.

The subject of her attire should be treated at length, but it is too much for man to attempt. A few brief touches must suffice: Florrie the Flapper ambles to the dance floor heralded by battering traps and blaring trombones, by clashing cymbals and wailing saxophones; she vibrates to this barbaric accentuation. She is a sight for the gods,—pagan gods. Her dress is of pink voile splashed with orange taffeta, while georgette crepe jupons peak out at her knees with their trimming of chiffon insinuations, or is it insertions? The ensemble is captivating, revealing more than it suggests. This gorgeousness melts into the black of her partner. Florrie toddles, passed from one silhouetted form to another in an erratic career, oddly like the bobbing of a multi-colored ping-pong ball.

Florrie's eyes need no belladonna; they are dilated until they are all pupil. Her face is flushed and her pitifully inadequate bosom tremulous; her heart has a swift eccentric beat; but she whirls and twists and bobs on heedlessly. Breakfast in bed the next morning is to her the hewing of about as much wood as her morale will stand.

The Flapper is an affectionate creature; she never changes her affection, only the object. There is danger for him who does not know

this, for he will have the fire of his passion rudely quenched. Let the indistinguishable black forms remain so, the Flapper will pelt them all with "Special Deliveries" and will always keep a place near her heart for transients.

After all, the Flapper's supreme justification is that she is so unutterably herself,—more so than any one else we know. Of course, you recognize the poem, which we have here renamed:

TO THE FLAPPER

*"Thy heart is like an icy lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh buckle on my spirit's skate,
And lead, thou living saint, the way
To where the ice is thin;
That it may break beneath my weight,
And let a lover in!"*

Christopher Roberts, '21.

An Honest Man

AS HE hurried to and from the brokerage office each day, people looked after him and admired his broad shoulders, his dark hair with a tantalizing wave that made him say he hated it and made women say they adored it. But deep in his heart he knew he didn't hate it—to tell the truth, he was rather conceited about it and would often stand before the mirror admiring it. But whenever he was surprised while indulging in this secret pleasure, he would invariably pretend that he was trying to pick a cinder from his eye and then blink and squint at his reflection in the mirror.

But quite apart from that, Henry Cartwright was exceedingly happy. Blessed with a sweet young wife who fluttered tenderly and solicitously about him, and yet not so jealous of him as to provoke a quarrel every time he would speak to another woman—he was happy in maintaining the double pleasure of his wife's love and mild flirtations with other women. If he ever thought at all of the possibility of his wife's transferring her affections from him to some other man—he only looked in the mirror, admired himself, and smiled snugly, secure in the conviction that no woman with a single grain of sense would prefer anyone to him.

The Cartwrights were saving their money quite carefully to buy a new home a little larger than their present small but pretty bungalow. They had already saved over five thousand dollars by the third year of their married life, when a wave of trouble entered the unruffled sea of their previously quiet and happy existence.

Cartwright had for the past six months—unknown to both his wife and his employer—speculated in a very modest manner in the stock exchange. He had always been very secretive in these investments for he knew that his employer disapproved of this practice on the part of the men in the office in a very positive manner. But Cartwright saw other men doing it and never being found out, so whenever he happened to get a “tip” on the market he would play it, although always being very conservative and never risking more than one or two hundred dollars. To be sure, the “tips” did not always prove to be good ones, but on the whole, he was at the winning end of the game about seven times out of ten, and soon began to grow rather tired of the comparatively slow way of getting money by plodding along day after day when so much more could be gained in a few hours, with a nod of the head the only labor involved.

Then on a bright spring morning, the supreme opportunity—at least so it seemed to Cartwright—came. Cartwright was just about to knock at the door of his employer's private office when he heard a sentence from within that set his heart beating at a quickened rate. It was “Buy up every share of United Rubber that you can lay your hands on tomorrow at nine o'clock.” Here was a straight “tip” indeed! After a moment's pause, Cartwright knocked, and when he was admitted saw that the speaker was James T. Saunders, Jr., one of the richest and most powerful men of Wall Street. He was morally certain that Saunders would not issue such an order to his broker unless he knew that United Rubber was going up. And as United Rubber had dropped from 102 to 64 in the preceding two weeks, Cartwright was convinced that it wouldn't be a rise of only one or two points, but would be a “killing”.

Here was a certainty, and Cartwright had visions of adding to the little pile that was being put aside for the new home. Then he thought, “Why add but a few dollars when I might double the sum just as easily?” But then fear, augmented by a few grains of common sense, took hold of his mind as he thought what would happen if he bought the stock on margin and the value *did* go down. He wanted the money badly enough, but just couldn't take the risk. Then a still, small voice within him whispered there wasn't any risk at all—it was merely lending capital for a little while—the mighty Saunders couldn't be deceived—

so why be a fool when here were golden apples ready to be plucked?

That night Cartwright tossed around in his bed, turning the matter over in his mind, and finding it impossible to sleep. Before morning he came to a decision, but found it impossible to tell whether he had won a victory over fear or had lost a battle to avarice.¹ For Cartwright had decided to take the risk.

That morning he invested two thousand dollars in United Rubber, buying on a margin, but his face went white as he did it—he was afraid, even though he was certain that it was going up. When it dropped two points, and then five points, he sank into a chair, holding his head in his hands and trembling in every muscle of his body. It dropped still lower and he had to lose his two thousand dollars or risk more money. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he signed a check for a thousand dollars and threw it into the breach, hoping in a dazed manner that the stock would rise but he was then past almost all feeling. He saw it sink still lower, and then sold—he had lost three thousand dollars, the results of almost two years of careful saving—but he was too paralyzed with fear to risk any more money.

Back at the office again, he tried to work, but found his efforts useless. How could he ever tell his wife of his utter stupidity?

Finally he went home, locked himself in his study, and throwing himself into a chair, tried to think. His vanity was hurt more than anything else. What would his wife think of him—her idol—when she found out that he had lost more than half their savings?

His eyes, running in a vacant way over the shelves of books caught the title of one, "Power of Will". By Heaven, he would show that he had power of will! Rousing himself from his lethargy, he took a cold shower, and then went down to dinner, fully resolved to tell his wife in a calm way every thing that had happened. He pictured her breaking into tears and even imagined himself taking her in his arms, assuring her that he would earn more—much more—money, and their plans would be postponed for only a short time.

But at dinner, as his wife chattered gaily of all the trivial happenings of the day, he realized that it would be harder to tell her than he had thought.

"Helen, dear!" he began in as calm a voice as he could command, "there's something I would like to tell you."

"Oh, do tell me immediately. I'm just dying from curiosity."

"I—I'm not feeling very well." Cartwright didn't have the heart to break the bitter news to his wife when she was in this gay, flippant mood. He would postpone it just a little while longer.

She immediately flew over to him, filled with concern for his health

and covered his face with kisses, but each kiss seemed a reproach to his troubled heart and he begged her to stop.

Cartwright knew then that he wouldn't find courage to tell her that night so he again went up to his study and lived over the whole affair in his mind. What a fool he had been! What awful reproaches he heaped on his own head. He had just started to review the affair for the third time—for that was the only thing that he could think of—when Mr. Williams, a neighbor, was announced. Cartwright made a desperate effort to rouse himself from his despondency and asked that Williams be shown up to his study.

Williams was an old man—past his seventy-eighth birthday—and had to use the support of a cane as he entered the room. Cartwright would ordinarily have been surprised at this rather unusual visit, for other than a bowing acquaintance, he hardly knew the man in spite of the fact that they had lived within a few hundred feet of each other for the past three years. But that night Cartwright would have taken it as an everyday occurrence if the President of the United States had walked in. He welcomed Williams in a rather mechanical way, waved him to a seat, and sat down.

For a full minute, both men sat in silence; Williams wrinkling up still further his rather furrowed forehead as if thinking how to begin, while Cartwright's mind immediately reverted to his own troubles, entirely oblivious of his visitor. At last Cartwright jerked up his head with a start, his mind returning again to this world—and then couldn't think of a thing to say—so after a still further pause of a few seconds, he passed a box of cigars to the other man and said, "Have a cigar."

"Thanks!" was the only reply, and then the old man proceeded slowly to light his cigar and take a few contemplative puffs before either spoke again. This time it was Williams who broke the silence.

"Cartwright," he began in a rather studied manner, "in the last three years I've had a chance to know your reputation by hearsay, and I believe you're a good business man. Now, as you probably know, I've been a retired man for the last twelve years, and have just been reading books and pottering around the garden, and collecting interest on a bunch of mortgages."

Cartwright vaguely followed the other's conversation, wondering what he was driving at. But he said nothing—only nodding his head every few sentences as an assurance that he was all attention.

"Now," continued Williams, "—and this you are probably not aware of—I've always had what might seem a foolish, but nevertheless irresistible, habit of keeping a little money at home, so in case everything else went to smash I wouldn't be absolutely penniless. And for

the last twenty years I've kept five thousand dollars at home, unknown to every one, even my own daughter, and never drawing a cent of interest."

Here he paused. Cartwright kept wagging his head in the same mechanical way, though he couldn't see at all what this prologue had to do with him. But as Williams paused, Cartwright presumed that he was expected to say something, so he mumbled rather stupidly, "I see, go on."

"Well," and here there was just the suggestion of a smile on the lips of the old man, "I've come to a conclusion in regard to two things. The first is that I'll never need the five thousand dollars, and the second is that I must have a little excitement to keep me alive." He came to a dead stop here as if he had explained the object of his visit perfectly, and sat back in the chair, puffing on his cigar, with a look of enjoyment on his face.

But Cartwright did not yet see any connection that this long story might have to do with the old man's visit, so he asked rather doubtfully, "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Williams?"

Williams looked up, surprised that the other did not see what he was driving at. "Don't you see?" he asked eagerly, "I want you to invest this money for me in some wild-cat stock. If it goes up, we divide the profits, and I get the thrill of winning; if it goes down, I only lose the five thousand dollars which would never do me any good anyway, and at the same time, I'll get some excitement out of losing."

Now Cartwright saw it all and immediately advised him not to do it. "You will very probably lose," he argued, "and believe me, the thrill isn't worth the loss." These last words were spoken with great earnestness and conviction, but the old man didn't realize from what bitter personal experience Cartwright spoke. He said that he was determined to do it, and Cartwright was in no manner at all responsible if the money was lost. Then for the first time, Cartwright realized that here was an opportunity to perhaps retrieve some of his losses—he at any rate wouldn't be the loser—and exclaimed, "I'll do it!"

The old man immediately drew four one-thousand-dollar bills and ten hundred-dollar notes from his pocket. "Here's the money in cash. Just let me know what you buy, so I can see whether I'm winning or losing."

Cartwright took the money and started to make out a receipt for it, but Williams interposed. "This is a strictly friendly matter," the old man said, "no receipt is necessary," and got up to leave the room.

When his visitor had gone, Cartwright locked the money in his safe and retired, to dream about his own dilemma. He dreamt he was

in a big snow storm and every flake that touched his body turned into a thousand-dollar bill, but as soon as he picked them up, they melted like snowflakes in a fire, and he awoke with a start, with cold drops of perspiration in the palms of his hands where the bills had melted.

In the morning, he went to the office with his burden still the secret of his own heart and decided to look around for a "tip" on how to invest the old man's money. But he found none that day, except that United Rubber had started to soar, and to all appearances would continue to do so. He was half tempted to invest the old man's money in the concern that had been the cause of his own downfall. But by five o'clock, he had done nothing except determine not to mention his own losses to his wife until he saw how the investment of Williams' money turned out.

That evening, on his way home, he would stop in to see Williams and ask if United Rubber would meet with his approval. But as he turned in at Williams' gate, he was shocked to see a black crepe on the door of the old man's home. Horror-stricken, he knocked and learned that the old man had been found dead in his bed that morning—heart failure was the doctor's verdict although his daughter was sure that he hadn't been under any kind of excitement at all for the past two or three weeks. Cartwright mumbled his condolences to Mrs. Jefferies, the old man's widowed daughter, and then dazedly groped his way out of the house, conscious of only one thing, he would have to give up the five thousand dollars to the estate and lose his only chance of ever retrieving his ill-fated three thousand dollars. He even felt incensed at Williams for dying at this inopportune moment, although he knew that the probable cause of his death was excitement over his venture in stocks.

His wife too could talk of nothing but the old man's death and reviewed the situation several times, each time ending with the sentence, "And to think, that he was here only last night, the first time he ever visited us at all—and then to die the next morning."

This would have bored Cartwright exceedingly had it not been for the fact that his mind was occupied with something far more important; a new idea had formed in his mind that held him with an irresistible power, yet at the same time filled him with fright and horror. Only two people knew of the five thousand dollars that Williams had kept hidden—he and Williams—and one of them was dead. Why should anyone else ever know about it?

Cartwright got up and walked about, making a mighty effort to shake off this idea. "What nonsense," he muttered, "I'm not a common crook." And he sat down and tried to read a paper, but the

idea came back and planted itself in his mind more firmly than ever. "It wouldn't be stealing exactly," he argued with himself, "for his daughter will have more than enough for the rest of her life without this five thousand dollars. And if he hadn't died, ten chances to one, he would have lost it all and wouldn't be any the better off for it."

Cartwright admitted to himself—rather grudgingly—that perhaps the only reason he had never taken anything that wasn't his before was because he had never had the opportunity. He had no fears of his conscience robbing him of sleep—if he could only be certain that no one would ever find it out. "But I am positive that no one will ever suspect this," he said to himself, "the only way that anyone will know will be for Williams to rise from his grave. I'll do it!" And the next day Henry Cartwright deposited five thousand dollars to his credit at the Second National Bank.

But that day as he tried to write, his hand trembled. His handwriting seemed to have lost its even regularity and to have been replaced with the irregular scrawl of a school boy. It was all utter nonsense, of course, but not even cigarettes calmed his nerves as they usually did. A cold shiver of fear ran down his spine as he thought of the possibility of a death-bed statement by Williams telling of the five thousand dollars which he had entrusted to Cartwright's care. He pictured to himself the whole affair—the old man seizing his daughter by the hand and whispering that betraying secret with his dying gasps. He was now just as positive that the old man had told all as he was before that he had not. He saw visions of a prison cell with people laughing and jeering at him. Rather risk his wife's displeasure than this awful punishment.

So it was that in the evening he called on Mrs. Jefferies and handed her a check for five thousand dollars, telling her of Williams' visit to him the night before his death and adding, "I didn't want to disturb you so soon after the death of Mr. Williams, so I deposited the money in my bank for safekeeping."

Mrs. Jefferies was profuse in her thanks and in her admiration for the honesty of this man for returning the money which no one knew about. Cartwright accepted the praise in a modest though virtuous manner, and then went home, cursing his folly in yielding to his childish fears.

Cartwright went into the office the next morning with the mixed feelings of being a martyr and a fool—a martyr because he still had his own secret trouble to bear, and a fool because he had given up because of a groundless fear—his only remedy.

He was sitting disconsolately at his desk when McCullough, who occupied the adjoining office, walked in. "Cartwright," he burst out,

"I'm fired. The boss found out that I took occasional flyers in the market and he asked me to resign." Cartwright was sorry for him, of course, but his sympathy was rather dampened as he shook hands with him to say good-bye by the thought of what would happen to him if his own ventures were found out.

And when, an hour later, the office boy came in to tell Cartwright that the boss wanted to see him, his feelings were far from comfortable. As he saw the serious look on the face of his employer, his spirits sank still lower.

"Cartwright," his employer said, "Mrs. Jefferies was in this morning and told me of your admirable integrity in returning the money to her that no one knew about but yourself and the deceased man. That's the kind of men we want and from now on you will take McCullough's position at an advance of fifteen hundred dollars a year. What this firm needs at every desk is an honest man."

E. W. Zerrer, '22.

Schoenberg's Symphonic Poem: *Pelleas and Melisande*

IF MAETERLINCK'S *Pelleas and Melisande* has, as some critics contend, pretensions to oddity, strangeness, or individuality; Schoenberg's masterpiece has expressed the very soul of that play. From the very first bar one feels distinctly that the composer has hit the golden mean of music in the exact center; that he has in some way glorified the mediocrity of musical expression until another ounce of splendor would cause the whole piece to crumble—not to crash or collapse—but to disintegrate, to crumble into minute bits of beautiful sound and discord.

Like some of those melodies at which orchestras are wont to arrive in the process of tuning up, the great thing progresses. It sneezes and brays, and so melodiously that the great fragments which always follow—as normal breathing is wont to follow sneezes among the human kind—are made ten times, nay a hundred, a thousand times greater by comparison. You are enchanted, enthralled, confounded. You analyze the great spots, and are smitten with the realization that their greatness is as the stability of Proteus—always there, yet never evident. "The work of a genius," you exclaim, "a true masterpiece, a paragon of symphonic expression."

Like some vast example of that mediaeval faith which built itself into awful cathedrals in Europe and elsewhere, the mighty thing towers into one's consciousness; like a pearl-tinted thunder cloud which the afternoon sun plays upon from behind some stormy pillow, the poem fills, and overflows from, one's appreciation of the beautiful; like a tremendous heap of unclean mud, it wrenches the aesthetic sense.

As the mover of the spheres is to some but a glorified man; or as man to others is but a beautiful brute; so is the first impression which this tone-poem produces, to most persons, only a beautiful illusion cast about the off-scourings of art by some indescribable Titan; who, like the Socrates of Aristophanes, is basking about with his head above the clouds.

The tremendous silences which occur for a few seconds here and there in the earlier phrases of the poem are truly golden—as golden as the mellowest of fall sunsets in the country—so that one feels that perhaps, in a special sense, the judgments of those critics who affirm that such music as this will be the *tours de force* of the future are about correct. Certainly there are elements in such a symphony which drive one to deepest inward contemplation, as there are elements in modern society which may drive the world to the unbroken silences of Quaker meeting for its ideal in religious worship—or drive anyone anywhere when he wants a holiday.

There are other elements, too, uplifting elements, which make one feel as though about to approach the throne of the ineffable. In fact one rather phlegmatic auditor was brought to the point where, in the last stretches of the symphony, he had a perfectly rational desire to rise slowly to the back of the seat in front of him, to expand his chest, to flap his arms in the air and soar with upturned face out over the theater pit; in spite of the fact that some other bit of rationality, which had by chance taken up lodgings in the back of his brain, seemed to suggest that such a course would undoubtedly bring results, for better or for worse.

The insane sanity of the piece is its most remarkable feature. One listens, to the point of emotional exhaustion; and from inwardly crying "stop, stop,—give me more," soon passes by degrees into a state of divine indifference, which simply says "what time is it?" and "I hope the next number is a damnsight better—I mean, not more of the same."

J. H. Smith, '21.

Exchanges

Varsity—Surely here is a versatile magazine indeed. It offers attractions for the art lover and the dramatist as well as for those of more usual literary taste. And both of the short stories "Yellow Tom of Poison River" and "Haircut and Close Shave" are successful even above and beyond all possible expectations which the titles might arouse. Let us all be sure soon to seek out and enjoy the immaculate shop and the conscientious attention of Antonio Giuseppe Garibaldi Mazzolini, the best barber in Tenement Lane. But when he shaves us we must not "weegle".

The editors of the *Varsity* need offer no explanations for the printing of the four pictures which appear in their magazine. What readers of the paper whom these can not please they may at least interest. Too much modern art, as indeed do these pictures to some extent, appears an unfortunate and inexcusable materialization of nightmares which had better been forgotten. Nevertheless these pictures seem, at least to one poorly acquainted with the craft of the limner, to express satire more vigorously than tongue or pen can, and so though unattractive they compel the attention.

There is also "The Two Evenings". Now, if we consider that Shakspeare's fame rests upon the Euphuistic style with which he occasionally has burdened his plays, then assuredly "The Two Evenings" is a great poem. If not, then, even as with Shakespeare we shall have to go farther and apply other tests. But at a first reading, amid the turmoil of complex imagery and odd figures of speech, little which is admirable appears. A third or fourth reading, however, serves to reveal, like gems embedded in clay, certain passages which are wholly beautiful and inspired. Take for example this

*"God made the brooks with roughest beds to sing,
To babble sweeter than their smoother mates:
And so the poets with the thorny paths."*

or,

*"What should be felt? What should be written down?
What were the songs of earth? Was shirking mine?
When visions passed like lightnings in a storm
Without fruition of the toppled peak."*

Possibly thirty or forty rereadings might show the whole poem one perfect jewel. Possibly! Those who wish may try.

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The Polite Unlearned

THE ideal of a liberal, broadening education, as divorced from a purely utilitarian training, is necessarily vague; its approximation in practice necessarily inadequate. In America, the education of a gentleman in our resorts of higher learning is a phenomenon with peculiar characteristics. "When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman," is Shaw's nebulous generalization. An emphasis on the individuals' aptitudes is important, for we cannot lay any blame on the resorts without a consideration of the youths who there foregather. However efficient the machine, the product can never be of finer stuff than is inherent in the raw material fed into the hopper. The question is not what our universities could do with perfect material, but whether they refine and train the human capabilities dropped into their mill.

There are certain incipient types that make up the entering classes of the colleges in this country; a study of which is as profitable as is any study of types; for a type is essentially an abstraction. Every individual has conflicting habits or characteristics that effectually keep him out of any fixed category. We notice what seems a predominant trait and then, by abstracting all contradictory manifestations, catalogue the individual. It is a method admirable enough, if we realize that it gives but half truths.

With these qualifications in mind—which have been developed with true Hardingesque caution—we may well consider a few specimens which September annually pours into college dormitories. Among the most numerous are what we would name the healthy young animals. These are not brainy in the least and no system could possibly accomplish such a transformation; but they are intelligent in a certain fashion,—physically intelligent; and their instincts and reactions are perfectly normal. A state of normalcy could have no better purpose than to encourage the rapid breeding of such normal, happy beings, whose intellectual mediocrity is completely atoned for by the virtues of an engaging, frank personality. In this group should not be included the modern Hercules whose practiced cult of shoulder and loins leads, so say the statisticians, to consumption and rheumatism after a few years of enforced sedentary living. No, our normally perfect reactionists do not go to extremes. Their drinking, swearing, gambling, playing, exercising, and—above all—studying, is in moderation.

Far removed from normalcy are the grind and the brilliant student.

The best examples of the latter are great social successes; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet shine in glory under the marking system. In an emergency, one of these could reconstruct the battle of Waterloo, in a history examination, from an old print that used to hang over his grandmother's mantelpiece; or he could write a five page essay on Social Life under Louis XIV from impressions of a current movie. In neither case would the source be named. The grind knows his facts and lacks that noble gift imagination; he is publicly acclaimed and secretly despised by his professors. These two types are more clearly the result of our present imperfect system than the other types we have mentioned, for, in different ways, both the grind and the brilliant student specialize in education. They go through college; and college, such as it is, goes through them.

As is to be expected the colleges receive quotas of classicists and romanticists, with the former constituting the overwhelming majority. It is curious that America, originating in an adventurous, pioneer folk, and founded on revolution, should in a short space of time come to be so largely populated by perfect conformists, whose only mental regions of dissent and difference are unimportant enough to be about negligible. They are Republicans or Democrats; they believe in protection or in tariff for revenue only and are taught both in college with admirable impartiality at one and the same time. What true religious differences exist are localized and result from the persistence of a few vigorous tribes, rather than religions, such as the Quakers. The bulk of any body of students is made up of classic conformists to the social system and to all established forms. They have a very happy four years, as is the way with conformists. The romanticist in dress, thought, and act in our universities is rather a rare bird.

But the Puritan tradition keeps with us in representative numbers the moralists who maintain a reciprocity of ill favor with the debonaire-dowells of their Alma Mater. The moralist seldom realizes what a small field he has to work in; for the rounder's, the young blood's, the gay cock-o'-the-walk's, the Beau Brummel's greatest excess is that he never allows himself enough sleep. In other matters he would usually appear as a babe in arms in comparison with any of his European prototypes. He may even be thought of as an unconscious apostle of Greek freedom; a reaction from a national Puritanical hang-over.

It seems odd enough in discussing education to find oneself remarking on the ethics of a descent into high life; but this arises from the fact that a college man is not necessarily a man who has studied. By tradition, college is to many a glorified club life with but trifling irksome duties. It is this situation with which the universities must contend.

They must take the types from contemporary society that are willing to come and to pay tuition and must grapple with the state of affairs as best they can. In many cases this predicament has meant a lowering of the standards, so that few American colleges are worthy of the reputations of many foreign institutions. But a much greater number of youths pass through.

There is something magnificent and fine in our ostrich-like position with regard to the democratic ideal of education. High minded persons are supposed to shut their eyes to the fact that all are not capable of being educated profitably either to themselves or to society. Rigid psychological tests permitting only the mentally fit to enter college are undemocratic. So we invent and bow down to an Idol of the Theater, the marking system, so constructed that any one with leisure and dollars can be coached into college. Why should we wonder that some high-class morons, or whatever new-fangled name is given to those who used to be called dolts, are handed papers manufactured to look like the dried skins of sheep? Yet our bland assumption that all can be educated is rather magnificent. Better dodder along this way than, with unbridled intellectual snobbery, go to the other extreme and raise up a class of insufferable academicians.

Education is a loose word at best. A tale is told of an undergraduate at Yale who was nearing the end of his four year club residence with but the slenderest probability of receiving a diploma. The verdict was long in doubt; but when the news came that he had arrived by some tenths of a point, he tore to the nearest pay station and telegraphed his family, anxiously waiting out in Ohio, the single word; "Educated!" The old idea of the mind as a receptacle into which a given quantity of so-called education can be forcibly pushed is still a prevailing concept. True education consists in bringing out capabilities rather than in dumping more or less useless facts into a passive or resisting mind. Yet the modern insistence that professors make their classes interesting is no remedy. Their basic job is much more difficult. It is not to make their lectures scintillating with wit, but to make the students interested in working hard in their courses,—a proposition simple to state, but infinitely difficult to make a reality.

A good slogan for professors would be: "Open up a vista every week!" Along with the humdrum work which must be ploughed through to get on with the subject, let the professor sketch graphically a possible little field of unexplored, lately explored, or partly explored knowledge: "An unknown path starts here, gentlemen. What sign posts are we to put up?" An aim of education should be to open up to the student's mind as many vistas of developing thought as possible. If this has not

been done, then at the end of four years, though the American system may have given many students card catalogue collections of standards of judgment, with the right card popping out automatically at need, they are not educated.

In all ancient saws about the opening of vistas and the applying of education to life, the importance of spurs to constructive thinking on topics new to the student should be in mind. What is required is not the ability to apply rules of thumb that are not understood, but the ability to think out new formulae for the solution of new problems. The American college girl who, on receiving an assignment to write a description of a sunset, went at once to the library and requested a book on sunsets, was following the regular method; and Mr. Dooley, in describing a youth's reception at college, may not have shot so wide of the mark when he said: "The prisidint takes him into a Turkish room, gives him a cigareet, an' says: 'Me dear boy, what special branch iv larnin' wud ye like to have studied f'r ye be our compitint professors?'"

In a recent controversy with the Lord Chief Justice of England over the advantage of a college degree before taking up the study of the law, Justice Holmes quotes a remark to the effect that "the main use of a university education is to learn the humbug of it." It would be somewhat nearer the truth to say that a successful university education teaches a man to know humbug wherever he sees it. There is no need to be pessimistic; for even Ingersoll's famous epigram, "Colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed," is not so severe a stricture. It is something to have the pebbles polished, and the diamonds that are dimmed were probably paste at the start.

It is, of course, impossible to realize the ideal of studying science and not sciences, of studying art and not arts, of studying language and not languages; but the extent to which subjects are now set off in watertight compartments is wholly unnecessary. The youth is too often taught ethics as ethics, economics as economics; so that when he has passed in his last examination papers on such abstracts as "The Ultimate Good" or "The Marginal Utility Theory of Value", he has no idea how, profitably, to run a business on an ethical basis. To be sure, the present industrial system would collapse in utter ruin if Christian principles should suddenly and sweepingly be applied to it; so it is perhaps fortunate that ethical considerations filter in slowly,—the compartments are nearly watertight, the small amount of seepage does not matter much.

Yet toward the end of a four years' college pressure, the caulking in the seams begins to give, and the last year may bring about a partial mixing of the fluids. In the case of a fair number of students at least,

even though the first three years may have resulted in the acquiring of but isolated standards, and in the forming of no adequate view of the different phases of life and thought; yet in the last year they not infrequently achieve a conception of the interrelation of what they have learned; and some strenuous, original thinking takes place, urged on by the nearing break from an unreal, cloistered life.

When this occurs, the individual may, without too great exaggeration, telegraph home: "Educated!"

Christopher Roberts, '21.

Spring Fever

*You are welcome to your starlight
When the winter wind is blowing,
To the cloudy days and stormy,
To your raining and your snowing;
Let the rigors animate you
And set your blood a-glowing;
But springtime and the moonlight,
Early springtime and white moonlight,
Are the sweetest to my knowing!*

*There is beauty in the heavy
Summer sunset in the west;
The warmest days are longest
And the longest are the best;
You may run in August sunshine,
In August shadows rest;
But moonlight in the springtime,
Full moonlight in the springtime,
Is right for love and jest!*

*There is glory in the sunlight
On the autumn fields and trees;
The October sky is bluest,
And October evenings please;
There is mirth in gray November
When the lakes begin to freeze,
But give me springtime moonlight,
Only brilliant springtime moonlight—
It's worth the lot of these!*

S. A. Nock, '21.

Todd Interferes

TODD had called a conference. We were at the Arcadia—same waiter we had had for years, same table in a secluded corner. We always went there whenever we had any serious problems to discuss.

In the expressive silence that hung over us as we ate our meal it was easy to see that Todd was in some difficult situation. I, on the other hand, was particularly light-hearted and gay and attempted a few airy remarks, which were met with a gloomy look. It was not until we were lingering over our coffee and cigars, that Todd looked up with a queer smile.

"Sorry to have been so quiet, old man, but I wanted to get the problem lined up straight before asking your advice."

"What's on the worker's mind?" I asked.

Todd frowned. "This is pretty serious, Jack."

"Sorry, old bean, let's have it."

"When you were in Texas with the Field Artillery, did you ever meet a Sergeant Howard Lauten?"

"Never knew him though I remember seeing his name on reports and things."

"How did he spell his name?"

"L-a-u-t-e-n. Why do you ask?"

"My sister, who, as you know, is interested in Social work, had the following story brought to her attention. She asked me to investigate it for her. A Howard Lauten in the F. A. in a certain Texas camp met a young married woman named May Garwood. May is a very pretty little Irish girl with large appealing eyes and a wistful smile. It seems that she was tied up with a shiftless husband who was constantly getting drunk and mistreating her. Lauten persuaded her to ask for a divorce, saying that if she got one he would marry her. After some difficulty May succeeded in obtaining a complete divorce, but Lauten didn't marry her. His reason was that he hadn't any money. Soon after this he was discharged from the army, came here to Pittsburgh and got a job as a chauffeur. He was fortunate enough to make about five thousand dollars in a rather shady deal—bootlegging, I think. May got hold of his address and followed him here where they are now living together."

"Married?"

"No. Listen—" Todd leaned over a little closer and lowered his voice. "May and he lived together, apparently happy, 'or a number of months. He was always very affectionate and kind but kept putting her off whenever she broached the subject of marriage. He constantly told her that he hadn't enough money. A couple of months ago his attentions became less marked, he wasn't so devoted as before. When May charged him with neglect he said that he was interested in a young girl whose father was very wealthy. He boasted that as soon as he found out just how much the old man was worth he would get into the family somehow and marry the girl. 'But', he told May, 'that won't make any difference to us, because she needn't know anything about you and me. Besides, it will mean a lot more money for you and better clothes.' You see, Lauten is a chauffeur and gets to use his employer's car about as often as he wants. He has associated with rich people enough to have good ideas of dress and manners. He has the money and the audacity to do such a thing, too."

"Was he successful?"

"Yes. He wormed his way into the old man's confidence. He goes out to see the girl at school quite often and, in fact, has her head over heels in love with him—ready to elope at any minute."

"Who's the girl?" I inquired.

"Alice Vincent," came back.

"Not Alice!"

"Yes!"

"Why it can't be," I argued heatedly. "Why old Vincent's worth a million. He has lots of good sense. It can't be!"

"Well it is. That's how the story struck me when I first heard it."

"I suppose that May thinks the scheme a wonderful chance to get a big pile of 'hush money' out of Vincent."

"May is straight. I don't know what Lauten's game is but I do know that May would never do that. She comes from a respectable working family who would disown her if they knew that she was living with a man to whom she was not married. She has good sense, except for the fact that she is desperately in love with this fellow Lauten. May has an exceedingly jealous disposition and at times is apt to be despondent. She swears one minute that she will kill Alice and, in almost the same breath, talks of killing herself. She may do it, too. She is so madly in love with the rotter and so helpless to do anything for she's not of Vincent's class at all. She wouldn't even get a chance to tell her story to either Alice or her father."

"You're going to tell Vincent, of course," I said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That is just the point. You see, Jack, it must be managed delicately. Vincent and I had a tiff at the club not long ago. It was over a very trivial matter but he was much put out. He is still annoyed even by my presence. Unless the situation is handled 'with gloves', so to speak, Lauten will be more in favor with Vincent while I shall be more 'in Dutch', you might say, than before."

"You've got to take that chance. There isn't anything else for you, as a friend of the family, to do."

"Come with me tonight, then. We will both call on Vincent and have our heads taken off."

"I'd be glad to see you show up this Lauten in his true colors but I've several things to do this evening."

"Oh," said Todd with a grim smile, "his name isn't Lauten now. He has changed it to Mr. H. Lauten Edwards of Boston."

"The only thing is——"

"The only thing is that I want you to come. I shall need your support."

"I'll go," I replied.

We drove to the house in absolute silence. The rattly cab jerked and skidded over the slippery pavements. The cold, raw rain splashed against the cab windows. The lowering skies without coincided with the gloom that reigned within the cab. In the scanty illumination of a street corner light I glanced over at my friend. He was sitting very straight in his corner. A deep, unnatural frown disfigured his handsome face. He was probably formulating some plan of attack while I was trying to devise a means of torture, which to my mind, would be horrible enough for the impostor. Neither of us seemed to mind the frequent, sudden halts or the bumpy starts necessitated by the traffic.

As we were ushered into the Vincent home, Todd caught my arm.

"I hope your will is made out in case we are both killed."

Old Vincent, a younger man, and Alice were seated in the library as we entered. Her father greeted us with restraint while Alice atoned for his lack of hospitality by advancing with both hands outstretched.

"Why if it isn't old Toddy!" she exclaimed. "You're an absolute stranger—haven't been to see Daddy and me for the longest time. Perfect ages. And you, Jack, where have you been hiding yourself?"

I was about to reply that I had been out of town for several weeks when she broke in.

"I want you both to meet my fiancé, Mr. Lauten Edwards."

I acknowledged the introduction with a brief nod.

"How are you, Lauten?" said Todd genially.

"Edwards, if you please, sir," the other cut in quickly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Edwards," Todd replied with a disarming smile. "I was merely taking advantage of a long friendship with the Vincents. You will pardon an old duffer, I trust?"

The other merely nodded.

"Fine parade today, wasn't it?" I offered in the line of conversation to clear the atmosphere. I felt that I had to say something. Todd favored me with a look full of thanks. I see now that I couldn't have made a better opening.

"Parades are a terrible nuisance," objected Alice. "We got so sick of those silly old parades during the war. Lauten and I don't want to be reminded of any silly old wars. Do we, Lauten?"

"You were in the service, of course, Mr. Edwards?" asked Todd.

"Aero Corps, Ohio," was the brief reply.

"Commission?"

"Oh, yes." Edwards smiled superciliously as he extended toward us a handsome cigarette-case filled with monogrammed cigarettes.

"No, thanks, prefer cigars," Todd said as he settled himself comfortably into a luxurious armchair.

"I am reminded of a story I heard this morning," he remarked thoughtfully.

I shifted my chair around so that I might watch Edwards' face.

"Another of your stories, Todd?" fretted Vincent. "Well, let's have it."

"It is about a very pretty young girl, whom I met not long ago named May Garwood. Did you ever— You have dropped your cigarette, Mr. Edwards."

Edwards was clever and recovered himself admirably, but he wasn't clever enough not to attempt an explanation.

"The name Garwood is familiar. Lieutenant Garwood, who was my particular chum at camp, was killed in a 'plane crash.'" His hand was quite steady as he lighted another cigarette, but Todd had scored the first direct hit.

He went on. "It seems that she fell in love with an Artillery sergeant named—ah, what was his name—Morten, no, that isn't right. Let me think—Lauten, yes, that is it. Same as yours, Edwards. Odd isn't it?"

Edwards never moved a muscle.

No one spoke as Todd repeated the story that he had told me a short hour before, leaving out, of course, the definite details of names and places. Edwards was frankly bored by the whole proceeding and openly yawned several times. Vincent's polite interest barely concealed his growing annoyance. Alice idly flapped the back of her hand with

the silken tassel of her sash.

The coals in the fireplace settled down with an audible crunch in the silence that followed Todd's story.

I leaned forward. "I believe I heard something about that, Todd, it must have been the same story. It was May Garwood and Lauten—yes, you were right the name *was* Lauten."

Todd turned toward Edwards. "No relation, I hope?" he asked with a mock-serious look.

We were watching Edwards closely. It was a tense moment.

"Certainly not. I heard something of the story myself from a brother officer. But your insinuations are too far-fetched, my dear sir. You are probably not aware that his name was spelled L-a-w-t-o-n, while ours is spelled the English way: L-a-u-t-e-n. Pronounced the same way, however." The sneer was quite evident.

Todd looked at me as a final appeal. He probably realized that his last shot had to hit and had saved it in case everything else failed.

"Jack," he asked, "do you remember how Lauten spelled his name?"

I was glad that I held the high card. I played it with a flourish.

"Yes. The name was spelled L-a-u-t-e-n."

A pause full of significance followed. Then——

"A mere coincidence, of course," was Vincent's dry comment.

"Oh, Toddy, you and your old stories!" exclaimed Alice petulantly as she arose. "You are so full of foolish fancies, just like a silly old maid. Come on, Lauten, let's leave them." She walked out of the room.

"Coming, my dear," called Edwards, as he prepared to follow her. "Good evening," he said coldly.

Vincent also arose. "I'll be right with you, Lauten. I have some papers to look over upstairs. Good-night, gentlemen," he said turning to us.

Poor Todd—he had lost. The cards were all on the table and the tricks decidedly in favor of Edwards who had trumped Todd's last ace. I was wondering if, after all, my friend had made a terrible mistake. Vincent had smiled openly at Todd's discomfiture.

The old man and Edwards were at the door. Apparently there was nothing else for us to do but to escape as best we could.

"Wait!" The tone in Todd's voice would have halted a regiment. "Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Edwards, I had not quite finished my story."

Edwards turned with a studied air of mild impatience and sank into a chair near the door.

"Well?"

"Well," said Todd, "I read in this evening's paper that May's body was found in the river this afternoon."

"Good God!"

We were all startled by the involuntary exclamation. There in the chair was Edwards, the shell of his former self stripped from him. Could it be the same Edwards who, a moment before, had flicked so daintily the ashes from his cigarette which lay now burning a deep hole in the luxurious Lauristan?

Todd stood over him. "I guess that fixes you, Mr. Lauten Edwards of Boston, or rather, Artillery Sergeant Lauten of Texas!"

Lauten cringed. "I meant to marry May, I'll swear I did," he whined.

"Well, then," cried Todd as he pointed toward the door, "you had better do so!"

T. L. Fansler, '21.

The Last Watch

*The birds of death are in the sky tonight.
Black they flash their wings across the moon,
Uttering eerie cries and wheeling, soon
To show themselves against the sea, dim-white.
"Sea-birds", the sailors say, and turn to sleep—
For sailing wears men out and makes them weary.
But we, who slowly walk the darkness dreary,
Who have the dragging midnight watch to keep,
Whisper, half aloud, "The Birds of Death";
And stare across the sea into the moon,
Trying to find relief in its faint light.
The damp wind makes us draw a biting breath.
The climbing rollers shudder past, and croon
A steel-accompanied song the whole long night.*

W. A. Reitzel, '22.

A Bit of Biography

TO A STUDENT who is interested in English history of the eighteenth century, and especially in the history of the latter half of the century, it seems little short of marvelous that no biography of Lord North was written until 1913. In spite of the importance of his place in English history, and the natural interest which every American should take in his career, a biographer for North did not appear until eight years ago, when Mr. Reginald Lucas, an Englishman, collected the materials for a Life.

The volumes of Mr. Lucas, so far as I know, were reviewed only twice at the time of their publication, in the *Quarterly Review* and the *Spectator*. These reviews were perhaps more favorable than the biography merited, but we shall not enter upon that topic. The purpose of the present article is to throw a little more light upon an early period of Lord North's public career, which the biographer has too gracefully glided over.

North succeeded Charles Townshend at the Exchequer in 1767 upon the death of the latter. This position he occupied till he became prime minister in 1770. North's work as prime minister has been viewed differently by different historians; and he has been the unfortunate recipient of much abuse at the hands of American sympathizers. It was Lord North, so they said, who carried on the war against the colonies; it was Lord North who was responsible for the horrors of a rebellion; it was Lord North who insisted on retaining the tax on tea; it was Lord North, in short, who was the worst man in England. This tradition, on the face of it, is extremely unfair, and today it behooves the honest searcher after truth to estimate more fairly the deeds and character of this statesman.

Psychologists tell us that a man's conduct is often determined for years in advance by the original pristine turnings of his mind. A boy's career may be mapped out for him by the tastes and proclivities he develops in the first ten years of life. Hence it is always of importance to see how an individual's mind reacts on a problem when the problem first arises. Oftentimes his whole later behavior is thus rationalized. As a rule, when the popular historian first begins to take notice of Lord North, he is already prime minister, and so from most histories we learn next to nothing about Lord North's political ideas previous to

the opening of his administration. It is just here where Mr. Lucas, his only biographer, likewise fails to enlighten us. Of Lord North's activities in parliament while Chancellor of the Exchequer, we get extremely little from the biography. Only his budget speeches are briefly mentioned, while Mr. Lucas contents himself by saying that "not until 1769, after he had been in Parliament for fifteen years; in office long; and Chancellor of the Exchequer for more than twelve months, do the reporters of the day treat him as one worthy of their attention."

The biographer, however, seems to have overlooked completely the fine evidence of the reports of parliamentary debates by Henry Cavendish. These four volumes were drawn up by Mr. J. Wright, in 1841, from the manuscript notes of Cavendish, who sat in the House of Commons for the borough of Lestwithiel in the thirteenth parliament, the so-called "unreported" parliament,—for it will be remembered that in this period it was illegal to publish the debates. Cavendish in a most judicious statement as to his original design in taking these minutes, declared that he had not wilfully altered or changed in the slightest degree the sentiments of any member. These authentic reports Mr. Lucas has apparently not taken into account, and consequently he leaves a considerable gap in the narrative of North's early political career. Henry Cavendish gives no less than thirty different summaries, varying in length, of Lord North's speeches from May 13th to December 16th of the year 1768. Let us see what they contain.

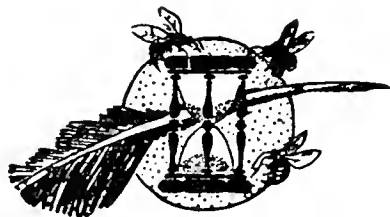
North's essential Toryism, his loyalty to the crown, and his inbred contempt for the populace as a whole, all began to appear in these early speeches. He earnestly upheld the employment of the military to quell riots, and expressed himself most strenuously against mobs in general. His contempt for the rabble, exemplified to a great extent many years afterwards, when parliamentary reform first began to be agitated, was evinced in a speech where he said he did not blame this mob, or that mob, but blamed all mobs. North consistently shielded the throne first in regard to certain of the Wilkes disturbances, and again in regard to the delicate Corsican question. It is interesting to see how his Toryism was working itself out in this period, and we can readily understand why George the Third took such a strong liking to him.

Perhaps the most important of the articles on North in Cavendish's *Debates* relate to the American colonies. According to this authority, North believed that anarchy would be the inevitable result if parliament did not support the Declaratory act, which asserted the right of parliament to make laws binding the colonies "in all cases whatsoever."

He was opposed to the repeal of the Stamp Act, since America, he said, had given no proof of real friendship for the mother country; he believed parliament must either possess the whole of its authority or no part of it. North blamed the colonies for the existing evils, saying that they had false apprehensions of their rights, and false notions of the public statutes of the British parliament. And indeed it is hard for an impartial judge to censure these views, because Lord North certainly had the weight of justice on his side. However highly we of the present generation may praise the results of the American Revolution, we cannot deny that, from a constitutional standpoint, England had the better case.

We may therefore assume that North undertook the leadership of the cabinet in 1770 with a mind already made up as to the merits of England's cause. If we choose blindly to follow the accounts of certain historians of the old school, we shall join in the general condemnation of the minister who was so deaf to the plea of liberty that he was willing to hire Hessians to murder innocent colonists. But if we take this attitude, we shall have to extend it to include the vast majority of Englishmen at that time. Most of the educated, thinking public were convinced of the rights of parliament over colonial possessions, and only a very few, like the Earl of Chatham, made themselves conspicuous by their pro-Americanism. We must not blame Lord North for a perfectly justifiable opinion in these years immediately preceding his administration; and in conclusion we ought not to forget that he made an honest effort in 1770 to relieve the burden of taxation in America by repealing almost the entire Townshend act, and that he also made more than one attempt to conciliate the differences between England and the colonies, notably in 1775 and 1778.

H. S. Fraser, '22.



Editorial Comment

THE dilettante, a butterfly which flutters irresolutely from one art to another, now in ecstasy over some creation of an Epstein, now marveling at the perfection of the Laocoön group; now infatuated with the meaningless maze of words which Orrick Johns produces, now enthralled by the simplicity of Wordsworth—what possible links can he find to connect all his disjointed tastes and admirations? He needs no links. So long as he has a huge variety of impressions, however clashing and contradictory they may be, he is perfectly satisfied. He has no tastes—he has only fads. He suddenly acquires a pet notion that anything new, strange, and exotic, regardless of whether it has any merit, must be worthy of admiration. He loses no opportunity to worship whatever adds a new impression to his uncatalogued collection. Then, completely at variance with his modern extremes, there are the classics, the old masters, the works which he does not dare to underestimate. He venerates them with a devotion that almost equals his passion for novelties. There is nothing in the world of the Fine Arts which does not have some appeal—and usually a vital one—for him.

With so many jarring ideas on aesthetics it seems rather odd that he should be so confident of his own infallibility in regard to matters of taste, and so convinced that all contrary opinions of others are unfounded. It never occurs to him that he could possibly have misjudged—that is beyond the scope of his impressionistic vision—and he goes blindly on, happy in the possession of all his little notions. In his sublime self-confidence he would expound the beauties of the Parthenon's frieze to Phidias himself.

But after all what can be expected of a society that uses *Smart Set* as a textbook and *Vanity Fair* as a Bible. It cannot fail with all its superficialities to produce these pleasant easy-going, almost brilliant dilettantes, and until we reach an age pregnant with Platons, what could be more agreeable—to dilettantes.

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The Crook

DOT MASON always sat in that box when the Pirates were in town. She was a sort of institution at the Phillies' Park, and had been for a couple of years. Swig, the soft drink man, turned sociable in the presence of her cordial smile, the cushion vendor always found a ready purchaser in "Babe's girl", and the little mascot was never so happy as when he could "pull a laugh" from the little brunette of Atlee's.

For they all accorded her to Babe Atlee. 'Way back when Atlee was in his prime, she had been christened "Babe's girl", and although "Babe's" was fast changing to "Old Man Atlee's", the shifting personnel of the Pittsburgh team met Dot, liked her, but kept hands off, for Babe.

Jimmy Gavaghan, gray-haired manager of the Smoky City tribe, was Dot's next best friend on the team. The rumor got around somehow that Jimmie had once offered to take Miss Mason on the circuit, because of Babe's unusual efficiency when performing under her eye.

Now that sentimental stuff is good enough for a while, but you can't live on love, and you can't throw curves any better just because there is a pair of brown eyes fifty yards away, looking in your direction, if your old "soup-bone" has gone back on you. So when Babe Atlee passed his thirty-sixth year and chalk was beginning to deposit in the right arm that brought World's Honors to Pittsburgh in 1909, Dot Mason, vaudeville actress and the finest girl on the stage, lest her powers as Goddess of Outshoots. Woe severe to Babe!

In fact, this was the Babe's last game. He didn't know it, Dot didn't know it. But thoughtful Jimmy Gavaghan's street clothes held a check for a good many thousand dollars from the Atlanta club for Babe's services on the diamond. Atlee was to be shipped to the minors!

When a last place team like the Phillies can turn on a pitcher and drive in nine runs in three innings, with that pitcher's best little girl sitting up there and inspiring her darndest, all to no avail, there's something wrong, and Babey knew it. A rookie batted for him in the fourth inning; he was washed and dressed and all done out in a suit of brown plaid "cits" by the beginning of the seventh, and when the ninth was over, made his way to Dot, on her throne three cushions high, to plead her forgiveness.

Babe took her to Rothby's to supper that night. He was discouraged, sickened. Poor Dot wasn't a good enough hypocrite to pretend that she was happy either.

"Guess I might as well see what they say about me. Hello—

'Phils Bunch Nine Hits off Atlee's Delivery.'

"'Babe' To Be Sold To Atlanta'.

Richard Babely Atlee's eyes were the only thing about him that indicated how his heart had gone down miles below the subway gallery. His mouth smiled, falsely enough, and a little sadly, but only the eyes told Dot. The paper slipped to the floor as he buried his shock of curly hair in the pair of arms that had toiled so often in the sport of the People. It was Dot's move, and she was not found wanting. As if oblivious to the fact that the pair was the cynosure of all the rude gazes in the room, she rose and tiptoed to the Babe's side. Her hand passed caressingly to his shoulder, and she deliberately bent and kissed him on his burning cheek. Then she hurried away.

"As for man, his days are as grass, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." So it was with Babe,—he passed out of the sight, then out of the talk, then out of the minds of the millions who had hailed him their favorite, their Babe, only a year before. It took a war with Germany, with all the young blood marching off over there in Khaki or in Blue, to bring back the old, discarded veterans into their own, to give the man too old to fight a chance to keep America's spirit up during that great crisis, on the stage, or diamond, or sometimes even in the pulpit. And so Babe Atlee tried a comeback—whipped all the rheum' and matters out of him in the warm Atlanta sunshine, smoothed out his charley-horses and became Dick Atlee, Babe Atlee, the Kid, once more.

I remember his first game well—Gavaghan saved him for the Pirates' opening in Philly. Dolly Mason was there, of course, laughing all kinds of sunshine in her cheery happiness. She had a perfect right to be happy, for Babe's right arm had held the Phillies down to one lone hit, those nine long innings. Babe had come through!

There's no need for me to tell you all how the Pirates won the pennant that year. You remember it. Babe led the league—Babe and Dolly. The papers gave the credit to Atlee, but it was Dolly's eyes which kept the shoot on the ball!

I wish I had a better memory. I would like to remember who it was that talked about the "times that try men's souls". Babe was back again, pitching his head off, but though head and arm were better than ever before, the heart was worse. For in its very center, 'way down deep in the Babe's emotions, there was a lingering, ugly, conscience-

less canker of revengefulness. Babe's year in the rubbish heap had been marked by three emotions, or rather three ambitions, namely, to win a comeback's laurels, to win Dot Mason, and to get revenge on the friend who had sold him, Dick Atlee, to the bushes, just because of a slump.

When the devil gets in a man's heart, it's a devil of a job to get him out. Babe's devil was one of those quiet devils, smooth-spoken, clean-shaven, unanswerable devils which to be hated needs but to be seen—yet can't be seen. Babe didn't realize he had a devil. He had deified *his* fiend. And so Babe Atlee promised another man with a much more vicious, damnable, damning, hideous devil, that he would sell his soul and Jimmie Gavaghan for the paltry sum of sixty thousand dollars blood money, and throw the opening game of the world's series to the Senators in the fifth inning of the combat.

I should have thought his calloused morals would have shriveled into bits that day. When he stepped out of the clubhouse and warmed up with Hans McGrory over by third base, all clad finely in a new uniform with a big blue P on his heart, such a mighty cheer arose from the friendly, confidant, loving fans as might have been heard in Olympus. Oh, Babey, boy, that that P might have stood for Pure instead of Perjured!

The first three innings were as much on the level as could be. The Babe was a mighty fine pitcher, and he showed it. The Senators got a man as far as third in the second inning, but he died there, and it wouldn't have mattered how many hits they got, the Babe was always in control of the situation. Two strike-outs and a pop-fly were the only results of Washington efforts in the fourth. Although the Pirates had got no runs, Pittsburgh fans were happy. Wasn't Atlee in form? How could the Pirates lose?

Richard Atlee had his last chance. The fifth inning was about to begin, and the superb physique that had kept Atlee in baseball thirteen years seemed just as strong as ever. Lawyer, the hard-hitting little first baseman of the Washington nine, took his place in the box facing the Babe. His heart beat a little faster as the first three balls went wide. Babe smiled to himself. The next one would go wide too—he'd feign wildness, and then with a couple of runners on base, he'd put one in the groove to the Washington hitsmith which would go for three bases and a defeat for Pittsburgh.

True to his desire, the sphere took a course just a few inches too wide of the plate. But oh too anxious, Lawyer reached as far across the rubber as the rules allow, and smote the horsehide straight up and out into the hands of Winters out in rightfield. Babe grunted.

"Guess I'll have to put one over." Rath, Washington cleanup

hitter, drove the curve far, far out to left. "That's a sure triple," gloated the devil, watching Bill Kearney's legs speeding like spokes out in left field in a hopeless attempt to corner the ball. Kearney saw the ball about to pass over his head, turned, gyrated into an odd, bent-up shape, leaped, and pulled the swift-riding sphere down, comfortably resting in his old, well-used glove. Babe, cursing the applauding throng and Kearney in one breath, gave up the attempt and himself retired Pierce at first.

Babe Atlee passed by the water-cooler on his way to the bench. He knew that a clique of gamblers somewhere up in that mountain of steel with its human garment was calling him a crook and a cheat. Dirty trick, wasn't it, to go back on one's pals like that! But he'd tried his best to lose out that inning, and he guessed——

"Babe". He knew that voice. "Babe". How the deuce did she get here? "Babe," calling softly from the stands, "I'm with you, boy; go beat them."

It's a queer thing, isn't it, how a fellow will fight off his God and himself, and then turn about when a human he loves pats him on the shoulder. I don't know but that that is the way God pats us on the shoulder, through our loved ones. Dick Atlee felt that pat on the shoulder. He stuck that strong jaw of his out an inch or so and strode down past where the gamblers were. Scroggs was there all right, motioning. Babe stepped over.

"Wat'n'll yer tryin' to do? Double cross us?" Babe's mighty left shot out in the specific direction of Scroggs' eye. Then he turned toward the bench, a new light in his face.

When the New Man took his place in the box next inning, he meant to fight his best to win. But the events of the last few moments had unnerved him, and he was in no wise the clever hurler of a quarter hour gone. The first batter singled and stole second on McGrory's wild heave. The second also singled, and brought him in. Babe, rattled, walked the Washington catcher and hit Jeff Shaw in the shoulder. Drawing himself together with all his might, he served up a sharp incurve to Claude Hunt, the wily center fielder. The harder they come, the harder it is to find them after they go over the fence! For Hunt had driven the little white leather far over the right field wall, and driven agonized Eabe Atlee to the showers along with it, to his first world's series defeat.

After the game was over, a sadly happy Dick Atlee made his way to the place where he had seen Dot. She was waiting for him long after the rest of the huge crowd had left that bedlam of noise nothing but a hollow steel shell.

"I didn't help you, did I, Babe?" Babe bowed his head, pulled her hand to his lips— Now it wouldn't be fair to tell you what happened. The talk was rather confidential. But I will say that some people haven't any tact. Just as Babe and Dot were getting really interested in the conversation, a certain Scroggs, with one black eye, stuck his foot in it.

"Here's yer money. Yer earned it. Yer an honest crook," he croaked. He was a fool—because they tell me that he was seen the next day with two black eyes, a bruised visage in general, and some roses by his bedside in the hospital.

N. A. White, '23.

Autumn Morning

*The jet black curtain of the autumn night
Parting as though by unseen hands withdrawn,
Fades utterly as the first eastern light
Crimsons the river, following the dawn.*

*We see the rushes swaying in the breeze
And hear a lone loon's distant, mournful cry.
The forest's tall and richly colored trees
Are boldly etched against the morning sky.*

*A flock of ducks on tireless, driving wings
Scud down the wind and quickly disappear
Into the soft, white, feathery mist that clings
In marshes, till the sun shall burn it clear.*

A. MacIntosh, '21.

The Immigration Question Today

FOLLOWING Mr. Fraser's very able "Survey of the History of Immigration," this essay will endeavor to outline the salient features of the immigration problem as it exists today with special reference to the legislative action on the subject.

First of all, we must bear in mind that the immigrant of today is not of the same strain that was responsible for the development of our country during the last half of the last century. The immigrant of today comes largely from the southern portions of Europe while the immigrant of half a century ago came from the northern and north-western sections. These earlier arrivals came from a country and were inspired by traditions which were essentially similar to our own; the present immigration comes from surroundings utterly at variance with our ideas and ideals. So, while it was a comparatively easy matter for the Englishman, the Irishman, and the German to absorb our culture and even to give a distinct bent to the development of our national consciousness, the Italian, the Slav, and the Roumanian find it almost impossible to adjust themselves to our way of thinking and feeling.

This has led to the settlement of these peoples in colonies composed almost entirely of members of their own nationality, and clustered together under conditions which are detrimental to public health and morals, they nurse their racial hatreds, maintain their old traditions, and effectively resist the penetration of the American language and customs. Moreover, the influence of such a section on a political issue, the power of their vote at the polls, the effect of their lower standard of living on wages, the greater prevalence of crime, disease, and radicalism among such groups than in ordinary communities, and the crowded conditions of their habitation with several families living in the same house, and in some cases in one room,—all are contrary to our American standard of living, and a source of imminent peril to the efficacy of the "melting pot". In short, whether it be our neglect or their incapability, the immigration of today is undesirable. Yet of this type, 10,057,000 came over from 1897 to 1914, while only 2,983,000 of the northern and older kind came in during the same period.

In 1914, the World War broke out with horrible swiftness, and due to obvious reasons, the immigration dropped to a negligible total. The cessation of hostilities however was the signal for a grand rush to

our shores from almost every nation of Europe and the monthly totals mounted rapidly till it reached a total of 76,031 during September last. Although the number is increasing at an alarming rate, there is substantial evidence that would tend to prove that an even greater number will be inundating our shores in the near future. Some authorities go so far as to say that at least thirty millions of foreigners are waiting to come to this country as soon as shipping is available. These figures are doubtless very much exaggerated but it seems evident that aliens will soon seek admission to this country greatly in excess of the number which we can conveniently admit in the same time.

Alarmed by the press accounts of the impending flood, the House of Representatives at the close of the last session passed the Johnson Bill which excluded all immigration for a period of one year. Certain minor exceptions were included, such as transients, students, government officials, etc. The Senate, however, substituted the Dillingham measure which provided that "the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted under the existing statutes to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to three per cent. of the number of foreign-born persons resident in the United States as determined by the census of 1910." The bill includes the usual exceptions of transients, students, etc., and specifically doesn't apply to the "so-called Asiatic barred zone". The act becomes effective May 1st and would be limited in its operation to fourteen months.

In addition to restricting the total of all immigration, the bill is designed to encourage the immigrant from the northern and northwestern countries and at the same time to restrict the number from the southern and undesirable portions. Under the provisions of this act, 202,000 can be admitted from northern and northwestern Europe, while only 153,000 will be admitted from the southern countries during the same period of time. The significance of these figures lies in the fact that, based on the figures for 1910-1914, the average of annual admissions from the southern countries was 750,000, and which the Dillingham measure cuts this total to 153,000, it makes no reduction in the number allowed to enter from the northern and northwestern countries from which the average annual flow for the same period was 182,000. Under the provisions of this bill, more than that number will be admitted.

The weaknesses of the bill are not so apparent but are none the less real. In the first place, the bill is frankly a temporary measure designed to meet the present emergency. It adds no new tests or qualifications, and is merely a restriction on the *number* allowed to enter under the existing laws. This has two evil effects. First, the present laws are very indefinite, conflicting, and poorly enforced, and as a consequence many

are being admitted who should be excluded. For instance, out of the 10,002 immigrants who arrived at Ellis Island during the last half of 1920 and whom the Health Service certified as unable to earn a living because of disease or physical defects, 9,799 were admitted by immigration officials; out of 112 persons certified as having mental defects, 50 were admitted, and out of 536 persons certified as having contagious or loathsome diseases, 167 were admitted. So, it would seem much better to adopt some more rigid policy in order to give us time to thoroughly reorganize the personnel and to gather the information and data necessary to inaugurate a permanent comprehensive policy. Secondly, when the limit of the number allowed to enter from any country is reached, all others arriving afterwards will necessarily be rejected regardless of their fitness or qualifications. This is very unfair to the immigrant himself, yet the immigration officials have no choice but to accept the first ones to apply and who pass the tests under the existing laws. There is one slight restriction in that not more than 20 per cent. of the total number allowed can be admitted in any one month, but even this provision is inadequate to do justice to all and to enable us to select only the most desirable from the whole lot.

In the second place, the measure, in addition to restricting the total of all immigration endeavors to encourage the immigrant from the desirable northern countries, and to reduce the number from the southern undesirable sections. This unfortunately it will not do as an examination of the following figures will show. The southern nations are allowed 153,000 admissions under the three per cent. plan and the northern nations 202,000, but the difficulty is that based on the evidence presented in the Senate debate on the bill, not more than 132,000 will want to come from the northern nations. The newer type during 1910-1914 averaged 750,000 and so they will quickly use up their allowance of 153,000, but the northern nations will not use up their portion, and actually we will have an addition of 132,000 from northern Europe and 153,000 from southern Europe. This is contrary to the purpose and intent of the bill.

In the third place, the restriction should be greater because the country cannot stand the addition of even 355,000 immigrants at the present time. With 3,500,000 men out of work and a shortage of about the same number of houses, the influx of 250,000 immigrants into our industrial centers (75 per cent. of the past immigration has gone to the cities), would complicate an already serious state of affairs, and still further increase the congestion in our tenement districts.

The Dillingham Bill passed the Senate and the House, but failed to become law when President Wilson "pocket-vetoed" it. As this

paper goes to press, Congress is debating the same bill and it seems very likely that it will pass within a few days.

There has been a great number of bills and resolutions introduced into both the House and the Senate during the last few months, but most of them have been "killed in committee"; the two mentioned above were the only ones reported out on the floor. The percentage plan, despite its faults goes a long way toward dealing with a desperate situation, and since it is limited in its operation to June 1, 1922, it will enable us to learn many valuable lessons during its operation without in any way committing us to a permanent policy which we should be better able to frame as a result of the study of the operation of the percentage principle.

E. G. Hauff, '21.

Exchanges

Goucher Kalends—Who was it that discovered the possibilities of exploiting the Southern Appalachians as a literary region? Well, never mind. The significant fact is that the mine there opened has been worked pretty continuously ever since, as a fair witness to which take "You May Go, You May Stay". To be sure most of the workers of these mountains have concerned themselves with excavating and refining plots, which is not the case in the story just mentioned. It is developed almost entirely by characterization, the plot, so to speak, being reduced to a minimum.

The verse in this issue is at times pretty, but little else. It does not have the appeal or display the imagination which distinguishes certain prose contributions to the paper. Among the latter, "Half Tones" when it emerges from the clouds and ceases to be too fantastically fanciful, paints a series of beautifully clear pictures. In addition, rather interesting are "Birds of a Feather" and "In a Plebiscite Area".

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is fortunate in being able to offer its readers more than the usual repast of a collegiate publication. Wherein lies the secret of fostering undergraduate dramaturgy? Judging by the results manifest in Princeton's magazine it is scarcely inappropriate to wish the process wider known throughout college editorial circles. Quite distinct from the pleasure which the inclusion of a short sketch or play affords the reader, must be mentioned the atmosphere of easy variety and equipoise which it adds to the paper. As valiantly

contributing to the achievement of this balance in the March number, a dialogue "A Course in Socialism" and the rather remarkable playlet "In Hoc Signo" are noteworthy.

However it must not be supposed that dramatic composition is the chief commendation of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. Poetry too appears of a conspicuous quality, especially the second of "Two Sonnets" and "Pastel". Concurrent with a good deal of acute modern thought is the essay "Our Educational Handicap". How strange it is that so many of us spend time and money without return in attending these useless institutions of higher education!

The Round Table (Mount Holyoke) "Intercollegiate Issue"—Assembled about the board of the *Round Table* we find this month a goodly company of five! Not five pages nor five contributors, not by a long shot, but five colleges!

Certain facts shown by this number recommend themselves strongly to the attention. Chief among these it appears that literary ability among the colleges is highly specialized. Contributions from Barnard are strictly confined to verse, rather successfully executed according to established rules. The authoresses of Mount Holyoke on the other hand seem much addicted to *vers libre*. They wax caustic, and imitate the Chinese. The stanzas "After Hearing a Symphony by Tschai-kovsky", though too dithyrambic to resemble more than very remotely the music of that master, are at least frightfully vivid with their wolves.

The best contribution from Smith, "Satyr Lovers", is in blank verse. Vassar and Wellesley submit book reviews and the better stories. Among these, "The Iliad" and "The Smutty Faced Fairy" are good and would be *very* good were they not rather eclipsed by "The Buryin."

Gonzaga.—Should you consider yourself a connoisseur, let us suppose, of sunsets, then do not pretend to judge finally upon the relative beauty of any eventide until you have seen the night come to Sacramento. We confidently assert this upon the basis of "Sacramento Sunset". The poem seems like a picture made vividly real by a few brief strokes of the brush, and the polychromatic stillness of the scene described is heightened by a quiet solemnity in the verse medium itself.

What a contrast to the peace of this picture does the appalling narrative of that story "The War of the Worlds" present. The impenetrable vastness of interstellar void, the descent of the black death, and the disintegration of cities amid the uproar of crumbling social orders fill the readers mind with hideous awe. In fact the story would be a magnificent literary achievement if it had not had a direct prede-

cessor born of the genius of Mr. H. G. Wells. Moreover it is possessed of little of that direct and personal horror which makes Mr. Wells' work so fearfully impressive. The electric flame, even with its greater possibilities, seems curiously unsatisfactory in comparison with the abominable realism of the ghostly and terrible heat ray used by Mr. Wells' Martians. Although the chief events of the story are entirely different, the influence of Mr. Wells' novel is generally evident throughout except in one notable passage. Where the awe-stricken astronomer first sweeps the heavens with his mighty instrument, there, there is no H. G. Wells, no pseudo-scientific speculation on interplanetary communication, but a unique power and achievement.

It would be pleasant and profitable to include in brief review many other articles from the *Gonzaga*, however time forbids. There remains only to characterize the paper as a whole and in so doing, as is often the case with amateur critics, we find it difficult to refrain from trite praise and pedantic commendation. Let us say merely, and thereupon end the matter, that we heartily wish the magazine contained more pages.



Alumni Notes

(NOTE.—The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to Dudley M. Pruitt, Haverford College.)

1887

Alfred C. Garrett has written a book of interest entitled *The New Emphasis in Quakerism*, published by the Friends' Book Store, Philadelphia.

1889

Franklin Butler Kirkbride is one of the authors of a recently appearing work, *The Modern Trust Co., Its Functions and Organization*", published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

1899

The Library Journal for April 1921 states that Frank Keller Walter has been appointed librarian of the University of Minnesota library at Minneapolis. Mr. Walter was until 1919 vice-director of the New York State Library School at Albany.

1902

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, has recently brought forth, as an addition to the Loeb Classical Library, the second volume of Seneca's *Epistulae Morales*, with an English translation by Dr. Richard Mott Gummere. Dr. Gummere was at one time Professor of Latin at Haverford.

1906

The November 1920 number of *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, on "The Social and Industrial Conditions in the Germany of Today", is edited by Richard L. Cary. Mr. Cary is Associated Editor of the *Sun*, Baltimore, Md.

1915

The New Oxford for February, 1921, has a very able article on "Democracy in German Universities", by F. M. Morley.

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NOVEMBER, 1921

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NUMBER 3

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Mathematicians All!

THERE is a very learned man, a great philosopher, who, after an extensive study of ants and men, has told us that all men are born mathematicians, and most especially geometricians. It is very curious, however, that this fact should be so little apparent in the average classroom. A single struggling student, perhaps, would not care to challenge a statement of such an authority as Henri Bergson, but it is patent to even the casual observer of classes in elementary geometry that more than three-fourths of those taught take to the subject almost as eagerly as a duck takes to cats. Indeed, we feel like asking whether Mr. Bergson thinks he is fooling us or whether he just wants to fool philosophers. And yet it must be a pleasant feeling to sit out in the garden watching the bees and ants and suddenly to understand that all the inhabitants of Tahiti and Madagascar, not to speak of schools and colleges, possess from birth a complete understanding of the hyperbolic paraboloid. Oh! that we could but be geniuses, and from a careful study of free-verse, discover that all bees speak French, and, that moreover, with a perfect accent. If any dunce should say that instead of proving his point he has merely disproved the frequent assumption that common sense is common, another might suggest that perhaps "Creative Evolution" itself is an epic poem in free verse.

Yet the longer one ponders this absurd statement, the more will one be convinced of its truth. Down with "homo sapiens"; let's have "home geometriciens"! Has it never before occurred to man that there can be several kinds of mathematicians? Take, for example, the four types of Chinamen. We must not for one moment think that the only Chinamen are those that talk Chinese. For there is at least a second class, composed of those who can but do not, because, living in America and dealing only with Americans, they find it more convenient and profitable to speak English. A third type is made up of those who, while quite able to understand the language, are, by some injury, temporary or permanent, to the vocal organs, unable to speak in any tongue. The fourth class consists of deaf-mutes, utterly incapable, of course, of conceiving what any language, let alone Chinese, is like, and yet from their inheritance and their long and exclusive associations with Chinese, thoroughly Chinese in all their thoughts.

In exactly the same way, we must never imagine that the only mathematicians are those that can draw a hypocycloid with one hand and extract the thirteenth root of two with the other. For mathematics is like Chinese or any other language in that it is both a vocabulary and a method of thought. Some men use the vocabulary every day,

some are well acquainted with it, some could learn it, and some always have great difficulty in learning it because they would have great difficulty in learning accurately any vocabulary; but every one of us thinks, if we think at all, quite mathematically, just as every Chinaman thinks in a characteristically Chinese fashion. Now, some people have the peculiar notion that "thinking mathematically" means "thinking accurately", just because mathematics is so accurate that machinery could perform it all. But should you take a brilliant mathematician from his researches and demand of him the rapid addition of long columns of figures, he might easily require three times as much time and make ten times as many mistakes as a professional bookkeeper without even a high-school education. If, however, he were required to add figures regularly for a living, he would soon find a way more reliable if not more rapid than by plain addition. Besides, although a machine could be made to solve any problem in mathematics of a type that ever has been solved, no machine can ever go beyond the mind of its inventor. Indeed, if it should so happen to solve new types of problems, this fact could with certainty be known only by a man who had found the solution of the types himself.

What distinguishes the mathematician is not accuracy but the ability to see things that do not exist, or rather to separate what does into parts that cannot possibly exist alone; and the great fault of the mathematician is his tendency to think that these parts are real. Can you not imagine that hairy ancestor of ours looking at his two crudely shaped arrows and two clumsy arrowheads and two birds that he has shot, who first suddenly perceived the fact of "two-ness" and so brought the curse of mathematics upon the heads of succeeding generations. "Two" is a quality independent of the things that possess it. Why, nearly all of the things lying around or hopping around in the bushes can be "two". Sometimes they are two and sometimes they are only one, but somehow there is something the same about all that are two and something the same about all that are only one. Here is something that we cannot touch and cannot separate from other things, and yet it seems more real and more abiding. The arrows may be lost or broken, the birds be cooked and eaten, but that fact of two-ness nothing ever happens to. Perhaps it is a god who pervades objects at times and makes them "two" and sometimes deserts them and leaves them "only one". But the "two" is never lost and never eaten, it is either wholly there or wholly absent. No matter how small, how scrawny, how mutilated are the birds in question, there is always exactly one or exactly two. Surely, "two" must be a god far greater than the birds or the enemies or the arrows or than anything which can be possessed by "two".

How long after the institution of this "Two" worship, was it before some clever young chieftain discovered the great spirit of three-ness? Three old men, three young men, three mammoths, three rivers, three stones, three leaves of the forest, all so different and yet all possessed of this same "three". Surely, Three must be a god as well as Two, and similarly superior to the things that he inhabits. Then came the whole great army of numbers to be known. But the larger numbers inhabit so much less of the universe that they must be inferior or weaker gods. Although probably never the greatest gods of primitive peoples, numbers have always received great honor among men. The ancient Egyptians found mysterious properties in various numbers, and so did the Hindus and Chinese. The Greek philosopher and scientist Pythagoras taught that the world is made according to numbers, and out of numbers, and is even the creation of numbers alone. Secret orders developed devoted to the worship of these numbers. Each number was examined by magicians who discovered weird peculiarities and occult properties. Throughout the middle ages, both in Europe and among the Saracens, these discoveries were carefully treasured and codified; the knowledge of them was esteemed a mark of wisdom. Seven was the key to Paradise and a most excellent cure for warts, How to use it effectively in either case, however, was usually not explained. Seven, indeed, had a very large number of magical properties for it is the only prime number between three and ten, it is the smallest number of spheres that will fit compactly together, the number of the days in the week, and the number of the saviors of Christendom. It was the symbol of spiritual perfection, and the mean between four, the symbol of good luck, and ten, the symbol of physical and temporal perfection. Nine has the mysterious power of perpetuating itself in all its multiples, for in each the sum of the digits is either nine or a very simple multiple thereof. Not knowing that this property is due not to the number but to the decimal system, so that it would disappear in any other system, the magicians associated it with the principles of longevity and prolific reproduction and especially with the stubborn resistance to extermination exhibited by cats and rats. He who desires a long life must have nine as his life number, and then, especially if he repeats the proper charms nine times each night, he will live to the ripe age of ninety and nine. Lists of astounding length were compiled of these mysterious powers, and there are still people who value them. Thirteen is even yet popularly associated with bad luck, though scarcely anyone knows that the evil originally consisted in the addition to perfection (seven) of imperfection (six). Misfortunes, the popular belief still runs, always come in threes, and the four-leaf clover is still hailed as an emblem of good luck. But how strange it is that we have over-

looked that the most prevalent cause of indigestion is eight, and the most effective warning of danger is "fore".

Yet even the great philosophers and scientists, not only of medieval but also of Renaissance Europe, believed numbers more real than life. Those with a religious or rather metaphysical point of view conceived them as ineffable beings in a heavenly world; those of a scientific bent saw in them the laws and relations inevitably controlling the events of the physical universe. In either case, all things may be explained by reducing them to numbers, while the numbers themselves need no explaining. The superstitious man explains events by the conflict of magical numbers; the scientist, by the inevitable fulfillment of a numerical relation; the business man can understand things best from numerical statistics; while the fan can enjoy a baseball game by reading a table of runs, hits, and errors. Indeed, we are now so steeped in the mathematical tradition that when you say "three", I have a clear idea of what you mean. At least, I think I do. And yet what in the world is the conception, not of three lines, or three points, or even three ticks of a watch, but of a pure, absolutely unconnected "three"? I wonder if there has ever been anyone whose idea was as definite and vivid as that of the little boy who startled his parents suddenly one night by calling out, "Oh, Mother, Mother, there's a great, big Nine crawling around under the bed!"

Unfortunately, however, the happy savages who started all this mathematizing did not confine themselves to numbers. Indeed, so long as numbers only are considered, the worst faults of the process are harmless and the net results are overwhelmingly beneficial. But the plagued fellows, ignorant of the future development of mathematics, treated all sides of life in the same way. They found that instead of men being tall or short, they varied in "height", whatever that is. They learned that their arrows, instead of moving, possessed "motion", whatever that is. They found that they could explain the fact that bodies fall to the ground by saying that they have "weight". They explained the fact that Big-Chief died by inventing the monster "Death." Then they dressed up as a person the abstraction that had once been a perfectly healthy verb, and the gaunt, grim spectre that strode forth from their hands has haunted the minds of all men ever since. The ambitious attempt of ignorant fellows to seek out and "slay that false traytour Death" in the Pardoner's Tale of Chaucer shows how absurd is the personification of such abstractions; but, inasmuch as in such tales Death always comes out the victor the impression is strengthened that Death is superior to the things that die. Indeed, many people are of that opinion today, seriously believing that Death is more real than you or me. The final paroxysms of a drowning cat they can under-

stand, not as momentous incidents in the life of the cat, but only as examples of the universal process of dying. There are lots of folks, also, who believe so firmly in the law of gravitation that they scorn to think it just a property of matter; the annihilation of all the atoms and molecules in the universe could not erase the law of gravitation from the books of Heaven. The law of supply and demand is another adamant reality. I once met a man who said he could use it to work out the value in dollars and cents of the carpenter's tools to Robinson Crusoe. There are people even so extreme as to insist upon mathematizing human nature. "You can't change human nature," they say, as if "human nature" were quite aloof from human beings. For them, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith are not real in themselves; they are just the grains of dust that make the sunlight visible. If they said that clothes do not change the man, that bricks and battle-axes do not alter the character, that words and laws, decrees and constitutions do not change the intentions of those they govern, we could understand them; but to state that the Smiths, the Browns, and the Joneses cannot change their own nature is to make a serious charge which no one has ever proved.

Such are the beliefs into which the man who takes his mathematizing seriously is inevitably led. You and I to be sure, are far too wise for such absurd mistakes, but if some Shakespearean jester could look into our minds, might he not find some fond abstractions there, the mistaking of which for truth is even more absurd? Is there not some pet theory of ours, some phrase perhaps, which we believe contains the extract of reality so concentrated that if the facts of life don't suit us, we can make our own? Very likely. For this foolish habit of ours of building up what already exists out of what never did nor ever can exist is ingrained in our souls, and it is, besides, good fun. So let us take a trip together to the mathematicians' doughnut factory. There they make doughnuts from the rawest of raw materials, except the breadstuff and crust which they buy ready made from bakeries. The factory is divided into two parts, that which makes the nuts and that which makes the holes. Both must be very accurately made or the holes will work loose, slip out and roll around on the floor. When that happens the fitting room is apt to look badly eaten up, as if a hundred rats had spent a day there chewing up the wood. Since the holes are pretty well used up by the time they can be caught again, there is a great deal of trouble measuring the doughnuts accurately for a new batch of holes to be made.

Of the actual manufacture the making of the holes is by far the most interesting. On the roof of the two-hundred-story building huge blocks of space are hacked out of the infinite. So far above the surface of the earth the lack of space is never an inconvenience, and since the

earth is swinging along at the rate of several miles a second, there is always a plentiful supply. Once, indeed, an aeroplane, doing a nose-dive scarcely a mile away from the factory, bumped against a cavity from which the space had been removed, and could not go on falling. It had come to the end of space and so had to stop. The airman had to put on the reverse and fly around the cavity. Since then aeroplanes have carefully avoided the atmosphere above and to the west of the doughnut factory. However, these blocks of space are lowered to the 157th floor and placed in the evacuator in which not only is all the air removed but also all the vacuum. When they are thus completely empty, the jacket of the evacuator is filled with liquid air in order to freeze them. They must be thoroughly frozen before they can be removed since the emptiness of liquid empty space makes it very dangerous if it once begins to flow about a room. While all this is going on, other workmen are getting the shape ready. Down in the basement is a sort of swimming pool, very shallow but one quarter of a mile square. The most skilful and light-fingered workmen in the world are busy here peeling off the surface of the water. When the surface of a large sheet is removed it is passed through a drying process, and then carefully rolled between sheets of vacuum space. For if two pure and thoroughly dried surfaces come together they coincide and then they can be separated only at great expense. Pure surface, by the way, resembles a very fine and perfectly transparent tissue paper, having, in addition, the elasticity of the best rubber and the very unusual property of coinciding with itself. The surface is taken up to the n th floor, where it is cut into patterns. These, in turn, carried upon an endless chain, pass a man who ladles out upon them large spoonfuls of shape from a barrel, another who wraps them up as a butcher might wrap up hamburger steak, and they are taken at last by a third and placed in a large oven so that the shape may set. In the meanwhile, on the floor below, three huge machines are kept busy cutting up dimensions. Although dimensions are very thin, having, in fact, no real thickness at all, they are exceedingly hard and brittle, requiring the sharpest instruments in the world to cut them. If only they possessed the quality of thickness, they would soon be used everywhere in place of nails, since they are so rigid that they simply cannot bend.

Finally, after the shapes have been baked and cooled and the frozen empty space sawed up into convenient sizes, each "space" is hammered into its particular "shape"; and the proper dimensions, then, like nails, are driven in. Thus, the complete hole is fashioned, and in the final stage the hole is carefully pressed into the exact center of the doughnut. And now the doughnut is all ready for the mathematically constructed appetite. Have one!

Robert L. Molitor, '22.

Sea Hatred

*God! For the meanest hut in Gloucester town,
Where I can hear the dawn come with the song
Of birds, and see the meadow-lark dash down
Across the clover fields. To walk along
The sunny hedges, where the land winds blow
Pale apple blossoms gently through the lanes
Heaping them up until the roadsides grow
White as in winter from the flowery rains.*

*Only the endless watches I must stand!
Far off the growing moan of some swift storm
Beating across the wave crests into sight.
Only the wheel's short kick against my hand!
And now a gull mews as his shapeless form
Scuds aimlessly along the rainy night.*

W. A. Reitzel, '22

Gargoyle Dolorosum

SCENE I

The upper reaches of Notre Dame Cathedral. A gallery looking out across the Seine and Paris. The wall of the building rises back-stage. To the right, a stone balustrade runs from the wall down-stage; then across front-stage. The entrance to the gallery is to the left. Where the balustrade and the building join is seated a gargoyle—man above and shaggy animal below. He is looking out over Paris and his profile, though far from beautiful, proclaims a face so ugly that it is delightful. Immediately after the rise of the curtain an old attendant enters with bucket, brush, and broom. These he deposits and begins sweeping peanut shells off the gallery. He looks up at the gargoyle.

ATT: Good evening, sir. Has the sun felt pleasant today?

GAR (*after a long silence, biting*): It has been obviously cloudy today, Henri Jacques.

ATT: But sir, the sun—it's setting off across the Seine right now!

GAR: I realize that. But how can a day be anything but cloudy, when you so consistently neglect to brush the dust from my fur?

ATT: I was just coming to that, sir.

GAR: And you know how that dust irritates me, Henri Jacques!

ATT: Yes, sir!

GAR (*impatiently*): Well, why don't you remove it then, when I ask you so politely?

ATT (*dropping the broom, seizes the brush and applies it vigorously to the gargoyle's hind quarters*): There sir! Will that do, sir?

GAR: No! But I suppose it will have to. I don't know why the Church Fathers can't give me a personal servant. Since I share you with the others along this gallery, I never see much of you, except early in the evening, when I want to sleep.

ATT (*who can take a hint*): Yes sir, I'll come back later on.

GAR: Don't come too soon.

(Exit Henri Jacques. The gargoyle emits a heavy sigh, and stretches out on the balustrade, his head on his arms, and tries to sleep. But from his constant shiftings and turnings we can see that sleep is far from him. Enter two noisy starlings, who perch beside the gargoyle's arms.)

FIRST STARLING: Do you suppose he's really asleep?

SECOND STARLING: Pinch him and find out.

FIRST STARLING: No, but I'll see. (*Calling as loud as he can*) Hey, what

time is it? (*And again*) Hello, I say, what's the hour? (*They hallo in chorus, and after much uproar elicit a response.*)

GAR (*raising his head*): Oh, you blasted insects! Go away! After a whole night of restless dreams and a day of stupid attendants, I don't want an evening of you.

(*The Starlings fly around above him and shriek. They sing ribald songs and utter pointed remarks on the gargoyle's appearance and character.*)

GAR (*sitting up and beating frantically with his hands*): Good Lord, go away and let me alone! (*As they continue their uproar he calls*) Henri—Henri Jacques, come here at once.

FIRST STARLING: Ooh! He's calling the old man. We'd better go; his broom rather bothers me. And besides we've stirred this beast. (*They fly off.*)

ATT (*rushes violently on stage flourishing his broom*): Yes sir, I'm here!

GAR (*drily*): Oh yes, so you are. Do go on waving your implement, it's most entertaining.

ATT: What did you want sir? Any trouble?

GAR (*going to the peevish mood*): Aren't you hired to keep those starlings away? First you come and bother me, then those damned birds! Between both of you and getting no sleep, I'll be a physical wreck. Go on away again, and if I'm disturbed once more, I'll——

ATT: Pardon me, sir, but why are you so touchy this evening? You were yesterday, too, and it's not your nature. You've always been so pleasant to me before, that I've enjoyed cleaning up for you. I'm an old man sir, and I forgive you for the way you've treated me lately. Sir, isn't there something I can do for you?

GAR: Please excuse me, Henri Jacques. Things have been adding up against me rather heavily of late. I haven't had any sound sleep since Saturday evening. During the night I do nothing but dream and wake, and although I used to be able to sleep in the sun, I've been so gloomy inside these last few days that I can't see anything but clouds outside. And it's beginning to fray my nerves.

ATT (*with an astonishing burst of understanding*): It's that girl I let come up after vespers Saturday. She was so lovely and pleaded so hard! I know it's her, isn't it, sir?

GAR: So that's how she got up here so late?

ATT: Yes, sir! But I couldn't say "no" to her. I tried, honestly sir, but I couldn't.

GAR: Of course not, Henri Jacques; no one could, not even the saints along the front of Our Lady's Church. Please forgive me, Henri, for having spoken so harshly. But you brought so much wonder and glory into this lazy life of mine that gloom came along with it. But for it all I could bless you. Yes, Henri, down on my knees and

bless you. (*He starts to come down from the balustrade to prove his assertion, but winces and crawls back.*) That is, if this cursed rheumatism didn't bother me so. I wish you'd arrange with the Fathers to get me some shelter.

ATT (*who has been surprised by the condescension is startled by the anticlimax, and can only mumble*): Yes, sir!

GAR (*rubbing his palms together*): Do you think she'll come back again?

ATT: She seemed impressed with the view when she came down, sir!

GAR: I didn't mean that. What I was thinking of was, do you imagine she would return for any other reason?

ATT: She said she liked the closeness to God.

GAR (*thinking aloud*): I wonder if she means me by that?

ATT (*anxious to please*): Very likely sir. Yes, quite likely, I'd say.

GAR: I didn't ask you, Henri Jacques. Besides what business is it of yours? (*Melts again*) Forgive me again, Henri. I'm all befuddled. The nymph has stolen my brains away with her. (*Very confidently*) I love her madly, and I'm not clear-headed from dreaming of her. (*Sentimentally*) Before she went away, she called me "Gargie", too.

ATT: Well if that's it, it's all right sir. But I must get on with my work now, sir, if that's all?

GAR: Yes, Henri, and thank you.

ATT: Yes, sir. (*He exits, but comes running back again, breathless*) She's coming up from below, sir. I just saw her go into the gallery below.

GAR (*almost falling from the railing, but recovering himself and shouting incoherently*): What? Oh, where? Brush my fur, Henri Jacques. And my hind legs, too. And here, let me comb my hair. Now go. (*Attendant starts*) And keep those imbecile tourists off this gallery!

ATT (*running to exit*): She's on this level now, sir!

GAR (*almost speechless*): Come, brush my fur again. There! Now run!

(*Attendant exits. The gargoyle looks himself up and down. He smiles with satisfaction and composes himself into a dreamy poetic attitude of contemplating the far stretches of the city. Silence. Then almost fairy footsteps and a burst of golden girl into the gallery. She is dressed in a carefully tailored suit. She looks at the gargoyle—but he, though obviously aware of her presence, preserves a stony silence. After a short pause she tiptoes over to him and whispers "Gargie!" in his ear. He heaves and sighs as though in sleep and does not stir to greet her. She smiles oddly, then turns and exits with heavy footsteps, running back immediately on tiptoe. The gargoyle who has jumped around at her disappearance is nonplussed at her coming back.*)

GIRL: I knew you weren't asleep, you old fakir!

GAR (*pretending innocence*): I must have been. Else how would I

have missed you, Joyce, when you were here just a few moments ago?

JOY: Then how did you know I was here if you were asleep? (*Caught in his own trap the Gargoyle is ashamed*) Caught, and by your own silly self, too, Gargie. But you're forgiven this time, only don't do it again. Remember to be glad as soon as you see me, or I won't run away for your benefit any more.

GAR: Do you have to run away to see me? (*Joyce nods*) Why didn't you come sooner then? If you could only imagine how the minutes have trudged behind one another since Saturday!

JOY: I can imagine! That's the reason I stayed away just as long as I did. People you want to be nice to are always the better for waiting.

GAR: But the agony of those sunny cheerful days.

JOY (*pondering the matter*): Perhaps, Gargie, I left you a little too long. I'm afraid you're a bit overdone. Dear me, I've never had any experience with gargoyles before. And here I've made a mistake at the very beginning.

GAR: Joyce, I'm serious.

JOY (*hastily*): Of course, Gargie, everybody is! I'm sorry I misjudged you. Forgive me, please?

GAR: Oh, I do. How can I do anything else? But Joyce dear, I want——

JOY (*holding up a warning finger*): Now sir, careful! I can run more quickly than you can, you know! (*The gargoyle attempts another outburst*) Besides, there's much more to talk about.

GAR: But not important. I——

JOY: You and me and— You don't know me, Gargie, nor anything about me, do you? And I'm going to tell you. I'm bad, awfully bad! I lead men astray, and—let me whisper to you Gargie—I like to have them kiss me! I've the longest list already of those who have—forty-eight absolutely different ones!

GAR (*groaning*): Don't Joyce, please don't! If you knew how it tears my soul.

JOY: Why you're quite human, aren't you? I didn't think it would affect you that way. I somehow wish your reactions weren't so normal, it would be much more pleasant. I'm afraid you won't be as different as I imagined you'd be.

GAR (*surprised that he should be different*): Why shouldn't I be as I am? I've always been this way—for hundreds of years—only I've never been in——

JOY: Gargie! Now turn around and look straight at me. You don't look so very old.

GAR: I never change, except on the inside, where I hold what I've learned and sometimes get rheumatic twinges.

JOY: You have a charming face, too. It's just dear!

GAR (*brightening considerably and starting to speak again*): I—I want—

JOY (*coming close and putting her hand over his mouth*): No, no! I was speaking. You shouldn't interrupt until you're asked to.

GAR: I will interrupt, and I won't wait any longer to do it. I have something to say and I will say it.

GAR (*Joyce is close to him—she has taken care of that—so he speaks softly*): Joyce—Joyce dear, I love you. Every one of my years calls, "I love you." Every star, a love song for you; each breeze scented with you. Life without you is an inferno peopled with memories so much less than reality that the soul of Tantalus is in Heaven compared to my soul. Joyce, I love you, I—

JOY: I'm glad I stopped and let you talk, Gargie, you have such a wonderful line. It's so nice to hear you go on and on.

GAR (*as angry as his love will permit*): Don't be so light! I don't like you in your frivolous moods. Can't you take what I said for what it is worth?

JOY (*wide-eyed and innocent*): Why I was, wasn't I?

GAR (*turning away, saddened*): Oh—damn it all!

JOY (*seeing she has played a little too far in the wrong direction, nestles close to him as he sits on the balustrade*): Dear old Gargie, won't you be kind, just once more? I'm a silly little girl and not worth such words spoken seriously.

GAR (*completely won over again, looking down at her*): Yes, you are Joyce, when you are yourself and not that pert-nosed, snub-brained girl you imagine yourself to be. Oh, you wonder of wonders, how I love you! (*Very low and bending over to her*) Can't you whisper, "I love you!"?

JOY (*lowers her head and says faintly*): I can, dear! (*Then raises her head to his. Their lips meet. After a short time she waves her hand vigorously, breaks from his embrace and steps back*) When I wave my hand, Gargie, it means stop. It's a signal I've always used and you must obey it.

GAR (*angrily*): Won't you even be yourself for me?

JOY (*over near the exit*): Gargie, I want to tell you something. (*Pause*) You're the first gargoyle on my list!

GAR (*loses control of himself completely*): You flirt! You wretch! All your love words and actions—cheats, lies, frauds! Damn you! Oh, damn you! (*The words trail away, as the gargoyle turns and stares in a set way across the city. Night has almost fallen and a few stars shine overhead, but a storm is coming up the Seine.*) You don't realize what you've done, Joyce. And you were right about yourself. I was wrong, probably love-blind. You are a bad girl—and your brains are—snub. (*Talking aloud to himself*) I can't see what there

is to make me go on here. The courtyard below and then the rubbish heap should be for me. I'd better be a broken heap down there and be carted away than be a broken heap up here and exist on and on for ever.

JOY (*hearing this and running forward*): Oh, Gargie! What's that you're going to do? Not die! How silly, people never do that for me, at least no one ever has. Promise me you won't, Gargie!

GAR (*gloomily*): I can't see what else there is to do; I love you so much even though you're not worth it.

JOY (*simulates a sob with utmost ease, but a lightning flash shows her smiling oddly*): Oh, it's going to storm. I hadn't noticed, and I must get back to the hotel before it starts. My family will be horribly angry as it is.

GAR: The Devil take your family and you!

JOY: Oh, Gargie, I think it's you who are bad! Will you be nice if I do something for you? If I don't put any more gargoyles on my list? (*She starts toward him*) And if I kiss you once more?

GAR (*starting up, but sinking back immediately*): No, go away! I don't think I want you at all.

JOY (*her pride pinched*): Oh, very well. (*She goes over to the exit*) You are different Gargie, in spite of what you say. Every one of the others accepted that offer. (*She is gone, but from the unseen end of the gallery floats back*) Good-night, and good-bye, old dear!

GAR (*squats back on the balustrade and looks despondently down into the town, muttering*): It's rather far down there—just for her! I wonder whether I really wanted her, or not?

ATT (*enters with a lantern over his arm, and a long coat over his work clothes*): I thought she was never going to leave, sir. But it's all right; she seemed very happy when she passed me. She was humming some little thing, and she said, "Good evening" very pleasant.

GAR: Don't talk about her to me.

ATT: Why what's wrong, sir?

GAR: She's a flirt and not worth considering. Please don't mention her again. I was a fool, even as young and as old as I am, I was a fool!

ATT: Very well, sir! I just came up to see whether you were settled well for the night; it's going to storm heavy before dawn. (*A vivid flash of lightning and a heavy growl of thunder bear out this statement.*)

GAR: I do wish the Fathers had arranged a shelter for me. I can feel my rheumatism getting worse already. Good night, Henri Jacques. I'll be well enough, I guess. And when you pray tonight, mention a fool for God's benison.

ATT: Yes, sir!

GAR (*looking at the growing storm*): Oh, damn such weather! Just when

I've gotten over the girl, it prevents my sleeping. (*Then looking down into the courtyard again*) It's decidedly too far—and she is not worth it! Not even worth thinking about doing such a thing. (*And he composes himself to as much rest as possible in the violent wind that has arisen, and in the rain that has begun to patter across the gallery. He is soon lost in the background. Suddenly there is a glaring flash and a violent thunder clap. It storms viciously as the curtain descends.*)

SCENE II

Morning on the same gallery. The sun has just risen. But where the gargoyle was is—nothing, and the balustrade is broken as though giant jaws had snapped out a huge bite. The gallery is still wet from the past storm. Enter Henri Jacques. He backs on, sweeping the water into the drains. Without looking around, he speaks.

ATT: That was a bad storm we had last night, sir, wasn't it? (*Of course there is silence*) (*To himself*) I suppose he's still grouchy! (*Then turning and seeing what has happened, runs over to the balustrade and looks down*) Holy Mother! That's what that awful clap was. O Lord, the poor—— (*But here Joyce comes again, as much herself, and as golden as ever.*)

ATT (*bursting out when he sees her*): It's you, is it? Why weren't you nice to him sooner? It's too late now, the lightning got him. Look at him down there!

Joy (*looks and then whispers with the pride of her kind*): It wasn't lightning. He did it, and I didn't think he would. He did love me after all—he did—I must go down. (*And with a last look, she trips off to the courtyard for a closer inspection of the remains.*)

W. A. Reitzel, '22.



Editorial Comment

WALLIE MACPHERSON had attempted to ride a broncho, one of the untamed, undependable variety, and had failed ignominiously, not to say ridiculously. Pinkey, an untutored westerner, easily maneuvered the irascible beast, much to the delight of Helene Spenceley whom Wallie admired. This red-blooded American girl thereupon taunted Wallie with a name, the significance of which he did not grasp, but which startled him in spite of his uncomprehension, and led him to break all his soft eastern habits, and show himself to Helene in different colors. The name she used was "Gentle Annie". Any one can imagine the rest of the *The Dude Wrangler*. Caroline Lockhart has written it ingeniously, giving it humor, interest, and plenty of action. There is one point of particular interest in the unfolding of the plot. Wallie is trying to milk a cow. For some unaccountable reason, he finds that the cow is, to him at least, unmilkable. "Wallie felt chagrined when he reflected that although he was a graduate of Haverford College and was bringing all his intelligence to bear upon it he was still unable to do what any hired man with an inch of forehead could accomplish with no apparent effort."

Doubtless Wallie was fully acquainted with the structure of the Spenserian stanza, with the mysteries of conic sections, even perhaps with the conjugation of the verb *amo*, but of what avail were all these when the indignant Jersey felt the unpracticed hand of her new master. Goethe, Dante, and Lucretius with all their philosophy were useless. Of course, he might have used his perfect English to soothe the cow, or quoted the inevitable one hundred and sixteenth sonnet of Shakespeare. The psychology of William James failed to bring any illuminating idea before the footlights of his consciousness. The cultured intellect of Wallie MacPherson, accustomed to the dialectics of college dormitories, brilliant in repartee, fastidious in literature, was unable to cope with the highly technical problem of milking. But Wallie improved, and even in the eyes of a westerner like Miss Lockhart, education will tell.

* * * * *

To the Freshmen, now that the preliminaries of their entrance are finished, the HAVERFORDIAN extends an invitation for contributions. It is not so difficult to have a manuscript accepted, and election to the Editorial Board is based entirely upon the number and quality of contributions. Regardless of what it may be, short story, verse, essay, or

skit, the editors will be glad to see it, and will tell the author frankly whether they think it suitable for HAVERFORDIAN purposes. If it is not immediately accepted, perhaps it can be improved and polished and turned in again with better results. But one rejection ought not to be discouraging. There may be many reasons for it, and the very next offering may be of such excellence that it will be taken without question. At all events it doesn't hurt to try, and some editor is going to be chosen from the Freshman class. Make it whom you will. The HAVERFORDIAN is expecting big things from 1925.

To Beatrice

Perhaps you did not know

That you should light the years.

He watched you come and go

(Perhaps you did not know);

His love for you made grow

His art that knew no fears.

Perhaps you did not know

That you should light the years.

C. D. Abbott, Jr.

Tiger's Eyes

THE SHANSENG desires the story. The Shanseng is wise, even as one of our own people. He has indeed the wisdom of a Chinese. How can I presume to tell him so unworthy a story? However it is true and the Shanseng desires it. Therefore I tell.

They were two, Shanseng—he and she. Well can I remember seeing them sitting there, facing each other on the *kong*, with a little low table between them, counting the gold, while, on the floor below, lay stretched the body of a hunchbacked man. I, a little orphan boy, was huddled beside it, beside this thing that had been my father, and I wept and was afraid. I can still see them as they counted that gold, each one suspecting the other, and hardly watching his own count for fear the other would cheat. At last the gold was counted and she watched him as he thrust it deep into the ashes of the fireplace under the *kong*. But he must have made a move as though to slip some of it aside, for I saw her seize his coat and drag him back into the middle of the room. His voice sounded shrill and loud as he called upon the devils and made a grasp for a great branch of firewood that lay beside the kettle. He was about to strike her. Shanseng, he had his hand raised. Then I saw him falter and slowly lower the stick to the floor, and slowly the fingers loosened and let the thing fall. Shanseng, it was the power of her eye. She had conquered.

Then was I beaten and sent onto the cold mountainside to collect pine kindling, and when I returned the body of my father was gone. They were sitting on the *kong*, facing each other, just as I had left them, save that the table that had been between them was no longer there. From that day on, they made me do all their work for them, cook for them, make their tea for them, slave for them, while they did nothing but quarrel. Shanseng, it was not bad at first. They quarreled over the food and the gold and everything else. But then it was merely the first quarrel prolonged, and there were times when they were friendly. Gradually, however, it became worse. One quarrel led to another, and all quarrels led to fights. At last it became a constant fight. They were forever fighting—fighting with their words, fighting with their eyes, fighting with their teeth, fighting with their nails. He used words, *Ai-yah!* how well can I remember seeing his old shrivelled lips open and shut so slowly that I could not help but watch them and be afraid.

He was a tall man, tall and gaunt like the mountain wolves that used to howl about the hut in the wintertime. His voice was like the voice of a wolf, whining and howling. Even now I can hear those words of his, high and shrill, with a choke as though his throat were filled with blood—words, Shanseng, words that sent the chill down my back, and made the cat crawl spitting and snarling under the kettle into the ashes.

She fought with her eyes—yes, Shanseng, her eyes. Has the Shanseng ever hunted tigers in Corea and looked into their eyes? Has he seen that cold, cold gaze of fear and hate? I have, Shanseng, just once. Her eyes were like the eyes of a tiger, and there was something hard about them as though they were made of frozen water, save that they were in no way damp. Her eyes were bare and lashless, and never did I see them as much as blink. Often, in the darkness of the night, would I awake to see those great black fires looking out of the curtain of darkness. But I said she fought with her eyes, and I spoke truly. When he would rail and howl and scream without cease, she would but face him and he would huddle back into his corner whimpering. It was her eye.

Shanseng, in the early days one would threaten to leave the other. But they were kept together by that terrible secret which they had between them. Now as their fear grew to hate, they were bound together. They were past all common fears, they dreaded no common laws, but it was the fear of their fear, the hate of their hate that caused them to stay together and live in a constant hell. Sometimes she would say, biting off the words between her teeth (she had two great front teeth despite her age), "Remember the child's father."

And at those words I have seen his great toothless gums shrink up into his head, while his whole body seemed to wither. But it was not that he feared what she said. It was his hate of *her*, and he would say, "But you killed him."

Each feared the other would do murder. *Ai!* Shanseng, they feared for their own lives. I saw them, yes, I saw them forever watching each other for fear one would make a move. They always sat the same way, he at one end of the *kong*, and she at the other, keeping dreadful watch, and even at night in their sleep I think the old devils saw each other. Shanseng, the only thing that kept one from murdering the other on the spot was the fear that the spirit of the other would take vengeance.

She was silent. She spoke but seldom, and, when she did speak, her words were bitten off and sharp. It was her silence that he feared—her silence and her eye. And, as time passed, as the years passed, she became more silent. She never spoke. When she sat there looking at him out of those eyes, her silence seemed like the silence of a tiger ready to spring. It was a change that he hated, that he hated and could not

tell why he hated—something that he could not prevent. As she became more silent he became louder in his words. His curses became more fierce, his blasphemies more terrible. Shanseng, if the gods were awake they most surely would have destroyed the place. One day, as I was preparing the food, the devils entered him, and his madness exceeded all measure. He blasphemed, he cursed. His voice shook his body. His very eyeballs quivered.

"Thy father was an earthworm, thou rabbit, thou turtle, thou nine times bigamous, nine times licentious witch, thou—thou—— Mayst thou be reborn into a—cat!"

And not a word did she say, but her lips moved forming the word "cat", and then curled into a ghastly grin. But I could see in her eyes that fearful look of hate, that tiger look. He saw, and his fear and hate intermingled. He shook like a dead pear leaf when the winter wind blows over the mountains. With one bound, he had grasped the great butcher's knife and had split her skull asunder.

Her eyes faded slowly. Did I say that her eyes faded? Shanseng, I did not mean it. Her eyes could not fade. That old look would remain forever, but there was another look also, a fiercer, a colder look. I saw, and he saw that it was a look of revenge.

That night the dragon sent a storm with much wind and rain upon the earth, and lightning hit the great pine tree behind the hut.

That night also we found that the cat had given birth to a little kitten, but such a kitten. Its appearance was wild and uncouth, and it was thin, thin as a weasel, thin as a dung-fed dog. It was half-wild cat of the mountains. And, the Shanseng will not believe, although I swear it by all my ten thousand ancestors, from the time of its birth its eyes were open. Its eyes—the Shanseng remembers the eyes of the tiger — such were these eyes. The big cat nurtured it, but we could see that it was sapping her strength. The kitten grew rapidly. It thrived and grew until, one morning, we found the big cat cold and dead. It had torn out her throat. From that day it ate meat like a full-grown cat.

He hated it. *Ai-yah!* Shanseng, how he hated it. When it was young he would sit and watch it. He would curse it. He would damn it, but he dared not touch it. That was even when it was very young. I know not why he dared not kill it, but he would not even put it out of the hut, and he had me feed it every day.

Now his voice was becoming weaker, and it seemed to pain him to speak. He was getting older. Now he was becoming silent even as she had been. His silence was worse than his speech had been. Now all day long would he sit by himself on the *kong*, in his accustomed position, save that his back was more stooped, his lips more thinly drawn over

his gums. By himself? Did I say, by himself? No, it, the cat, sat opposite him in the very place where she used to sit, and its eyes were always upon him even as hers had been. Its silence was like hers—a tiger ready to spring. All day long he would sit there looking at it, and all day long it would sit there looking at him.

Shanseng, I said that his head was becoming more bowed. *Ai!* that was true. He was getting older and older. His face was lined like an old and shrivelled persimmon. Sometimes even I saw his eyes stray from their steady gaze. His mind, his will was slipping. He hardly spoke above a whisper, and only when he was asking me for food. He was becoming less a man and more a thing, a lump. *Shang-li*, but it was terrible to see his bones thus melting away!

Shanseng, sometimes in the mountains the hunters come upon an old wolf, a wolf which has once been the leader of the pack, the terror of all the farmers for many *li* around. But now the wolf is old. I have seen such a wolf, and I can always remember its expression. That look of fearless weakness and hopelessness. Shanseng, his eye was weakening. The wolf was getting old.

One night a storm howled about the hut. It was such a storm as the dragon hurls against sinful man. The wind blew down the side of the mountain, driving the rain before it until it beat upon the hut as though we stood in the midst of a river. The water leaked in under the sill and flooded the floor, while I cuddled myself up in my rags the more closely, for it was cold.

Then above the rain and the wind I thought I heard the voice of the cat, but could not tell for the noise of the storm. It sounded high and shrill like the shriek of an old woman. Again it came and again, louder and stronger, till I knew it was the cat and till I could not hear the storm because of it. Then I saw the cat spring from the *kong* and he got down after it. I saw that he was looking to the floor. I looked also. The water had washed out part of the floor, and there was the cat clawing away at the earth. It was gradually uncovering something large and white. Slowly it took shape until I saw the bones of a hunchback. He saw them and tottered. Shanseng, in one instant I saw his will battle his body. For one moment only he tried to get back the control over himself. Then his body conquered. He fell to the ground. Even then he tried to get up. But *it* was on his chest, its great cold eyes shining out with that awful look. The tiger had sprung. Shanseng, I turned to flee. I opened the door. But the rain and the wind turned me back. The wind had blown out the feeble candle. Then in one second, as the lightning again struck the great pine tree behind the hut, and the room was filled with a green and gray, a livid light, I saw, and I shudder and cannot speak. I rushed into the storm and the night.

D. M. Pruitt, '23.

Shadow Land

*'Tis seven miles to shadow land,
Seven long miles:
And dark groves grow on either hand
Where row by row the cypress stand
And pillared poplars loom meanwhiles
By fastened gates and stiles,
Broken stiles.*

*Up to shadow land go who
Nameless or known?
Some go false and some go true,
And some go gaily two by two;
Over brake and briar and stone
Some journey on alone,
All alone.*

*How many miles to shadow land?
O weary way;
Eternally the miles expand,
The pathways vanish in rocks and sand,
And there is neither night nor day
Only an endless gray,
Gloomy gray.*

*Toward shadow land, they who go
Live short lives.
Some retire by ways they know,
Some turn back, and some go slow;
Some default or chance deprives,
But never one arrives,
None arrives.*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

Tales From A Rolltop Desk

THERE are few things which make more pleasant reading than a collection of Christopher Morley's essays. *Shandygaff*, *Pipefuls*, *Mince Pie*, all were delightful. Throughout all of them, there was a genial spirit, a warm-hearted sincerity that made you love them for the sake of the author. Then there was *Parnassus on Wheels*, and later that inimitable tale *Kathleen*. These are among the few things more pleasant than the essays. Now, Mr. Morley has added a new one, *Tales from a Rolltop Desk*, and it has already placed itself beside his other fiction successes, and deservedly, too, for Dove Dulcet and Morgan Edwards, not to mention charming old Mr. Eustace Veal, are characters as entertaining and as picturesque as Roger Mifflin.

This new volume is a collection of tales the subjects for which are drawn mainly from the lives of newspaper men, or litterateurs of the unsuccessful type. There is a young author tediously working over a story, hoping he can sell it for enough to buy his wife a "pert little hat"; there is an ambitious dramatic critic, who aspires to higher things; and there is Mr. Eustace Veal, inventor of the famous *El Cuspidorado*, who is a little, just a trifle afraid of his age. If there is one character in the book more vividly drawn than the others, it is this active but sensitive gentleman in search of the Fountain of Youth. Clothes seem to be a panacea for old age, and Mr. Veal appears at the office "in a new suit of violent black and white checks, and with a crush hat of velvety substance". Mr. Veal was fifty-five, and it does not reflect on his stenographer to say that she scarcely knew him.

Although the portrayal of Mr. Veal makes *The Climacteric* one of the most entertaining of the stories, it is somewhat inferior to the two best—*The Case of Kenelm Digby*, and *Referred to the Author*. These two are among the best things that Mr. Morley has written. Dove Dulcet, the literary detective, may not have the ponderous intellect of a Sherlock Holmes, the scientific infallibility of a Craig Kennedy, or the inherent cunning of an Arsène Lupin, but he has more of the lovable qualities of a human being than any of these famous gentlemen. He skilfully unravels the mystery of the strange death of his friend and co-author with all the art of an experienced detective, but throughout it all he displays those Grub Street characteristics so essential to any Morley character. Dove Dulcet, the poet and amateur detective, figures also in some of the other stories.

Referred to the Author is altogether different from the other tales. It is, in fact, a very unusual story, one that relates the mysterious and weird happenings on the opening night of a successful play. In plot, it would have done admirably for one of Poe's grotesque and fantastic tales: it would have lent itself to all the unearthliness and ghostliness that Poe could have wished to give it. But Mr. Morley has done something more to it. He has made it into a story, not bristling with vigorous supernatural touches, but one simply told, and humanly credible—credible because the actors are flesh and blood beings, not fantastic, ethereal phantoms. The straightforward manner in which it is related really makes it more startling in the end, and adds immeasurably to its artistic unity.

All of the tales are excellent, but these two are pre-eminently first-rate. They are more thrilling than the others—perhaps that explains the preference—and they hold you glued to your chair, where one or two of the others might not. In defense of the others, such as *The Pert Little Hat*, it might be said that they have a sentimental charm that is absent in *Referred to the Author* and *The Case of Kenelm Digby*, and that is altogether true. Moreover, sentimental charm is rare in these days of *Main Street* and *Moon Calf*. But the discussion leads to nothing. Suffice it to say that it is pleasant to think that there is at least one writer who has two strings to his bow.

—Christopher Morley: *Tales from a Rolltop Desk*.
(Doubleday Page & Co.)
C. D. A., Jr.



Exchanges

Williams Graphic (May number). Many college magazines encourage and request contributions from alumni and faculty, some fruitlessly, and extremely few so successfully as the *Williams Graphic*. Moreover, such first hand and out of the ordinary matters as are dealt with in "The Institute of Politics" and "Old Books for the New Library" would make those articles attractive and confer attractiveness upon any publication.

It must not be supposed that the *Graphic* must rely upon its alumni for its contents. The essay "Returned—No Funds" contains a good bit of straight from the shoulder and to an extent well-deserved preaching, and has a very decidedly commendable quality in that it not only criticises but suggests a means of improvement.

In addition there are two rather striking poems. "Patterns" in vigorous and euphonious verse relates in a mysterious manner the process of a mysterious spinning and so mysteriously spins itself out. It possesses considerable color scheme and, like considerable modern art, not much else. The second poem "Lucrezia" is such a one as might logically be inhibited by an overdose of Swinburne and dinner. The consequent effect is romantically ludicrous, a preposterous passion torn to tatters. A seemingly excellent descriptive power is strained distressfully.

Goucher Kalends (May number). If the members of a Freshman class may be roused by a contest to do such successful story writing as this issue shows them capable of doing, it seems a great pity that no permanent stimulus may be found and applied. If such should be able to produce more writing of the quality manifest in the three prize stories it would indeed be highly successful. "The Three Roads", though simple in plot and conception, is extremely happily written and contains delightful description. Other stories, in addition to the contest stories, "Quits" and "Pedro el Diablo", are very well worthy of commendation.

The *Kalends*, upon the ground of earlier issues, might base a legitimate claim to be the chosen resort of the whimsical and chatty essay. And surely this issue does nothing to nullify such a title, in fact "Seriously Speaking" and "Being the Reverie of a Dream Child" most ably operate to establish it more firmly.

In unpleasing contrast to these is the verse. "The Garden" and

"Credo" are both in their diverse manners vague. "Sandalwood", on the other hand, is a study in that shallow orientalism which is sporadically a literary fad. It employs such beautifully poetical and much over-worked words as idol, jade, gold, gong, etc., all of which sound so well in verse, particularly Chinese, you know.

The Round Table (May number). Mount Holyoke's monthly may this issue boast a worth-while attraction among its pages, this being a short play, "The Child Prodigy". Criticised as drama, the unfolding of its plot is so abrupt and rapid as to give the effect of a tempest in a teapot; but from the viewpoint of characterization, Wordsworth, the juvenile poetical genius, together with his mother, and Tubs, a forbidden playmate, are all three interesting and exact as could be expected.

The rather long story, "That Fellow", is the best written contribution in the magazine. It is of rather unusual length for a college publication and of rather more than usual depth and application to actual life. Its delineation of a certain class of family life is startlingly vivid and complete.

A second lengthy article is the essay, "The College Totem". The tenor of its discourse gives rather the effect of a Friday afternoon sewing circle raising its collective hands over the fact that too much of a good thing may be distinctly bad. The seeming obliqueness and intentional ambiguity of its parts may be accountable to a lack of inside information on the part of the reader.



Alumni Notes

1911

Christopher Morley has published through Doubleday Page & Company a volume of short stories, called *Tales From a Rolltop Desk*.

1913

An account of Madame Curie and her work by Norris F. Hall was published recently in the *Boston Transcript*.

1917

H. E. McKinstry has an able article, *The Minerals of Rockport, Mass.*, in the *American Mineralogist* for March, 1921. (Mr. McKinstry had an article, *The Poorhouse Quarry, Chester County, Pa.*, in the same magazine for June, '20.)

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The Curse of the Skaggerat

“DON'T cry so, Nicoline. It's only a short voyage.”

But Nicoline, looking under her lover's arms at the black, racing waters of the fjord, wept only the more, and even when Johann closed her lips, she did not cease, but mingled tears with her love. And in the midst of weeping Johann Grejsen went out into the winter waters of Skaggerat and left behind him on the tiny stone wharf of Vallo his affianced sweetheart. Nicoline wept until night hid the sails of the barque, wept for a reason as poignant as Rachel's and would not be comforted.

In the evening, when the Dahl family was seated around the porcelain stove that blushed furiously from some consuming passion, Nicoline's knitting dropped to the floor, she cried out, “Johann is gone now—forever!” and fell in a faint. The mother tried every means to bring her back to consciousness, but without success. Early the next morning a violent storm swept in from Skaggerat, bending the tall trees around the tiny houses and tearing the night with its wind and rain and swirling clouds of mist. To the noise of this Nicoline awoke again, whispering piteously, “Johann! Johann!” Later she fell asleep, but even then she tossed fitfully and turned her tear-stained face from side to side on the pillow.

To the people of Vallo, news was so infrequent that its appearance generally meant something of import; so when a small schooner, a stranger, was sighted putting up the harbor, the entire village was waiting to receive it when it docked. Nicoline, at the wharf's edge, heard the Captain's story from his own lips—how a barque had been blown on the rocks off the Danish coast, how assistance had come too late to save either the crew or the boat; and how, upon finding that the vessel was from Vallo, he had volunteered to bring back some bodies that had been washed ashore. Yes, they were on board now. Without even seeing the corpses, Nicoline turned, and weeping violently and whispering to herself between sobs went through the crowded people who stared at her in wonder.

“Why weep so soon?” they asked one another with peculiar hope. “The bodies may not be of our men.”

“How like a woman,” muttered one very old man.

But when the bodies were brought ashore, the first one laid on the stones was Johann Grejsen's. And as other men of Vallo were stretched beside him, sobbing fisherfolk broke from the crowd and stumbled away up the village street. Those who had none to bewail considered with their simple reasoning how Nicoline had known the truth.

The next Sunday the funeral of the twelve men was held in the old church. The entire village was present and the little building was filled in every part, boys even peered down from the cracks in the moulding of the organ loft. It was early evening, and a dim twilight, scattered here and there by candle flames, hung over the gathering. Twelve coffins, undraped and guarded by tall candles, stood in a bare half-circle across the altar front. The silence of the pauses in the service was filled by spasms of weeping that broke out among the mourners. Then came the close, the reading of the names of the dead. The heavy, crushing voice of the minister came slowly through the thick air.

"Johann Grejsen, able seaman. Drowned at sea, October 15th, year of our Lord and Saviour 1836. He leaves behind him—none. Anders Ped——"

A shriek cut through the reading and all turned to see the cause. In the rearmost aisle stood Nicoline. She was in black. A single candle cast a faint half-white light across her hair and eyes, leaving the remainder of her body in the gloom. She was strangely calm after the weird cry she had uttered, but her eyes seemed mad and burned yellow as though they had gathered in them all the glow of the candle flame. Then she spoke through the silence, her voice sounding deeper and duller than usual.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay, saith Jehovah. Hear me now when I say to you, O People, vengeance shall be mine and I will repay, waiting not for the Lord. Skaggerat hath taken from me what was mine by God's word, and on Skaggerat shall my vengeance be taken. By my death shall Skaggerat be cursed and made evil so that men shall avoid its narrow places and turn aside. Ye shall see me again, people—to bury me!"

Wind flickered in by the door cracks and the candle over her head flared and went out. She was gone by the time nervous fingers had lighted it again. The service went through to the end in a half-hysterical manner, and the people separated in silence in the dusk of the dirty, half snowed under churchyard and went to their homes.

The horror of the thing was soon forgotten in the years that passed, but not the thing itself. The fishermen often spoke of it, but always in terms of a jest. The wittiest remark one could make to a newcomer from the sea was, "Did you feel the curse of Skaggerat as you came in, old fellow?" And the answer made to his astonishment would always be, "Oh, yes! Our beautiful strait is indeed haunted and cursed. Be so good as to cross it with care next time."

Suddenly the matter lost its humorous tinge, for one day there staggered into the village a dirty old woman. She claimed to be Nicoline Grejsen, but it was soon discovered that she meant Nicoline Dahl.

"You must bury me soon," was her only reply to all questions. She lived a lonely life for three months, in a small thatched hut just outside the village. Then she died.

Soon strange tales began to float in from Skaggerat; of disasters in calm seas, of falling tackle and injured men, of unknown sicknesses, and spirits heard and seen. The stranger was now greeted seriously, "Did you feel the curse of Skaggerat as you came in?" The stories multiplied in number and grew in horror, until one year none were reported. All was quiet during the next year, too, and the next. But the older sailors still shunned Skaggerat. "The hag is only sleeping with her lover," they said, "and when she tires of him—then——" However, soon even the fear was gone.

II

"Did Michael ring five bells?"

"I didn't hear them, sir," answered the helmsman.

The Chief Officer turned towards the bow of the vessel again, and wiping the rain out of his eyes looked over the weather-guard of the bridge. Another half-hour, one in which the tale of the seconds could be told by the slow raindrops, limped by. The chronometer struck six bells in a mellow tinkle. Both men listened for the least sound forward.

"Did Michael ring six bells?"

"I didn't hear them, sir!"

The officer blew shrilly through his whistle, and when the third man of the watch came up sent him forward. "Send the forepeak watch up to me," he commanded.

Again the rain swirled around with the darkness. Then a frightened call came from the peak, "Sir, come, please!"

"What is it?" called the officer, loath to leave the comparative dryness of the bridge.

"Somethin' fearful!"

He pushed an electric torch into his pocket and, running down from the bridge and across the deck, met the vague form of the sailor, pointing to the anchor windless, and flashing the light saw Michael, apparently dead, in a heap against its base.

"Get men and take him 'midships'."

In the hospital, a bit of whiskey proved that Michael had only fainted but no amount of liquor would loosen his tongue to make him tell what had happened. "I can't 'cause I don't know" was all he would say.

But the next night, when the time came for him to go on watch, he refused, saying frankly that he was afraid.

"Of what?" asked the mate.

"I don't know," answered Michael; "I didn't know last night what

knocked me."

"Damn foolishness!" muttered the mate.

"No sir!" said Michael, stubbornly.

The Chief knew that a man could be coerced when he rebelled, but not when he was frightened, so with the pretended superior courage of mates, he flung himself into his oilskins and went forward. There he paced slowly from rail to rail, pausing at times to let the accumulated rain run from his hat and to watch the wind tangle the tops of the waves into foam which looked like carved ivory arabesques against the sea. He swore gently at the stupidity of Michael every time a comber leaped leisurely across the bow, filling his sea-boots with almost pungent water in passing. He broke off in the middle of whistling "Cherie" to ring one bell with a bitter vibrant clang. Then he slumped against the anchor windlass and tried to get out of the wind that whipped around all obstructions and through all coverings until it felt itself grow warm against the flesh of his body, and then as though resenting warmth chilled the flesh to ice, and creeping out to the air again flew shrieking off into the darkness. Two bells came as a welcome relief. From the bell the mate scrambled through the wind and rain to the very peak of the ship, where he watched the water climb the outing prow, now high, now low. It seemed to reach cold hands up to grip him and drag him down. The rise—the rise—, the fall—the fall—were fascinating and horrible. Down, down they wanted to pull him, but they shouldn't. He gripped the iron railings hard. Three bells saved him from incipient fear, and after a half-hour's vigorous nervous pacing of three square yards of tilting steel, four bells broke a growing nervous madness.

On the bridge, Michael and the second officer heard one bell ring, physically felt a rain-laden thirty minutes passing; heard two bells sound slowly; three bells quickly, and four with such nervous haste it seemed three rang again. They looked at one another but said nothing.

On the forepeak, the mate turned from the ringing of four bells and started with bowed head for the partial shelter of the windlass for another space of time. The wind had grown colder than before, and the rain and mist had fused together into an indescribable *mêlée* of icy daggers that plunged their tiny points into his skin. The only sign of the ship was the feel of it beneath his soggy boots. Suddenly, in spite of all the instincts which led him to lower his head against the storm, he felt something overwhelming pull his head into the air and he found himself staring at the peak of the bow he had quitted a few seconds before.

To his surprise it was illuminated with a faint glow; he could see distinctly the short flagstaff that rose from the deck and the mist clinging around it and racing by it on the wind. As he stepped forward it

slowly faded, and in its place appeared the grinning starved face of an old woman. Her clothed body was invisible in the night, only her face and hands, faintly luminous, shone through the darkness. She was crouching on the rail, gripping it with one hand and the flagstaff with the other. The eyes, sunk deep in the head, burnt yellow as with madness and were rimmed with red rheum and caked sea salt. They were unblinking. Unchanging, eternal almost, was their stare. Heavy teeth hung over her lip, and her scant hair tore like living things back and forth across her hard-skinned face.

Slowly, slowly she crawled down from her seat and crept across the deck toward the mate, who now began to retreat, until he found himself backed against the windlass, around which obstruction he was powerless to move. There he waited. The Fury came on, never moving her eyes, never shifting a facial muscle, until she was almost upon the man. He could not faint; sheer fear held him upright against the anchor chains. Then she raised her hands, like bones encased in tanned leather, and reached at his throat. Her hair seemed to snatch at his eyes, his ears, his skin. He heard a strange word muttered in an unknown tongue, felt her fingers bite into his throat, and——

On the bridge the second officer asked, "Did he ring five bells?"

"I didn't hear them, sir," answered Michael.

The second turned towards the bow of the vessel again and, wiping the rain out of his eyes, looked over the weather-guard of the bridge. Another half-hour, one in which the tale of seconds could be told by the slow raindrops, limped by. The chronometer struck six bells in a mellow tinkle.

"Did he ring six bells?"

"I didn't hear them, sir," answered Michael. And then asked irrelevantly, "Are we in Skaggerat, sir?"

"Yes, since yesterday." Then, turning to the helmsman, "Did you hear six bells from forward?"

"No, sir!"

The second officer called excitedly to Michael, "Come we'll have to go forward."

They found the mate, pressed tightly against the anchor windlass, white and cold. Whiskey proved him dead.

Michael, who now thought he knew, said to himself, "It's as I supposed; the old hag has tired of her lover's embraces at last."

William Reitzel, '22.



Dorothy and William

*Arm in arm across the moor they go,
Facing the dying wind and evening sun;
Looking for well-loved spots where violets shun
The fading beams of light. Then on, now slow
Uphill apast the sheepfolds whose walls show
The thick gray moss of age; then through the run
Where hares dash joyous when the day is done,
Where by the roadside pale primroses blow.*

*A lonely star hangs low above the mere—
Arm tightens in arm and each seems more dear.
And though she feels this beauty where he thinks
On it, yet each mind sees and each soul drinks
From Nature the one cup that Nature holds,
Up to them from the dusk that hides the folds.*

William Reitzel, '22.

Vita Relativa

THE early Greek philosophers once described a way of life which they happily named the "theoretic life", and ever since that period the *vita contemplativa* has served as a shining goal to all climbers of hills. A life of thought and ideals modelled on the Platonic notion of what ought to be rather than what is attracted and appealed to the speculative Greek mind. The contemplative man, however, cannot subsist entirely on dreams, and sooner or later the heart will yearn for the bread of a consistent and satisfying intellectual system which may render intelligible the confusion accompanying unorganized vagaries. A philosopher's stone is needed to amalgamate the scattered theories into a working whole. In place of a mere *vita contemplativa*, would it not perhaps be wise to experiment with a *vita relativa*?

As Locke appealed to reason as his only guide, and starting from that authority would admit no other unless he arrived at it by reason, so to me the most scientific method of examining the conception of a *vita relativa* seems to be by an analysis both historical and philosophical.

One of the most insidious foes of historical truth is the general statement, for it may mean anything and everything. Indefinite, all-inclusive, indiscriminate, it defeats itself. In such declarations as "the Crusades were father to the Renaissance"; "modern history opens with the French Revolution"; "the World War was the outcome of the modern economic system"; there lies a secret danger and an opposite unspoken reality as true as the thought expressed. The futility of broad generalizations has long been recognized, because modern thinkers know that historical truth is best approximated by guarded statements set down with all their relative concomitants.

It is a patent fact that the right of one era is the wrong of the next, and *vice versa*. The conquests of Alexander the Great, undertaken for no purpose but glory, resulted in the dissemination of Hellenic culture; consequently we condone the purpose, since we praise the victory. On the other hand we condemn the aggressive ambition of Deutschland because of the difference between Hellenic and Germanic culture, and the difference between the misguided Asiatics of the fourth century before Christ, and our own more enlightened peoples of the twentieth century after Christ. Our judgment is based on relativity. Again, one may consider Pitt's object in uniting Ireland to Great Britain in 1800.

Possibly he was sincere in his belief that it was the only road to Ireland's salvation, and most of us are willing to grant him the benefit of the doubt. But many condemn Lloyd George for maintaining a union that has proved unsatisfactory. The reason for the difference between these two variant views is to be found in the different circumstances and aspirations existing then and now. Numerous other examples from the past might be adduced *ad infinitum*, all illustrative of the manner in which men are directed into action. Circumstances, political and economic conditions, prevalent ideals, immediate objects, all enter into the mental resolve preceding the act, and hence the subsequent act becomes the product of a preliminary meditation guided by the sum of conditions then chancing to obtain.

Let us turn for a moment to the Greek conception of moderation and the middle road. This idea is the essence of the relative life. A deed can be termed moderate only as it lies in the middle path. If one extreme shifts and the other remains fixed, then a man living under the guidance of moderation must turn a little in his progress in order to strike a new mean. Thus is the Greek mean dependent on and relative to the location of the extremes.

Contemporary with the Hellenic faith in moderation existed the rigid dualism of the East. Black and white, night and day, Ahriman and Ahura Mazda were the watchwords of the disciples of Zarathustra. Here indeed was no *via media*! Oriental dualism later exerted an important influence over the Occident, as the Albigensian heresy may testify. In fact during the Middle Ages Christianity itself appeared as an austere ditheism but thinly disguised. Undoubtedly the transformation of the Christian faith from a simple apostolic purity to a complex medieval formalism was due to the utter inability of the barbaric mind to appreciate the nobler teachings of the Christ. Organization, visible symbols, ecclesiastical potentates, the whip of hell were indispensable to the perpetuation of the creed. But as time passed and rebellious souls grew bolder, right and wrong began to blend and the spirit of the Renaissance was born. Why is it that we of today can gaze on the desert of mediaeval theology with equanimity and yet with complete disbelief? Is it not because that system fitted its epoch, that the conditions of that day demanded what the conditions of this day reject? The whole matter is again found to be relative.

The application of relativity to one's own method of thinking may work profound changes in one's previous views. Right and wrong, good and bad, virtue and sin, become merely convenient words rather than significant truths. All acts are tinged with a certain twilight, and deeds result after a balancing and calculation of forces. Nothing can seem intrinsically either bad or good. The act depends on the actor, and

the actor depends on his relations with his environment, and his environment depends on the spirit of the times. Cause and effect form an unbreakable circle.

The *vita relativa* as a *modus vivendi* may to certain individuals appear cold and harsh, specious and unchristian. Superficially it seems that standards are lacking, and that no provision is made for the heart and emotions. But is it not a fact that many a man has found his highest good, his sublimest vision, on the icy pinnacle of rationality rather than in the tepid valley of any religious faith? Such a man is not stripped of idealism, naked and wandering in a wilderness without bounds, but a man disillusioned, liberated, brave, who takes his stand on the mount and stretches out his arms to his brother.

H. S. Fraser, '22.

A Mountain Brook

*Fresh is the breeze that blows;
Bright is the stream that flows;
 Bouncing and splashing
Down o'er the rusty rocks
 Splendidly flashing.
Gently its gurgling mocks
 Their dull stolidity.
 Their massive solidity
Holds it behind broad locks,
Dams it but never blocks
 Nor succeeds in abashing.
But listen! Can you not hear
The stones laughing, deep and clear,
 Under their lashing?*

R. L. Molitor, '22.

Steve

THE first time that I saw him was on a little Chinese coast boat plying between Dairen and Chefoo, a measly little boat, no cleanliness, no service, nothing but coolies and cockroaches. Boats are scarce, you know, on the China coast, and there is no train service. It was there that I saw him, leaning against the railing looking far off at the horizon, and, in spite of the greasy overalls that clothed him, his back gave me a queer impression of manliness and strength, and the sandy fringe of light colored hair that showed below his oiler's cap determined the impression as favorable. I decided to make his acquaintance. Oilers are not generally worth knowing, for most of them are oriental and matter of fact. But a white oiler! He must be unusual, to say the least.

"We'll soon be getting into Chefoo, won't we?" I asked.

"Yes, in a couple of hours." He did not turn towards me, but answered as though I were nothing but a question. I tried again.

"Been on this boat long?"

This time he turned to look at me, and—I had not seen his face before—I was startled; he had no face, merely a mass of scars, with one predominant ghastly zig-zag affair across his left cheek.

"Yes, a couple of years." He drawled it as though it was of no interest to him whatever. "A couple of years or a couple of dozen years, I don't remember."

"It's been quite a while then." I did not express my surprise, but tried to lead him on into conversation. He was reticent but friendly, and we parted on good terms, although I had to admit that I really did not feel acquainted with him. I questioned the captain, who knew nothing of him except that he was called Steve and had been for years an oiler on the boat. He added that he seemed to be a queer fellow.

In Chefoo I was swamped with invoices and had little time to think of my oiler friend. I was quite surprised then to see him one day, on the jetty, in the midst of an agitated mass of native coolies, head and shoulders standing out above them and beating about with those powerful arms of his as though his intention was to kill every coolie in Chefoo. Although the natives seemed to be getting the worst of it, I feared for him because of their numbers, and interceded, taking him home in a rickshaw. He was a white man, you know. He explained the affair

afterwards. They had been beating to death a half-starved mongrel cur. He could not stand it. That was all. It was then that we passed in a rickshaw a lady friend of mine. He bowed profusely, over profusely, and raised his hat. I had not seen the top of his head before. Most of the hair had been pulled out.

I took him to my bungalow, fed him tea, and tried to draw him out. It was a thankless job. He did not seem to enjoy conversation, but he did like to sit and listen to the phonograph—good selections, too—and my snapshots of American college life interested him immensely. He asked a great many really sane questions, the weight of the football team, our successes in baseball, until I began to wonder at this oiler from a China coast boat. But he had to go back to his work, and I found it necessary to put off my curiosity. However I made him promise to come back.

He did come back a great many times. He seemed to like to have a friend, he had no others; and gradually I began to untangle his story; the story of this massive man, whose back was so impressive and whose face so repelling; the story of this man whom the captain called a queer fellow.

* * * * *

Steven Bailey graduated from Barton College in '97 with many honors. A football player and an unusually good manager, he had found many channels in which his services had been of help to the college. In classes he was not brilliant but very steady, and his professors prophesied a great success for him in the field of engineering. Liked and admired as he was, few sought him for a companion. He was a man apart, silent and retiring, and very shy. It was his shyness that kept him from appearing in social activities, and many were the college widows who tried and failed to attract his attention. Being a football player, he was certainly a prize, but they always found him polite and obliging, and scared half to death. He never attended a college social gathering until his senior year, when his classmates made him come to the commencement party, for he was class president. It was then that he met her, a pretty little creature with the grace of a sprite.

Sophie Hazlett was what we should call a flapper now. At that time she was known as a butterfly. She was flattered by Steven Bailey's attentions, but he adored her. He adored her because she was jolly, sociable, irresistible, so much unlike himself. It is queer how the sensible will so often admire the senseless. She *was* a fickle little thing, all frocks and party gowns and sentimental novels. She dreamed of Apollo and danced with anybody, and all the time wondered when she

would get her first proposal. He came as a gentle sort of caveman and overwhelmed her. She accepted his proposal because—because—because he played football. The other girls were envious and soon forgot all about it. He told me that once on a picnic he risked his life to get her a flower, because she wanted to test his love for her. She was so full of her novel reading.

They were married, and for a time things seemed to go happily enough. He did not object to her flirting with other men. He loved her and she accepted his love—in a matter-of-fact way, to be sure—but he was busy and they did not see each other too constantly. Then, as a good engineer, he obtained a position which would locate them in the interior of China. He was to build a bridge there. She refused to go, but finally did because he promised to buy her a pearl necklace. In China she found life more admirably suited to her temperament than she had expected; nothing to do and a dozen household servants to do it; an infinite opportunity to coddle herself. And, because there was no society and no diversion of the sort that she was used to, she found it most satisfactory to adopt a complaining disposition. It was very hard for him, but he was silent and patient and loved her very much. She had been the only woman. He could not compare. Besides he was swamped with work and his only thought of her was as the girl he loved so dearly. It was because of her that he worked so hard, because of her that he planned so constantly to make a name for himself and be able to return to America. He was sorry for her to be cut off so from the rest of the world.

Then came the rainy season and an exceptionally long one it turned out to be. It started about the end of July and at the end of August there were few signs of dryness. At first men had slopped around in their shaggy straw raincoats and had thanked the almighty dragon for plentifully watering their crops, but the dragon was going the extra mile with them this time, and had given them a veritable deluge. The water from the mountains had descended into the lowlands and there promised well to be a flood, until men began to fear and sacrifice and wonder if the empress dowager had any influence with him. Travelers west through the village of Ta-kong cursed because they could not cross the river, and wished that the foreign devil's bridge at that spot were finished.

But the foreign devil could not finish it during this season, so he kept himself shut up in the big devil house on the hill and prayed to his gods that the rain might not destroy that part of the bridge already built, for he was a good engineer and loved his work. As he stood on the veranda with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looking down at the river and his pet, he whistled a worried sort of tune without

much music in it and wondered what kind of weather prophet he was.

"Steven, I wish you would stop that awful whistling. It gets on my nerves." His wife spoke from a long deck chair behind him. She was surrounded by cushions and comforters, with a novel in her hand. The house was too stuffy to live in, she had said.

Steven Bailey stopped his whistling, but a worried expression came over his lips. He seemed a little dejected too. He did not look around but kept on staring out in the rain and wondered what was the matter with Sophie.

"Steven." Her voice sounded in a whining monotone. "Please call the servant to bring me some coffee, and, by the way, I wish you would keep those beggars out of the compound. This afternoon one bothered me with his wailing while I was trying to read. I didn't come to this blessed country to be bothered with dirty natives."

He gave the orders. Yes, the place was hard for her. He wished the rainy season would stop so they could make a visit to Shanghai for a few weeks and perhaps she could stay all winter. He wanted her to enjoy herself at all cost. He loved her so, and she was so pretty that he stooped to kiss her.

"Don't, don't! I don't like it." She frowned and pushed him away. She used to like him to kiss her. Other men have told a similar story too.

But the rain came down in torrents, day after day, until the people began to feel famine, and were worried and restless. It was about that time that the Boxer Uprising found its way into that part of the country, and it became unsafe for any foreigner to stay in the interior of China. Sophie developed a yellow streak and blamed it all on Steven. She even intimated that everything happened because he had brought her to China. Steven had to bear that with his other worries. He could not leave his bridge in the danger it was still in, and he dared not keep Sophie with him, so he sent her east to Shanghai, through that sadly demolished country, with three trusted servants. He stayed behind alone, promising to follow in a few days, and prayed that they would get to Shanghai within the week.

But the unrest grew more rapidly than he had expected. Before he knew it the whole countryside was up against him, for he was the only foreigner in the place. He beat them back with the strength of an iron man, in that little walled-in compound of his. He beat them back, but they took him at last. Then followed the customary proceeding. He was made to suffer for all the atrocities that the occidental had ever committed against the oriental, and he was made to suffer in the oriental way. They wanted his wife also, and, because he refused to tell them where she was, for he was afraid that they might pursue her,

his tormentors gave him the great scar on his left cheek. It was done with drops of boiling oil. His memory was weak concerning this part of his life. All he could recall was his stubborn refusal to reveal *her* whereabouts and his equally stubborn determination to get back to *her*. He did not know how he got away from them. They must have deserted him as one hopelessly dying. He found himself at large, and there ensued six months of haziness as he found his way to Shanghai and *her*, six months in which he wandered about, hiding by day and moving by night, penniless, starved, wounded and sick from exposure. It was only his determination to get back to her that kept him going. He thought of her as the pretty, happy girl he had known once, who would fly to his arms and whose gentle soothing hand would caress his wounded body and face. He thought of her constantly in that half-dazed consciousness of his. She was like a star, a beacon light, that was guiding him to rest and peace. It was his dream of her that kept his mind from snapping. It will always be a mystery how he got through. Only an iron will could do it, an iron will with an inspiration.

He dragged into Shanghai, torn and faceless, with but a single determination. They told him she was staying at the American Consulate, and looked at him in surprise that such a one should be asking for her. He found her in the evening at a fashionable dance—yes, at a dance. The gatekeeper would not let him in, so he climbed over the garden wall and ran right into her strolling along the moonlit path with another man's arm about her. He spoke. She started and gave a cry, hesitating a moment—only a moment—then——

"John, where did this ruffian come from? You must have him thrown out. Let's go back to the dance."

He is sure she recognized him.

D. M. Pruitt, '23.



Editorial Comment

“MILLIONS want short stories; no talent could supply literary short stories for this clamoring multitude even if it wanted them,” writes Henry Seidel Canby in his book on the short story. Formerly great writers put some of their best efforts into this type of work, and turned out masterpieces, but now the cheapness and unsubstantiality of the materials used in the average magazine story are impossible—except to the lay mind. There will, of course, always be those who find their greatest delight in reading the output of Robert W. Chambers and Cosmo Hamilton, just as there will always be those who turn to *The Dial* and *The Atlantic Monthly* when they desire an original production of genuine literary merit. These two periodicals seldom publish any story that is not first rate and whenever some anthologist makes a collection of the year's best stories they are invariably well represented. Still, even if the greatest of the world's short story writers were contributing regularly, the same people would turn to the old, trite, hackneyed plots of the more popular magazines.

The editors of the HAVERFORDIAN profess a strong partiality for what might be called the more uncommon stories. Numerous examples of this type might be pointed out, but we will limit ourselves to two splendid ones that have appeared during the last year—*The Illumined Moment* by T. Walter Gilkyson, and *Fair Rosamonde* by E. Barrington. These stories combine all the desirable qualities—originality, artistic style, interest, and above all, unity. It is this type that we have been looking for ever since the HAVERFORDIAN was started, and thus far we have been fairly unsuccessful. There have been good short stories, as good as anyone could hope for, but they have been altogether too few. It seems that there are excellent poems, essays, both formal and familiar, in great numbers, and even plays occasionally, but good short stories are a rare occurrence. Something must be done to arouse an interest in this kind of literary effort. It is the one in which the majority of readers are most interested and for that reason, if for no other, short stories should be on the same level with the other contributions. After considerable thought, a method has been decided upon which we hope will accomplish the improvement.

A prize of fifteen dollars will be given to the best short story that is published in the pages of the HAVERFORDIAN. Any that is accepted by the board, whether or not it is written by an editor, will be eligible for the prize. The judges will be chosen by the President of the College, and will be men competent to pass judgment upon all the contributions.

Even if we cannot expect undergraduates to be embryonic Stocktons, Kiplings, or O. Henrys, we can at least look to them for conscientious efforts in trying to write creditable short stories—ones that people can read with interest, and not feel that they have been cheated when they have finished.

Sonnet

*When sunlight mellows, and brown orchards raise
Their burdened branches, when red treetops nod
And loosened leaves swirl down, the goldenrod
In glade and wayside dignifiedly sways
Its burnished plume and in its poise displays
The grace and grandeur on the dusty sod
Of princely courtiers who slowly trod
Imperial council halls in feudal days.
Like the last scion of a long descent
From fabled chivalry and old noblesse
It stands austere proud, until the shades
Of knights, who once in pleasant Lyonesse
Adventured, seem in its guise to frequent
Again the highways in gay cavalcades.*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

The English Poems of T. A. Daly

“I AM inclined to think,” said Alexander Pope in a preface to his works, “that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment.” In respect to the first part of this opinion T. A. Daly appears as an exception to the rule. For the world has approved, and that right heartily, all that he has chosen to set before it. But it has none the less praised most loudly, at least in so far as it is represented by professional critics writing for the daily news-sheets of metropolitan America, those poems written more to amuse than to inspire. For the Italian dialect poems are far more strikingly original than at first the English verses seem to be, and at the same time they lend themselves far more readily to the dizzy involutions of modern theory concerning the aesthetic value of splashy local color and the political witchery of the “Melting Pot”. It is true that the dialect poems reveal,—far more, no doubt, than the author suspects,—the living faith of a great personality, that they not only tickle our sense of humor but also arouse in us a desire for a nobler national life; yet there are some readers who believe that in the English poems there is to be found something even more vital and worth while.

The first striking characteristic of Daly’s poems, however, is their delightful lyric quality. In his tribute to the great Scotch poet the verse is borne along with a joyous energy sometimes light and rippling, sometimes deep and strong, like that of Burns’ river itself.

*“O! little Nith! O! happy river!
You shall not lose that gleam forever;
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,
Shall sing of him who walked beside them
And from his great heart wove a story
That was the crown upon his glory.*

* * * * *

*For on that morning,
When Tam o’ Shanter, without warning,
Came gloriously down to earth,*

*The river, singing at his birth,
Wore on its face a mystic light;
For in that moment reached its height
The lyric fire, the dying flare
From out the heart of Burns of Ayre!"*

Again, we often find a delightful harmony of sound and meaning, as in "To a Violinist". This poem starts out stiffly and awkwardly, giving the same impression as that which the violinist gives to his audience. But it is not long before we hear

*"Voices of the singing birds that flattered unto happy tears,
Lovers lingering in the twilights of how many thousand years!
Voices moaning and intoning of old sorrows, hopes, and fears!
Sounds of waves on craggy beaches and of winds that shout above,
Melting, dwindle to a murmur, like the cooing of a dove,
Rise again and waxing stronger, swell into a chant of love."*

When the voices have died away, and the audience awakes to the stiffly bowing musician, the feeling of awkwardness again appears in the verse, but through it and triumphing over it is the solemnity of deep admiration for the beauty he has created.

It is, nevertheless, as a revealer of human nature that Mr. Daly commands our attention. The dialect poems owe their wide and growing popularity and their permanent value to their vivid portrayal of very definite, richly human, and absolutely genuine people whose frank naivety makes us smile and yet admire them. Some of the English poems, indeed, are almost "dialect poems without the dialect" for they make the same sort of comments upon human nature,—sometimes satirical as in "The Building Inspector" and sometimes merely whimsical, as in "The Ballad of Family Names". These are always true to life and always interesting, yet coming as they do, not from a strongly emotional, frank-speaking immigrant, deeply concerned in the situation he describes, but from an omniscient and impersonal "author", they lack the charming intimacy and compelling power of the dialect poems. Like a denunciatory sermon from an unanswerable pulpit, impersonal satire may hit, but it leaves the recipient depressed. If, however, it is presented as the candid opinion of genuinely interesting personality who is in the situation just as deeply as the person criticised, sympathy with the person leads to greater interest in and sounder appreciation of the criticism.

Yet T. A. Daly is no merely superficial observer, content to show only the humorous surfaces of personality. The inner character, revealed

in the thoughts and feelings which we have chosen to keep us closest company, which have in their turn grown so attached to us that they are as difficult to leave behind as a faithful old dog, and out of which in the most critical moments of our lives we forge the practical wisdom that carries us through, this inner character is of far more lasting interest. Of course, to know the true man we must know not only his inmost thoughts but why and how he has formed them. The collections of facts which the realists hurl at us, the lofty heights of imagination to which the romanticists bear us, even the generalizations and laws which the scientists point out to us show at best a truncated reality which, till we learn the personalities, and experiences, and limitations of experience which met in its discovery, is apt to be utterly misleading. Like the flower cut from the plant, the thought abstracted from the personality and experiences that produced it soon withers and leaves no seed behind.

So it is, no doubt, that the common sense and practical morality of the eighteenth century, boasting logical infallibility, and yet showing its one-sidedness so plainly, fell from excess of honor into the extreme of disrepute. Nevertheless, poetry that ignores the common sense of the race, the common sense worked out by men beset by life's stern problems, is just as one-sided. Neither high-soaring imagination nor a sullen grimness amid primitive and brutal realities is the chief element of the human mind; one at least as important is the common sense by which all the instincts and passions are integrated into character. Therefore we are rejoiced to find "In Praise of St. Stephen", which illumines the common-sense creed of an Irish washerwoman so vividly that we can understand her and her situation in life better than we could from a thousand statistics. "Kiss Her" and "The Perfect Solitude" are similar expressions of common sense, lighting up the personality behind the thought. Who cannot hear the kindly old gentleman whose warmth of heart controls but never runs away with his native shrewdness, talking to his younger, newly married neighbor, and laughing slyly, no doubt, at the latter's impatience? Or who cannot understand and admire the business man, at heart a poet, worn out by petty business and tired of all its fuss, who longs to get away to "perfect solitude", but who has the good sense and the true humanity to seek and find it in the garden of his wife's presence?

The characterization of child nature in "Bedfellows", "The Spoiled Child", and especially in "The Ouches" is delightful and reminds one of Riley at his best. The children here are as solidly flesh and blood and as bubbling over with fun and naive wit as any child we might meet anywhere. "The Ouches" is especially interesting in that it shows the child's respect for the sound philosophy of his parents.

In "A Fancy Nicotian" on the other hand, we have the dreams of youth and love. Indeed, it is a revel of the sentimental imagination. And yet in one sense, it is eminently true to life, for it expresses a mood which every one must know who has fallen under the spell of a pipe, a pretty girl, and the romantic moment.

But if it is by his portrayal of personality that Mr. Daly commands our attention, it is as a prophet of sacred wedlock that he holds our permanent interest. He sings the richness of its joys and even of its sorrows, and proclaims the unconquerable nature of family love and loyalty. With him wedlock is always sacred, as it is the sun and source of life's most worth-while values.

*"Love is Eternal. It never can die.
Though we lull it with laughter or drug it with sorrow,
Not the primeval sea, not the sun in the sky,
Not the reaches of space are so sure of a morrow."*

In "The Queen's Fleets" he pays high tribute to the inspiration of his wife when, after describing magnificently the splendors of the treasure hauls of old-time pirates, he compares his wife's thoughts to the rich-laden merchant ships which he, the pirate, seizes.

*"Take for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand
Hath carved for thee,
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand
That fronts the sea.*

* * * * *

*It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;
Voiceless, serene,
The sea dreams; Silence holds all lovely things—
And thou art Queen!
For silence in the twilight's gold and red
Behind thee, sets a crown upon thy head.
Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,
And let me wait to hail them home again
With riches fraught."*

But best of all is the deep vein of strong common sense running throughout these poems. As the poet muses upon the return of the month of his marriage, "Perennial May", he feels the joy of the memory mingling with the inevitable sense of growing old and the natural tendency to compare one's present state unfavorably with a transfigured and idealized past. But the sound philosophy of a strong personality dominates the situation and brings forth this gem of common sense:

*"If any change there be—
 A greater or a less
 Degree of tenderness—
 It is not ours to see,
 Dear love,
 Not ours to feel or see."*

But the masterpiece, undoubtedly, proclaiming the transforming nobility of courage in the deepest misfortune, with all the power and depth of feeling from which it was wrought, is the ode "To a Thrush". Here, also, the adaptation of the form to the feeling is most complete. The six stanzas of the meditation, in iamic pentameter lightened by three trimeter lines, express the sadness of the listeners, a sadness far more profound than melancholy, their deeply religious spirit, and their strength of mind that will find its comfort only in the somber reality. To them the singing of the thrush on the fifth anniversary of their crippled child, recalling its song on the morning of her birth, is a symbol of deep spiritual significance. The opening and closing stanzas, on the other hand, whose lines have caught the lilt and melody of the thrush's song, are full of a joyousness triumphing through the deepest sorrow, and revealing as the life of St. Francis did, glimpses of heaven itself. Unfortunately, we can give only a part of it, and advise that it be read in its entirety, for it will well repay the time spent on it.

*"Sing clear, O! Thristle,
 Thou golden-tongued apostle
 And little brown-frocked brother
 Of the loved Assissian!
 Sing courage to the mother,
 Sing strength into the man,
 For they who in another May
 Trod Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain,
 Have tasted in thy song today
 The bitter-sweet red lees again.
 To them in whose sad Maytime thou
 Sangst comfort from thy maple bough,
 To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
 O! prophet then, be prophet now
 And paraclete!"*

R. L. Molitor, '22.

A Picture from Peking

*Stately camel caravan
Are you a-dream beneath those walls?
Do not stand so, camel man.
The Mongol desert silent calls,
And trails lead on, far off, alone,
Along that highway yonder.*

*Those walls were made by ancient men,
Of granite brought from Bao-ting-fu.
A thousand years, not even then
Will they have moved their place. But you. . .
You are not made of brick and stone. . .
Do you forget to wander?*

D. M. Pruitt, '23.

The Peddler of Dreams

THERE once was a certain fashioner of dreams, who, in the time of his youth, peddled his wares along the ways of the world. But all men said, "What can this beardless boy know of the fashioning of dreams?" So none ever bought. Because of this, the Maker of Dreams had to eke out a miserable existence begging along the ways of the world. Then, one day, quite by accident, the Maker of Dreams came to the Country of the Gods. Seeing a majestic stranger pacing along the path, he stopped him and asked, "What country is this? What manner of folk dwell here?" To this the majestic stranger answered, "This is the Country of the Gods, and none save the Gods lives here." And the Maker of Dreams rejoiced, saying, "Perhaps the Gods will buy my dreams!" The majestic stranger smiled an indulgent smile and went on.

Now the Maker of Dreams found that none of the Gods would buy his dreams. They said, discussing the matter, "What can this careworn old man know of the fashioning of dreams?" This left nothing for the Maker of Dreams to do but to keep on walking to the edge of the world and leap off. This he did.

H. M. Blair, Jr., '25.

A Contributor's Column

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I see there is quite some blank spaces in the November HAVERFORDIAN which might as well have been filled up if you hadn't been so short of poetry. To help you out, I have writ this pome. It ain't perhaps so valable as the one writ by W. A. Reitzel, because there's more folks loves the land than loves the sea. Howsoever them as loves the sea loves it a darned sight more than the others loves the land. So pleas to publish this in the December issue. In spite of poverty and blank spaces I am an honest-to-goodness

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SEA LOVE

*God! For the meanest sloop that sails the sea,—
Some battered wreck without much style or form
That I could patch and paint until she'd be
Able to weather any ocean siorm!
Some craft that I could call my very own,—
To drive her, close-reefed, through the summer gales,—
To feel the wheel's short kick, and see the "bone"
Of snowy white beneath her tugging sails!*

*Here in the village, what a life I lead.
The morning brings no invitation sweet
To distant islands. Though the noon may breed
A sultry breeze, it mingles dust with heat.
The endless night is vile with hoodlum's scream
And poisoned mist from some polluted stream.*



Exchanges

The *Williams Graphic* departs, whether wisely or no is a moot question, from the usual custom of college literary publications in printing to so great a degree material interesting only to its own student body. The high grade of its pictorial department is rather marred for the outsider by the inclusion of such intimate college snap-shots as might suitably be found in the college newspaper and nowhere else. Similarly two essays in the October issue dealing with specifically Williams College problems — "Williams in China" and "The Reorganization of the Commons Club", however interesting they may be to an undergraduate of Williams, can not help disappointing considerably a sympathetic reader who has not the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the college itself. However profitable a criticism of the style and treatment of these articles might prove to the critic, he must continually feel at a loss through lack of sympathy with the subject.

In grateful contrast to the essays are, in point of interest, the other contents of the magazine. These include a rather phlegmatic account of seeing "Europe from the Air", and a sympathetic review of Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" which admirers of Mr. Wells, in view of the considerable adverse criticism of this book, must surely appreciate. The story "Hidden Details" is characterized by a severely logical and exact plot, after the style of the usual detective story. "Georgiana Disposes" is much its superior in artistry, however. Whosoever has experienced the doubtful misfortune of meeting a young lady of Georgiana's sort can not help enjoying the situation. In spite of certain extremely jazzy passages, which it is pleasant to consider mere interludes, the story seems pervaded by an air of "contented melancholy".

By the author of this story are also the two poems in the issue. The verse, however, scarcely adds to his credit. "Quietus" has as its inspiration a pleasant little love affair with an abrupt conclusion. It has the fault of pretending to be extremely profound while being as a matter of fact very shallow. The verse itself, rising at times to real magnificence as in the lines

*"From the blue-black height
I saw the half-entinguished fires
Burn far within the velvet
Upon untended funeral pyres."*

comes very close to making one forgive the subject.

Alumni Notes

(NOTE—The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to the college librarian or to Dudley Pruitt, Founders Hall.)

1885

Professor Rufus M. Jones has added another book, "Later Periods of Quakerism", to his ever-increasing collection. The publishers are the Macmillan Company.

Professor Jones also has an able article, "The Mystic's Experience", in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1921.

Hollingsworth on "Our Ancestry Linguistic".

Andover Theological Seminary and the Harvard Divinity School were addressed at their joint opening exercises by Professor Henry J. Cadbury.

1909

An article entitled "An Artificial Nerve", by Reynold A. Spaeth appeared in the October 14th number of *Science*. Mr. Spaeth also has a very interesting letter in the same magazine for October 21st. It was headed "An Ideal Host", and was about a personal experience with a shark sucker.

1897

Elliot Field, of Cleveland, O., has an article in the October number of the *American Magazine* on Judge Florence B. Allen, the first woman judge in a Common Pleas Court in the United States.

1902

The *Weekly Review* for July 23d published an article by Richard M. Gummere on "Vocational Tyranny", and on July 30th an extended review of Romain Rolland's "Cherambault" by A. G. H. Spiers.

1908

The *Classical Journal* for April published an able article by J. F.

1910

Christopher Morley has published several poems recently. They are as follows: "In an Auction Room" and "Keats", both in *Current Opinion* for April; "Diarists", *Literary Digest* for July 16th; "Only a Matter of Time", *Atlantic* for July; "Wind before Breakfast", *Weekly Review* for September 3rd.

1917

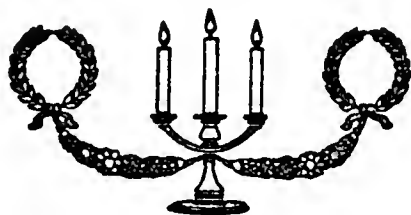
Several articles by William H. Chamberlain have appeared in recent numbers of the *New York Nation*.

A. C. Inman has a poem in the first number of a new magazine called *Voices*.

1918

Under the pseudonym of Paul

Tanaquil, J. G. Clemenceau Le Clercq has been contributing verse to various magazines; *Smart Set*, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Forum*, *Lyric West* and others. Mr. LeClercq also has a poem in the first number of *Voices*. The Little Theatre in Cleveland has recently given his play "A Stranger may be God".



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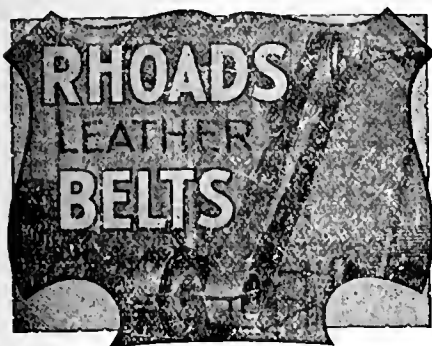
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The College Man

*(In this column the management of
 the THE HAVERFORDIAN attempts to put
 before its readers the latest showings of the
 Philadelphia shops of the better grade. For
 information as to where the articles described
 may be obtained address "The College
 Man", THE HAVERFORDIAN, Haverford, Pa.)*

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 year, and are being shown in a variety of
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(Continued on page 31)

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(Continued from page 29)

The angora and brush wool sweaters are being used a great deal for golfing, and furnish a very warm and serviceable garment for outing wear. They are made in a great number of color combinations. The prices range from seven to thirty dollars.

Leaving the sports and coming to the more dressy fall wear, it seems as if the brown hat was to be the one seen on the head of the better dressed man this year. There are many new shades of this popular color such as fox, and light willow. The gray hats do not seem to have become favored as much in this country as they are abroad, although they have their supporters here.

The most practical topcoat for this season is the cravenetted tweed coat. I saw an extremely good-looking one in a light tan at forty-five dollars in one of the haberdashers. These coats not only are very dressy, but serve as a most excellent raincoat in the wet early winter days.

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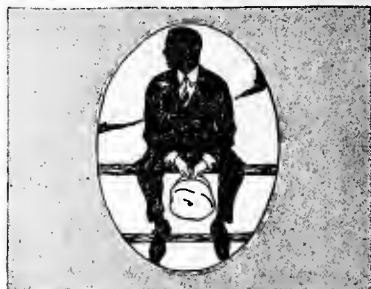
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JANUARY, 1922

VOLUME XLI

NUMBER 5

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Valse in C Sharp Minor

A ONE ACT PLAY

JOSEPH SENTA, an old musician.

MARTA, his family servant.

JOHANN BALTZ, a friend.

Scene—A low-ceilinged German room. Backstage centre, a double window looking out on a tangle of blooming lilac bushes and some blue sky. On the left, forward, an oak-paneled fireplace. Left, back, a door leading to the hall is standing ajar. Backstage, right, an upright piano. Right, centre, a small bookcase. Table and easy chair. It is almost evening.

An old tall man sits at the piano, his back to the audience. He is playing Chopin's Valse in C Sharp Minor, and is joying in it. He breaks off in the middle and calls.

SENTA: Marta!

MARTA (*offstage*): Yes, sir.

SENTA: Will you come here a moment please?

(She comes, and in the twilight appears an ordinary German family servant whose connection with the family in question is longstanding.)

SENTA: Isn't it nearly time?

MARTA: Yes, sir. The train from Berlin should be here at seven. (*A small tinkly clock strikes six.*)

SENTA: An hour isn't so much after five years, is it Marta?

MARTA: I wouldn't want her back, if I were you!

SENTA: Tut, Marta! Wait! She needs forgiveness more than anything.

MARTA: Well I wouldn't give it to her. Any girl that would run away with one of her father's lowest pupils, and then not show any shame—

SENTA: Leopold was a very clever boy, Marta, and but for his consumption would have been great by this time. He was a good boy, too.

MARTA: If he was good, why didn't he marry Miss Rita?

SENTA: Ssh! Leopold wanted love to carry him along, not the ties that marrying Miss Rita would have brought; and she thought the same.

MARTA: But it wasn't respectable!

SENTA: Marta, Marta! We've been over it all too often, and I suppose you can never be convinced.

MARTA: Heaven knows you were bitter enough yourself, at Leopold, sir!

SENTA: I couldn't prevent it; the feeling was too natural. That it was a wrong and unjust attitude, only these years of peaceful thought

could have shown me. And now that he's dead, and Rita desires to come home, I am glad—much more than glad, to see her again.

MARTA: It seems like helping sin to me, sir, and I won't be party to it!

SENTA: Now Marta, you know that below all this narrow talk of yours you really love my daughter, and that as soon as she opens the door, you will be the first to greet her with all your love in your outstretched arms and smiling eyes.

MARTA (*rather tearfully*): I do know that sir, and it's that that makes me so angry at myself. It'll be being weak in the sight of the Lord.

SENTA: No it won't. It will be being strong. Your pastor tells you only what he thinks sin is, but you will, when the moment comes, go instinctively to the real truth, and forgive.

MARTA: I hope I can be strong as I see fit sir, but I'm sure I won't.

SENTA (*turning to the piano*): You won't have to interrupt me this evening, Marta. I still have some playing to do, but I suppose I can watch the clock this time. You will have Miss Rita's room ready, won't you?

MARTA: Yes, sir.

(*She leaves, closing the door softly behind her. The sky is getting dark and a few sleepy-voiced birds chirp in the lilacs.*)

SENTA (*To himself, and reaching to the top of the piano for some music*): No more Chopin this evening, Josef. It's work now. (*He idly turns the sheets, then shuts the book, and begins practicing scales and trilly runs in a nervous manner. The knocker of the house door sounds. Josef starts up and looks at clock.*) It can't be, it's too early.

MARTA (*enters*): Mr. Baltz, sir. (*Johann Baltz follows close after her. He is a short, stumpy, red-faced person.*)

SENTA: Good evening, Johann! I thought perhaps it was Rita; the Berlin express often gets in half an hour early. But you will do very well to pass the time, Johann. I am not in a mood to practice now, at any rate. Sit down, old friend. There, in that easy chair! (*Baltz does so, and Josef stands by the window. Silence.*)

BALTZ: What time is Miss Rita coming, Josef?

SENTA: On the seven o'clock from Berlin. That's what I was talking about getting here early.

BALTZ: Oh, yes—I see now. My mind's wandering just the least bit.

SENTA (*after a long smoke-filled silence*): Johann, I'm worried a little.

BALTZ: Well?

SENTA: Do you suppose Rita will be changed any by her experience? Not that it will make any difference—I've gotten over all my early anger, and I now understand it all better—but will she have lost her sweetness? Those little manneis of hers! The tiny delightful personality that marked with beauty all it touched! Do you think she'll

bring that back with her?

BALTZ: Oh, Josef—I—

SENTA: I've seen girls that didn't, Johann, and she's been through mortal shame.

BALTZ: Rita was too good a girl, Josef Senta! Even that lazy rascal Martina couldn't spoil her! I've always maintained, and still do that he was worthless and led her astray.

SENTA: Gently, Johann. You did not understand Leopold completely. I worked with that boy, and I knew corners in his soul that he had never even touched himself—and one of them was his love for my daughter. That is why, after my first passionate outburst against them, I forgave. I knew that although there were forces in Leopold which would hold him aloof from family ties, my girl would gain from him a love that no other mortal could ever grant her. And I felt that the shame—if you and the others care to call it that—would be overbalanced by the depth of the experience.

(*In a slightly worried tone*) Now, I've not seen Leopold or Rita since, and will I be right? That is what has been troubling me.

BALTZ: I think you flatter the fellow, Josef! You are right in forgiving the girl, of course—but her lover—Never! Even as dead as he is, I would hate him!

SENTA: But it is so unjust and so useless. (*The room is quite dark by now.*) I didn't notice how dark it was getting! Just a moment, Johann. (*Going to the door and calling*) Marta, will you please light the lamp? No, never mind, I'll do it myself, I'd forgotten it was in here. (*Going to piano and searching for matches in his pockets and on the windowsill*) Johann, have you a match?

BALTZ: Why here are some on the table! You placed them there yourself when you began to smoke. Here!

SENTA: (*taking them and lighting the lamp, carrying it around the room as he speaks*) Of course. Of course! Where shall I put it? Here on the mantel? (*He does so.*) Is that in your eyes? (*Seats himself at the piano.*) About Leopold, Johann. You say too much against him. He was no more to blame than twenty other things which tugged her away from me. He was only the summation of all Rita felt she could not get from me. (*Pause*) I suppose she couldn't either. I was engrossed almost to stupidity over my piano. And to—(*He notices the clock.*) Lord, Johann, nearly seven! She'll be here soon. You'd better stay and help me meet her.

BALTZ: That's what I came for, Josef Senta. Are you going mad? You should have known that!

SENTA: Of course, old friend. It was foolish of me. Some wine while we wait?

BALTZ: No, Josef, I don't really care for any. But get some for yourself.

SENTA: No, I don't care for any now, either.

(They sit and smoke nervously. Their talk is small.)

BALTZ: Did the Concert Master see you about the new concerto of Stavine's yet?

SENTA: No—that is, yes, he did!

BALTZ: Do you think it worthy?

SENTA: I can't say. I haven't played it over as yet!

BALTZ: But you did, Josef! Last Wednesday. I was here with you.

SENTA: Oh, so I did! Yes, I liked it, except I thought it was common.

BALTZ: Josef, Josef, you said it was very original, then!

SENTA: That's right. I remember now. It was. *(Laughs)* Johann, there's no use trying to make me talk sensibly now. Let us just sit and smoke, we're old enough acquaintances.

BALTZ: Just so! *(They settle back. The clock strikes seven. Senta starts up, but smiles and sinks back. The knocker sounds.)*

SENTA *(rising and moving towards the door)*: There she is now. The express got in a little early after all. *(Feminine voices are heard. Then they cease. Nothing happens.)* *(Nervously)* Why doesn't Marta bring her in? *(Going to the door and calling)* Marta!

MARTA *(offstage)*: Yes, sir?

SENTA: Wasn't that Rita? It's time for her.

MARTA *(as before)*: Lord no, sir. It was only the girl with the milk.

SENTA *(coming back and standing beside Johann)*: I should have known that, Johann. That girl has been coming at seven o'clock every evening for five years. I must be worse than I think I am.

(They smoke again.)

BALTZ: Josef, are you certain Leopold was as good as you think he was? I never liked his eyes.

SENTA: He had artist's eyes, and they kept too much from you for your satisfaction, I suppose. But please don't talk about him any longer. There's only Rita to consider now.

BALTZ: Well, I never liked him, and that's still my feeling.

SENTA: You're an unchangeable old person, Johann. *(They smoke. Senta suddenly glances at the clock.)* Quarter past? That can't be right! It only takes ten minutes for coach to come down from the station, and that train has never been late. *(A fear strikes him)* You don't imagine she won't come, do you Johann?

BALTZ: You showed me the letter, Josef. It said, "on the seven o'clock from Berlin." Nothing could be plainer!

SENTA: Then it must be the train.

(A coach draws up before the door. The knocker sounds. Marta's voice is heard in surprise. Then the coach drives away. The men

rise to their feet and look at one another expectantly.)

SENTA: I know she won't be changed, Johann! I know she won't!

BALTZ: Of course not. She's your daughter! *(The door opens, but no Rita—only Marta.)*

SENTA *(in astonishment)*: Well, Marta!

MARTA: Special post, sir, with a letter. *(She passes it over and turns to leave.)*

SENTA: Wait! it's from Berlin! *(Pause. Then to Johann)* I'm almost afraid to open it, Johann. *(Then he breaks the seal and reads it. His face becomes immeasurably sad as he does so.)* Miss Rita will not be here tonight—or ever Marta. She—is dead!

MARTA: Dead sir?

(Senta nods. Marta flings her apron over her head and runs out. Senta sinks into the easy chair.)

BALTZ *(after observing him closely)*: Now, Josef, what's the truth? I can see Rita is not dead!

SENTA: Worse than that, Johann. She has found another man—rich and married, she says. Here is her letter. *(He hands the note to Baltz.)* But I know it cannot be true. I was afraid!

BALTZ *(reads it, then angrily)*: Why can't she be married, Josef Senta? She writes she is, and you believe you own daughter, don't you?

SENTA: Almost without limit, Johann, but she went once—and more—over I know this man. It could not be so with him! Oh, Johann, you see that she is dead, don't you?

BALTZ: Yes—you would not say so if it were not true. Yes! She is dead!

SENTA *(going to the door and calling)*: Marta, will you please give Mr. Baltz a glass of wine as he goes! Please, Johann! I would be alone.

(Baltz shakes hands and leaves.)

(Senta goes over to the piano. Scatters the music on the floor. The extremely saddened notes of the Valse in C Sharp Minor sound.)

The Curtain Falls

William Reitzel, '22.



Iphigenia, Greek and German

WHEN Goethe undertook to compose a dramatic poem choosing for his theme an episode in the celebrated Greek legend surrounding the house of Atreus, it may well have been that his friends gasped at his hardihood, even though they recognized his genius. The story of Iphigenia among the Taurians had been well set forth by Euripides, and it required a bold man indeed to use the same materials with which an earlier master had constructed so beautiful an edifice. Why then did Goethe select such a subject? We can only reply because his marvelous mind perceived the possibilities for the expression of new ideals in the character of Iphigenia.

Let us look at the Iphigenia of Euripides and seek to understand her in her classic surroundings. Rescued by the miraculous intervention of Artemis from a bloody death on the sacrificial altar at Aulis, Iphigenia was carried in a cloud to the Tauric land where the barbarian king, Thoas by name, made her priestess of the temple to Artemis. Here among strangers she bemoans the fate of her race, and "lone by a stern sea's desert shores" longs for a brother's kiss. Not only is her heart sore with grief, but the custom of the land demands her active participation as priestess in the sacrifice of every Greek who may be shipwrecked on the coast. Her stricken spirit has at first been filled with compassion for the strangers whom she must slay, but recently she has interpreted a dream to signify the death of her absent brother Orestes, and this affects her attitude toward human sacrifice. Enraged by the further supposed misfortunes of her kin, she burns for revenge on the Greeks, and her heart is steeled while she prays that Helen and Menelaus be borne to her for sacrifice. At this stage of the story Orestes is led in with his friend Pylades, the two having been captured on the coast where they have come in obedience to an oracle bidding them bring to Greece the image of Artemis in the Tauric country. Due to the lapse of time, brother and sister fail to recognize each other, but this does not prevent Iphigenia from learning from the two strangers of the vast evils that have visited her parents since the end of the Trojan war, and of the haunting persecution of Orestes by the Erinyes. Realizing that her dream was false, she offers to save one of the pair if he will carry a message to Orestes. But Orestes refuses to be saved at the expense of Pylades, and the latter is prevailed upon to act as messenger. When, however, she tells Pylades the words to repeat to Orestes, she unwittingly reveals her identity in the presence of her brother, who in a transport of joy eagerly embraces his sister. She, on the other hand, is not so readily convinced, but when the truth does burst upon her, she too rushes to her brother's arms. The

three then plot to escape from the unfriendly land, and Iphigenia invents the plan. She proposes to inform the king that the two captives have polluted the image of Artemis with their bloodstained hands, and that she must cleanse the statue by washing it in the sea. Thus they may steal the statue and escape at the same time. When, at the close of the drama, the winds refuse to bear the fleeing ship southward, the fugitives are on the point of being executed by the angry king. But, Athena, as a *dea ex machina*, appears and bids the king spare them, for they are working under heaven's ordinance.

Thus runs the narrative of Euripides. It is more difficult, however, to analyze the character of the heroine than describe her acts. It is not satisfactory to enter upon a voyage of discovery into the probable aims of Euripides. His ethics, for example, elude the pursuer, because of the fact that a genius who is in a productive mood does not usually go from ethics to art but *vice versa*. A sculptor feels the impulse to mold, and mold he does under the sustained inspiration of an ineffable sense for the exquisite flow of line and the harmony of all the parts in one grand irresistible whole. The poet likewise is overwhelmed with a mystic ecstasy as his body vibrates to the music of his mind. No thought has he for the ethical value of his product—an impulse solely prompts his pen. The passion for intellectual production is equally blind with the bodily and sensual instincts. And so it is with the true dramatist: he lives his drama through, creating a product that has beauty for its source and end; its ethical value is only then determined by the sober judgment, often drab, of pedants.

For the reason that a man changes his ideals and aspirations as his life expands, it would appear rather unreasonable to expect to find an absolutely consistent system of philosophy in a group of writings spread over a long life of composition. Hence it is preferable to study the character of Iphigenia in the light of Greek thought as a whole at the time when Euripides flourished, rather than by comparing her with female personages in his other extant plays, or by examining her with a glass tinted with theoretical observations concerning the poet's probable states of mind.

The Iphigenia of Euripides possesses a very human character. Faults she has in common with her kind, and virtues too. She is a woman of warm southern temperament, knowing the call of emotion, and like a woman is guided in her main actions by her heart. We pity her as we see her pining on a foreign strand; we comprehend and commiserate her fate. Blighted by an age-old curse imposed by the highest of the gods, she realizes her utter helplessness and feels the lack of normal human joy. What knows she of the ringing of harps or the melody of song, as she silently wanders in the sacred grove? Far from her father's halls,

she lacks a husband's love, for fate has given her sorrow for her lot and made mourning her portion.

But how different becomes her nature as she meditates on the awful wrongs committed against her! In her destiny she sees white altars streaming with their victims' blood, and hears the hideous music of the doomed ones weeping. Such sights and sounds, far from deterring her from her duty as priestess, cause her to exult when she learns that some of the hated race are in her power. But once more her woman nature yields when Orestes and Pylades are brought in chains before her. As she admires their youthful forms, she sighs and eagerly questions them as to their birth and family. In these evil-starred strangers she perceives the adverse workings of a fate similar to her own. "Who was thy mother, who thy sister, of what brothers shall she be bereft?" cries the priestess to the captives. And who can describe the joyous passion that fills her being as she flies to Orestes' bosom, after she is convinced that he truly is her brother? But her bliss is short-lived, for soon she recalls the everlasting curse. What god or mortal can bring rest to the last of the tortured brood? At this point Iphigenia reveals another side of her nature,—she resorts to cunning and ruse. This perhaps is the Greek in her, but it should be noted in passing that she refuses to accept her brother's advice to kill the king, because (says she) it were foul to slay a host. Then she proceeds to deceive Thoas with scheming falsehoods, and her plan at last succeeds through the appearance of Athena, who announces that the curse is spent.

Iphigenia answers to the ideal of a woman of classic Greece. Familiar with the paths of sorrow she bears a chastened soul, but even heaven's harsh decrees cannot break her will. She adheres to the middle way as every true Greek does. Neither crushed with personal grief nor too bitter against divinity, she finds her rule of conduct in the living of life and the promptings of her heart. When an avenue to salvation is opened, she feels the means are justified by the end, and in perfect naturalness takes the natural way. As a Greek she must not be condemned for this. Moreover, I feel she must not even be blamed for revengeful prayers, because the Greeks universally believed that justice often required the death of wrongdoers,—and it would not be like a Greek to believe in a proposition and not at the same time desire its fulfillment. She was true to type, and to judge her by any other standards than those of fifth century Greece is to fall into grave error. Such a woman undoubtedly made a wonderful appeal to an Athenian audience. Bravely self-reliant, religious, strong in love and hate, and yet with much of the frailty of her sex, Iphigenia is a true Greek woman on a heroic scale.

Almost exactly twenty-two hundred years after the production of Euripides' play, Goethe stood in Bologna before a painting of the martyred

St. Agatha. Seven years before, Goethe had begun work on a version of his *Iphigenie*, and had taken it to Italy with him for revision. Now from Bologna, in 1786, he wrote as follows of St. Agatha: "I have well observed her figure, and I shall in spirit read aloud my *Iphigenie* to her, and let my heroine say nothing which this saint might not approve." In these words did Goethe reveal his purpose in taking up the ancient legend. Antiquity had handed down numerous beautiful creations of the imagination. It became Goethe's object to fuse the antique with the modern, to purge with the fire of his genius the ideas that lived in these pagan works of art.

Although Goethe's drama has much in common with that of Euripides, it differs radically in many respects and especially differs in the character of the heroine herself. As Dr. Franz Thalmayr observed, the entire play of the German dramatist stands or falls with the characterization of Iphigenia, the principal supporter of ethical ideals. Therefore, we shall confine ourselves to the changes Goethe made in her character alone, omitting the many alterations of detail in the remaining persons of the drama. To the German poet Iphigenia is a high, pure, holy soul. Schiller was right when he chose the word "soul" to mark the particular merit of the play, for instead of swift action and the unfolding of a physical plot on the stage, we have a complicated evolution in the reactions of intellects upon each other, and the long struggle in the heroine's mind to abolish the curse, to save her brother, and yet to do no wrong. The battle between Iphigenia and the ancestral curse forms the great note of the drama. "Soll dieser Fluch denn ewig walten? Soll nie dies Geschlecht mit einem neuen Segen sich wieder heben?" Iphigenia pathetically exclaims. And at the end she cries with joy from the very depths of her soul, "Es löset sich der Fluch, mir sagt's das Herz!" An innocent woman through the purity of her life eventually triumphs over all her foes, and saves from death her demented brother. M. Legrelle has said that Goethe's object was to produce in Iphigenia "un type éternel et suprême de perfection idéale," and we gladly grant that he succeeded admirably.

Eckermann once asked Goethe how the moral element came into the world, and Goethe replied, "Through God himself, like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature, inherent and inborn. It is, more or less, inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently gifted minds. These have, by great deeds or doctrines, manifested their divine nature; which, then, by the beauty of its appearance, won the love of men, and powerfully attracted them to reverence and emulation." Goethe's Iphigenia assuredly possesses one of these eminently gifted minds. Such a holy radiance surrounds her figure that she brings good to all with whom she comes in

contact. Honored almost as a goddess in a foreign land, she is loved and adored by the king himself, no longer grossly barbarous as in Euripides. She is like an overflowing fountain of good fortune, and peace abides in her presence. Such a woman cannot by any means bring herself to the craft and guile of her prototype. Only through truth will Goethe's heroine conquer or be defeated. Her courage, founded at first on another's false logic, gives way in the face of the threatening sin, and she opens without stint the secrets of her bosom to king Thoas. She implores him to release Orestes and Pylades and to allow her to accompany them home. She has found her brother and would dwell near him always. And when she is leaving, the king's "lebt wohl" casts a blessing over the departing Greeks. How different is this woman from the classic Iphigenia who rushed to her goal regardless of the steps by which she ascended. The latter perceived the future with all the keenness of a Greek intellect; she knew what she wished and she took the practical means of gaining her desire. But the modern Iphigenia feels the purport of each deed, and the weight even of the lightest sin presses her to earth. The contest between right and wrong, to her mind, must be won without any concession to the lower self. Pure all the way and pure the prize!

Goethe has altered the action in two striking instances in order to allow for the change in Iphigenia's character. First, Orestes voluntarily reveals to Iphigenia his true name, instead of concealing it for a time as in Euripides; and second, the oracle is changed so that it is finally seen to be unnecessary to take the image back to Greece. In the first instance, pertaining to the recognition scene, it is entirely in accordance with the tendency of the play to have Orestes say to Iphigenia, "Let there be truth between us, I am Orestes." In this way, many falsehoods are avoided, and in addition it is a tribute not only to Orestes' truthful nature, but also to the upright character of Iphigenia, to whom man cannot glibly lie. In the second instance, regarding the Delphic oracle, the fugitives are commanded to "bring back the sister to Greece." They interpret this to signify Apollo's sister Artemis, but it is made apparent in the fifth act that the "sister" refers to Iphigenia. Hence they give up the quest of the image, thereby avoiding an armed conflict with Thoas, who is unwilling to lose the statue. This second change from the original permits Iphigenia to keep her hands unsoiled by theft, and also provides a more ethical ideal behind the oracle. Goethe does not employ either the *dea ex machina* or the chorus. The *dénouement* is arrived at by the natural evolution of events, and thus the supernatural apparition of a deity is dispensed with. The absence of the chorus, adding little but incidental beauty to the Greek drama by Euripides' time, is not missed by a modern audience.

It is not difficult to criticize adversely the Iphigenia of Goethe, and a few individuals have pointed out the impossibility of her actions, the unreality of her nature, and the objectionable perfection, because so complete, of her every thought and act. No woman, they say, could ever combine such virtues in this life. But I believe a poet should be judged by what he himself aims to accomplish, and not by what a critic may think he should have aimed at. Bielschowsky thinks that one of Goethe's greatest purposes in this drama was to discover an inward solution for the problem of freeing a race from the curse of sin, and that therefore the poet was obliged to create an Iphigenia with a personality exalted far above the common run of humankind. And it is true that through her lofty virtue, and through that alone, the souls of suffering men are healed. "Alle menschlichen Gebrechen sühnet reine Menschlichkeit," wrote Goethe to the actor Krüger on the fly-leaf of a copy of *Iphigenie*. If this then was his purpose, who can cast a stone?

H. S. Fraser, '22.

Old China

*A mirrored bridge across a mirror lake,
A summertime pavilion by its side,
Three score and thirty months it took to make
Them perfect for the Son of Heaven's bride.
Three score and thirty royal maidens sang
The song of dedication. Bronze-cast bells
In all the high celestial temples rang
Their hollow sounding tones. And in their cells
Bare shaven acolytes repeated chants,
And prophesied with dark stained tortoise shells
No lack of sons for the inheritance,
And mumbled words to ward off evil spells—
And blear-eyed mandarins grew fat and laughed
Because of all that they had gained by graft.*

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

Tambourin Chinois

THERE was something wrong with Sanborn. It did not require great powers of observation to detect that. I saw it. He was sitting in a corner, sunk deep in an easy chair, puffing fiercely at his evil pipe which was gripped tightly between his teeth. He was beating a nervous tattoo on the arm of his chair with his long fingers.

Perry and I were particularly gay. Perry was happy for he had just sold two of his pen-and-ink sketches for a sum which was, to my way of thinking, ridiculous. But then, Perry and I have always disagreed on the merit of his work. I was cheerful for no reason whatever, which is, after all, the best cause for happiness.

After putting a fresh log on the fire, Perry edged over to me.

"Would a whiskey-soda set him up?" he whispered.

I shook my head. "He hasn't touched a drop for two years. Laura—you know."

"Oh, yes, I had forgot."

He turned to Sanborn. "Well, San, since you won't tell us about your new novel and won't, apparently, discuss anything at all, at least you will listen to a record." Tragically, "Ah, say you will!"

Sanborn, oblivious to Perry's attempt to play the clown, muttered, "Anything you please."

Striking his breast in the same tragic manner Perry stalked to the victrola, wound it slowly, chose a record, picked out a needle, examined it with exasperating deliberateness—holding it to the light and testing it on his finger—and inserted it. With equal deliberateness he released the stop and started the record.

Before the first few bars had been played, Sanborn straightened up.

"*Tambourin Chinois*" he muttered. "Nothing could have suited me better."

Perry made a dash toward the victrola as if to stop it.

"Leave it on, damn you!" roared Sanborn. Perry hastened to comply with the polite request.

When the wild exotic strain with its last triumphant flourish had ceased leaving all of us with our imaginations running loose, Sanborn spoke.

"The last time Winters was here from China he told me a story—supposedly true—which exactly fits that piece. An old Chinese had told him the tale:

"It was a holiday—Emperor's birthday or something of the sort. The members of a certain Tong were holding a celebration of their own, making it a double occasion for rejoicing. Lord, I wish I could make

you see it as Winters pictured it: the big low-ceilinged room; the air heavy with smoke and perfume; the beauty and color everywhere; the gorgeous gowns of yellow silk, embroidered with blue and green; the striped cushions on which fat and jolly mandarins sat with their funny little caps of black silk embroidered in green and gold. Servants in their loose blouses and noiseless shoes were running here and there supplying the guests, who sat in a huge circle, with sweetmeats, now helping to light the pipes or filling the bowls of wine or finding extra cushions for the ancient one whom the wine always made sleepy. All were laughing and talking. The excitement and confusion grew. Tom-toms were heard and from behind a screen a dozen dancers wound into the circle, twisting and turning their bodies with supple grace or flinging themselves with utter abandon. Those who were not too much engrossed in making a noise themselves watched and applauded the dancers.

"Everyone was having a good time except one, one old man who sat stolid and impassive. No one heard him or saw him. No one paid him the slightest bit of attention. When the gaiety was at its height, the old man leaped to his feet, spread out his hands in a gesture of command, and shouted "'Stop!'" There was an immediate silence. Can't you notice the change in the record there? That is the old one telling his story, it is not a long one: 'Some of you remember,' he said, 'that two years ago I took for my bride the flower of the Manchu Province—beautiful, dainty, queenlike, all that one could desire. Happiness and joy were ours. I thought then that I could spend the rest of my days in contented dreaming. Why should I rejoice on this day?' he broke out despairingly, 'why should I rejoice? Yesterday I found that she had been unfaithful. Today her body lies with the dead lepers and the unclean. My soul is wailing with the dogs! Ai! Ai!'

"Someone pulled him down to his seat and pressed a bowl of wine to his lips. The mad gaiety continued, increased by the momentary cessation. More and more wine was given to the old man and he soon forgot all his sorrows. The record goes on there, you know, just as wildly as before. Winters ended the story with a sentence that has always remained in my mind: 'and the old man got as drunk as the rest'."

Sanborn had by this time sunk back into the depths of his chair. His gaze remained fixed on the floor as if he saw there the vivid picture he had drawn for us. Suddenly he arose and strode across to where Perry kept his private stock. He poured himself a liberal glass of whiskey.

"San!" I cried, "Laura—"

"Laura, Hell!" He drained the glass at a single gulp and poured another.

"Laura—"

"Shut up!" he said savagely.

"You mean—"

Sanborn swung quickly around. "Jack," he said, his black eyes looking fiercely into mine, 'the old man got as drunk as the rest'."

T. L. Fansler, '22

Ballade of Golden Days

*The first gray hush of dawning light;
The fading mist that hangs in air;
The noise of birds in early flight
Winging their way across to where
The mountains lie severely bare;
The sweet and dewy smell of grass;
The glistening firweed pink and fair—
Oh God! Why must such mornings pass!*

*The midday sky of bluish white;
The sun with its hot dazzling glare;
The raucous screech of crows in flight
As some blind owl they fiercely tear;
The supple birches everywhere;
The herons on the far morass,
Wheeling about, slow, debonair—
Oh God! Why must such rich days pass!*

*The cooling breezes of the night;
The radiant moon with chastening stare;
The whippoorwill, far out of sight,
Toning his melancholy air;
The desolate aspens quivering there;
The mackerel sky like mottled glass;
The evening star's unsteady flare—
Oh God! Why must such calm nights pass!*

*Spirit of woods, 'tis hard to bear
Some lingering grief through life. Alas!
That loss of you should be my care—
Would God such days might never pass!*

C. D. Abbott, '22.

Editorial Comment

L'Esprit Undergraduate

THRU French literature runs a current, a sparkling refreshing stream, and it is called *l'esprit gaulois*. But as for analysing it! Rhetorician and he who talks the idiom of the street, pedant and pupil, snob and intellectual snob throw up their mental hands in unison—but all enjoy it. A nearly similar case is that of undergraduate wit and humor.

Were it not for the fact that an undergraduates taking the course of analysing an undergraduate form of expression, amounts to his taking a journey of danger into a far country without the aid of a friendly hand to stay him or to urge him on, it would be diverting to attempt an analysis. As it is we only dare to pick a haphazard road thru the material that is round about.

Cynicism is the outcome of a vast amount of distastefully acquired maturity crowded into a relatively short life span. It is not something which youth successfully attains, in spite of its being something to which youth almost universally aspires. But this hothouse appearance of cynical pseudo-philosophies in college humor is wrong, and is inevitably a cause for earnest repentance three or four years later. Reason enough for not printing those bits flecked by Cynics!

Another curse is the epigram.

Its name is legion and it tends to flourish as did the flies of Jehovah's plague on Pharaoh. Its bite is not nearly as displeasing as its buzz. Yet that man who passes through four years of a collegiate existence and has not a single epigram behind him to speed his parting, considers himself unhappy. We wonder why, in much the same way others wonder at epigrams we have made. The epigram is the result of intense social polishing and refining, and springs from a distinctly different social group than the one a college life represents. For this reason it is never a suitable form for the undergraduate to employ with all the serious abandon an epigram must have in order to carry.

The *bon mot* is a form more closely akin to the epigram than it would seem at first sight. Like the epigram, its field is conversation, and hence it demands the same high degree of refinement. This it scarcely, if ever, secures in a collegiate community, and for this reason is subject to the same danger of ludicrous failure that haunts its companion. And an epigram or a *bon mot* left wandering in the far corners of a *salon*, is to have buried a prodigal son immediately after a feast of fatted calf.

The points in which *l'esprit* undergraduate is strongest are in that form of wit known as "the retort", and that form of humor called "whimsey". The student mind, sharpened by reading and inter-individual friction of the milder sort, achieves an immense ability to amuse by means of a clever cross-fire of conversation. The retort may be rough and untutored or may approximate the *bon mot* in veneer, but in neither case does it ever attain complete perfection. Its environment does not demand it; a pointed meaning is the only standard. The retort is the basis of most collegiate humor for the sound reason that it expresses most completely the social life of the group.

As for whimsey, this is due chiefly to a diverting openness and, paradoxically, to a peculiar narrowness in the undergraduate mind, a mind that views a large number of things, yet views them in a consistently distorted way. These distortions furnish intentionally whimsical interpretations of facts.

Obviously, this whimsical quality is better suited for literary development. Cynicism is ruled out for an already mentioned reason; epigrams and *bons mots* because they are in a low state of evolution and generally unworthy; and the retort because it is essentially conversational. But whimsey is admirable, particularly in the short story or familiar essay. Whimsey can be applied with greater return to things on which cynicism is now being lavished. And it is the literary applicability of whimsey that is interesting to the Board at a time when there is a dearth in humorous, really humorous contributions.



A Glimpse of Germany

RICHARD WAGNER would no longer feel at home in his native country today. The great composer, whose patron was that most eccentric of kings, the romantic Louis II of Bavaria, once expressed the wish that the multitude of principalities which constituted Germany might never become unified under one scepter. His motive was purely a personal one, for he feared that then there would be only one court theatre and only one court conductor, and his ambition was to become one of the thirty or more *Hofkapellmeister*.

United Germany today is through with kings and courts and *Hofkapellmeister* and everything that reminds the visitor of the old régime. The adjuncts *kaiserlich* and *koniglich* have disappeared, the eagle remains as the symbol of the new German Empire—a republic in all but name. The old flag under which Germany awoke and rose to greatness during the reigns of her three emperors is still flown, but the government buildings and the Socialists fling to the breeze the black, red, gold of 1848.

Who back in the opening days of the war when spirits ran high and German armies were victorious everywhere would have dreamed that this same German people might once become democratic? Even those hard-headed patriots at Frankfort in 1848 would have balked at the present-day German's conception of the people's rule. A harness-maker has seated himself in the President's chair and a humble South German school teacher has risen to become Chancellor of the German Empire. Every German is talking politics, often naively enough, to be sure, for it is the first step in a new process of education for many, and he enters into a political discussion with all the ardor of a youthful enthusiast. He can attend political meetings at will and need have no fear to express his opinions in public or in private. All the Germans the writer talked to last summer were unanimous in their condemnation of the present Berlin government.

The German citizen is today a mighty serious person. Fortunately he has not lost his sense of humor entirely. The old merriment will out, but the *Fliegende Blätter* and the *Wahre Jakob* are bitter and satirical. The outlook for the future is dark and people have not yet reached the stage of resignation to a fate which has plunged them from the heights of prosperity and power to the very lowest depths of economic ruin and helplessness. Men are only now awaking to a realization of how trodden under foot the Germany of their dreams really is. They have lost almost two millions of their sons during the war, they have sacrificed everything to support the splendid military machine which kept the vastly

greater armies of the enemy from invading the country. Their territory has remained practically intact and never will a German admit that his armies have been defeated. If he scents that you are an American he will declare that your country entered the war to secure Wall Street's loans to the Allies, and that the huge armies which withdrew in such marvelous order from France and Belgium did so in implicit reliance on Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. Every German has these two comebacks on the tip of his tongue, whether he be the cultured aristocrat of the North or the simple Southern peasant, who greets you in the fields with his cheery "Grüss Gott."

Everybody who has traveled in Germany since the war, has remarked that the appearance of the country seems surprisingly normal. The wide, fertile plains, with their carefully tilled fields, resemble checkerboards, the huge chimneys of Essen and the Ruhr district are belching forth smoke, the life of the cities is throbbing, well-dressed crowds fill the streets of Berlin and Munich, and the artistic shop-windows are stocked. The traveler in his first-class hotel—and almost everyone but a German can afford to stop at first-class hotels—is treated to every comfort that luxurious surroundings afford. He dines well, he drinks well, he travels with greater ease than in any other Continental country—and usually in a coupé to himself if he buys first class ticket—and he leaves the country feeling satisfied that Germany cannot be so bad off after all, and sees no reason why she shouldn't be able to meet the reparation demands.

Far different is the impression that he carries home with him who takes the trouble to delve beneath the surface and see Germany as she really is. He learns of the misery and suffering in thousands of homes, where fathers and sons have gone forth and never come back, where the bodies of little children have become hopelessly deformed in consequence of years of undernourishment, where peace-time prosperity has become direst poverty, as the value of money has sunk lower and lower, until today it is worthless everywhere except in the confines of Germany itself. Foreigners are apt to forget that Germany is still a proud nation, and that the hard-hit middle class, the class to which professional men, students, and much of the best element in the population belong, is putting on a bold face and hiding its poverty from others' eyes. You may call it decency or *Gediegenheit*, what you will. It is a sterling quality. No person is more despised than the profiteer, who rushes about in expensive limousines, and dines and drinks champagne at the best hotels and makes himself generally obnoxious, being as a rule a parvenu with boorish manners. Very often, too, the American, with his foreign money, gets one of the black looks intended for a profiteering countryman.

But you cannot say that the German has lost his old art of hospitality. He is uniformly courteous, generous, and painstaking, and his politeness is of a kind which lets you feel that it is genuine. Germans have told the writer that they hoped foreigners would come to Germany and find out for themselves that land and people are not as barbarous and inhuman as others would have it. In view of the general cheapness of living, the abundance of *Friedensbier*—the “Frieden” bearing relation to the percentage—and the price of champagne, that invitation need hardly be made to opressing. A sly old guide at that sacred shrine, the Goethe House in Frankfort, has tabulated the number of foreigners that have visited the famous residence of the poet since the war, and his figures, even when Americans were still theoretically enemies, are convincing evidence.

Every German city is a new storehouse of delights for the student of history and the lover of literature. The lure that attaches to the mention of Cologne and Frankfort, Heidelberg and Freiburg, Weimar and Eisenach, Nuremburg and Munich has not been lost. Cologne, indeed, and the great capital are cities of despair. The one is occupied by a foreign army, and the guide on the towers of the glorious Gothic Cathedral will render his message in French as well as in German. Berlin is filthy and neglected and international, the fountains are dry and the sidewalks lined with beggars, an uncommon sight in Germany even today. Unter den Linden at night is a dark grove with here and there a brilliantly lighted café. Munich alone has undergone little change. It is the fashionable city, the city of gay crowds and beautiful shops, the city of music, of the opera and of the theatre. What a relief it was to hear Wagner’s “Tristan und Isolde” sung in the language in which it was meant to be sung. But Munich is also the hotbed of the reactionaries, of the monarchists, the particularists, the anti-Semites, and the instigators of every other movement that gives vent to dissatisfaction at the procedure of the present government. Berlin is red, meaning Socialist, and Munich is blue, meaning Nationalist. The two are hostile political camps.

The streets of German capitals are no longer reverberant with the sound of martial music. The great army that once was has shrivelled to a nothing—an impotent gendarmerie. But the streets have not lost the sound of the martial tramp of many feet, for the workmen have not forgotten their military schooling, and the demonstrations of many thousands, marching in stern array and in protest, singing their songs of labor, are quite as impressive as the parades of old and the brilliant uniforms which they once wore in days of peace. The writer left Munich just as Communist and government forces were about to clash, and arrived in Stuttgart, the trim little capital of Wurttemberg, just as another parade of workers, numbering thousands and with women in the van, was march-

ing past the station. It is only the plain common sense of the average German and the restraining hand and voice of the conservative element that is keeping the unrest from bubbling over and developing into a revolution.

Far from the turmoil and upset of city life, surrounded by the silent beauty of nature, the traveler, overwhelmed with impressions, seeks repose and recollection. What a relief it was to throw aside the harness and trappings of the city, seize *rucksack* and walking-stick and in the company of a friend plunge into that beautiful land of evergreen-clad mountains, the Black Forest. And then to wander south to the lake of Constance with its deep blue waters, through rustic Swabia over into stern Bavaria, with its many restrictions upon foreigners. To tramp the countryside in the guise of a native heightens the appreciation of the majestic serenity of the Bavarian Alps, the wonderful tinge of the evening skies, and the mystic charm of the many lakes in the silvery moonlight. Days and weeks of the simple life in the great outdoors gives one a fresher and a brighter view of life and its meaning. Converse with the frank and simple Alemannic people, whose kindliness affords a rude hospitality and an humble shelter at night-time, must teach even the blackest pessimist that man is essentially good. The quaint dialect alone, which it is a pleasure to learn, would seem to preclude any lurking meanness or hostility. It is part of the German's nature to be honest.

Almost every American who has glided on those swift steamers of the Rhine has remarked how striking it appeared to see Old Glory proudly floating from the battlements of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite the "American city" of Coblenz, but few Americans perhaps have realized what that flag signifies to Germany. That flag and the garrison which salutes it have become a link in the great bond of confidence which unites the German people to America, and which has not been shattered. That flag signifies relief and succor by a foreign people that have not forgotten how to be friendly to an enemy that is down and in distress. It signifies the love of kindred and of friends. And not least of all it signifies that great and humane institution which American Friends have established. Countless times the word *Quakerhilfe* was on the lips of people. To thousands upon thousands of children, to millions of children and parents the word *Amerika* has come to have a new meaning. The writer saw happiness and gratitude radiated from the faces of hundreds of innocent children at one of the daily *Quakerspeisungen*—child-feedings—in the schools of Mannheim. It is a noble work, a mighty step toward a better world order and an era of lasting peace. Today Rhinelanders are aggrieved for they fear that the Stars and Stripes and the friendly Yankees will soon be replaced by the Tricolor and black Colonials from Senegal and Dahomey.

Germany has suffered a setback of scores of years. Although shackled, she is trying desperately to make up what she has lost. But if those shackles are not loosened she must succumb. Her men are working today for sheer love of work, confident, with their country on the brink of ruin, hopeful, with no outlook for the future. Already their thrift and industry are a new menace in the eyes of certain Germanophobes. This war-torn and new-born Germany is trying to forget the past. Alsace-Lorraine is to her a closed chapter. There is less hatred for France in Germany today than there is for Germany in France.

Germany is seeking a place in the family of nations. An American President has formulated a plan for a better and juster league of nations, in which the United States and democratic Germany will be represented. The enunciation of that new hope must appear like a rift in dark clouds.

H. W. Pfund, '22.

Comus Hall, Ludlow

*Forget the dusk that hangs across the moon,
And tiptoe swift across the empty court.
Soon it will gleam with ghostly torches, soon
Be filled with murmurs where the torch-boys sport.
Press thy weak form along the age-chilled walls,
And watch the faint-limned lines of majesty
Greet and bow and throng the lofty halls,
Applaud there with long-practised courtesies.
Faint the singers chant with lovely note;
Faint the Younger Brother tells his fear—
Then as the moon breaks thru, they swirl and float
Between the roofless walls and disappear
As gently as though solemn Death rode by
In panoply across the evening sky.*

William Reitzel, '22.

A Question of Custom

"IT'S an ideal match," and Mrs. Waples went on with her knitting as if that were an end of it. Mrs. Chambers, propped up in her great deck-chair by three or four massive pillows, like a harem queen on her divan, only not quite so gracefully, echoed automatically, "Ideal, ideal."

The deck of the *Namur* was dark, save for the occasional glitter of a deck light. The moon had just risen, forming, in the midst of the blackness of the ocean, a single silver pathway straight to the deck of the ship. Everything was silent except for the muffled half-jar, half rumble of the great engines as they forced the ship onward nearer and nearer Hongkong where they were due to arrive, should all go well, in three days' time. Something, possibly the moon, inspired Mrs. Waples to further conversation, this time in an almost sentimental strain.

"The dear young people. Don't they look pretty together? And he's such a handsome Frenchman too. Don't you think so, Maria, dear?"

And Mrs. Chambers replied, "Quite handsome," raising her eyebrows to make it more emphatic, and shaking her head decisively as though there could be no more argument on the subject.

"And little Miss Hayward, isn't she sweet and unobtrusive for an American girl. I really was quite surprised when she got on board. Why she is almost as charming as one of our own English girls. Wasn't it pretty to see them meet? She blushed and drooped so demurely and he shook hands so gallantly. Why, they are suited to each other, Maria, absolutely suited. That's just what I said to Anna-Marie right here on this deck when that nice Dr. Prentice introduced them. I said, 'Anna-Marie, there's a couple that would look nice married. Of course I wouldn't want you to marry a Frenchy but she's just an American, you know.' Those were my very words. And they do seem to get along pretty well too, don't they?"

Mrs. Chambers even neglected to nod this time. Clearly she was not exceedingly interested. Mrs. Waples must go on another tack.

"But they say he won't marry her. Dr. Prentice says that he has one of those French girls waiting for him to come back."

Mrs. Chambers sat up and showed signs of revived interest.

"The idea!" she said, "I should never tolerate such an action in my family."

Mrs. Waples hated to spoil a good story, but she felt that justice must be administered.

"I don't believe it, Maria. He's so handsome and nice. Besides Dr. Prentice doesn't have any proof of it. He just heard it."

Maria hardly heard.

"He'd better marry her, the brute."

"Oh! don't Maria, don't," and Mrs. Waples looked aghast. "I'm sure he will. I wouldn't for the world have anyone think that I had caused hard feelings. No, I wouldn't indeed, not for the world."

"All right, I hope you're right. But just the same I'm going to keep my eye on him. Those Frenchmen are so wicked. You know my Henry was part French."

* * * *

M. Jean Loubert had left France with the due expectation of having a perfectly dull trip to the East. As a matter of fact, he had objected strenuously, when his Paris bank had ordered him to make a tour of its Far-Eastern branches. For, having to travel on a British steamer is not enjoyable, when one knows that there will be no one on board but gouty old English business men and their fat wives, and a few missionaries, possibly human, but showing no interest in the world around them. Having lived, during part of his business career, at the London offices of his bank, he knew what to expect of the British matrons. They considered everyone of his nationality as a direct descendent of the unmentionable. A man from Paris was such an unprincipled he-dragon that at the first signs of interest, all these dear mothers would scurry their dutiful daughters under the parental wing and M. Loubert would end by having a most uninteresting journey.

But there was one thing to live for—the abundant supply of letters he would receive at every stop, letters filled with superlative French endearments, letters from "the girl in Dijon". With these he planned to keep himself at least alive. Also he would find considerable pleasure in writing replies, for he was to have been married to her within a month, if it had not been for the *sacré* bank. Now, the ceremony must wait for his return.

Yes, M. Jean Loubert had set sail with due expectations of having a dull trip, and in the beginning they seemed to be well founded, for the first persons he saw, when he came to the top of the gang-plank, were Mrs. Waples and Mrs. Chambers, propped up in their deck-chairs like two duchesses, eyeing every new passenger as though he were a possible candidate for the public execution to be held at the spring sports. Imagine his joy, then, when, after dinner he went into the saloon to enjoy a pleasant cigar, he found himself face to face with his old American friend, Dr. Prentice, and imagine still more joy, when Dr. Prentice took him by the arm, onto the upper deck, and directly in front of the eagle eyes of Mrs. Waples and her daughter, presented to him pretty dark-eyed Miss Hayward, an American girl travelling to Hongkong under his guardian protection. And again imagine his joy when Miss Hayward,

or Helen as Dr. Prentice called her, asked him to sit down and talk about France and Paris and dances and plays, and when the next day she objected not in the least to his arranging with her a tour of inspection through the engine-rooms, under the friendly guidance of the Scotch engineer, and when in the evening he danced exclusively with her, at the deck dance, while the Philippine stringed orchestra strummed away on their guitars at some very old ragtime. This pleasant surprise was so intense that it completely swept him off his feet, until stopping at Suez he found four letters from France waiting for him. He had really not forgotten about "the girl in Dijon", for he knew that she would not mind his being interested in other girls. As a matter of fact it had not even entered his mind at all. He knew that no sane French girl could expect her *fiancé* to be absolutely blind towards beauty.

The trip through the engine rooms was followed by a tour of the steerage, a sight-seeing excursion through Colombo and innumerable *tête-a-têtes* on ship-board. Loubert found that he was not having such a dull time as he had expected. Indeed, he was not having a dull time at all. This little Miss Hayward, or Helen as he himself had learned to call her by now, had indeed become a part of his voyage, just as much as the beef-tea and toast served very morning by the deck steward. She was so American, so unconventional, so unlike that English girl Anna-Marie Waples. And now when the voyage was almost at an end, it seemed as if he had known her all his life. He came to rely upon her being on deck at certain times of the day, and whenever there was any irregularity in their meetings he would feel a distinct loss. Hongkong was drawing steadily nearer—Hongkong, where this happy, care-free life must end, Hongkong, where he could stay only a day or two, for the bank (he cursed the bank) had ordered him to visit all the Far-Eastern branches. Helen told him that she was to stay in Hongkong for an indefinite time—with some friends, she said, and she gave him their address making him promise to call.

Then came the last night on board, with the moon full and a calm sea, and the captain promising that they would be in Hongkong harbor by nine the next morning if all went well. After dinner, instead of joining the other couples in the deck-dance, Loubert and Helen set out for a little stroll, for Loubert felt that this would be his last time to see her under the old order of things—he owed that much to "the girl in Dijon",—but he must see her this time and say good-bye. Soon they found themselves out at the bow of the ship, looking far out into the blackness of the friendly ocean, but not for long, for they were more interested in each other. Her deep black eyes, looking into his own, made him feel that here indeed was truly a world of sympathetic understanding. She let him kiss her, and he told himself that "the girl in

Dijon" would not object. Certainly *he* did not object to knowing that she had some interest in other men.

The evening passed very quickly and when it came time for them to go back, he had not had the courage to say good-bye to her. As they came along the deck, they encountered the two dear old ladies, Mrs. Waples and Mrs. Chambers, sitting up late in the night discussing their own knitting and other people's business.

They stopped to pass the time of day.

"Ah, Mr. Loubert, I hear you are going to travel all over China and Japan in the next few weeks. It must be wonderful."

Mrs. Waples raised her questioning eyebrows towards him as though she required an answer. Loubert replied in the affirmative.

"Do tell us about it."

And he was required to stand there and discuss banks and banking in the Orient, while the dear old ladies went on with their knitting and Helen excused herself on a plea of sleepiness.

Suddenly Mrs. Chambers broke in, "By the way, Mongsure Loubert, you've not invited us to the wedding."

"What wedding?" he asked.

Certainly she could know nothing of his engagement.

Mrs. Chambers raised her eyebrows till her forehead was a mass of wrinkles, and looked at Mrs. Waples as much as to say, "I told you so," then turning to the poor Frenchman snapped out, "What wedding? what wedding? and here you've been acting as though you were engaged to her, and now you say, 'what wedding?' Yes, you're just like all other Frenchmen. You belong to a wicked race. The idea of your taking advantage of such a poor innocent young girl as Miss Hayward, and such a sweet girl too, even if she is American."

Loubert began to understand, but she gave him no chance to defend himself.

"I have a mind to tell the captain and have him put you in chains and feed you on bread and water. Indeed! 'What wedding?' You don't mean to tell me that you are going to desert her just like that. Why, they ought to make you walk the plank." Mrs. Chambers felt that she was at sea and tried to use nautical terms.

Here Mrs. Waples interposed.

"Goodness! not so fast Maria. Surely he intends to marry the girl."

Loubert was so surprised that he could only bow and walk away. This was a new light on matters. So people expected that he was going to marry Helen Hayward, just because he had shown interest in her, and here he was already engaged to one girl, with whom he had no desire to break. Could it be true that Helen Hayward held the same view?

He had thought unconsciously that she would understand. He had forgotten for the moment that she was not French. And now the dilemma was how to get out of it. He could not marry her, for "the girl in Dijon" stood in the way of that. Besides he had no desire to do so. She had been very good company on the boat, that was all. He could not tell her outright, or desert her, because she had been so trusting and confident, and Loubert was a gentleman. What was he to do?

He did not feel like going to bed, but remained on deck passing up and down, lighting one cigarette after another, and trying his best to find courage enough to do something. When he did go to bed, it was not to sleep, and on arising he was tired but resolute. He would tell her outright that he could not marry her.

After breakfast she hurried directly to her stateroom to pack her bags in preparation for landing time, and he found himself with his resolution unfulfilled. He felt his courage slipping but determined not to give it a chance. He remained on deck watching the swarm of sampans that hustled about as they approached the harbor. Someone asked him whether he was ready to disembark. He was not, but he felt in no hurry. Coolies jostled him as he gazed at the approaching shore line of business houses and the hills behind. At length the boat came to a stop and he heard the rattle of the lowering anchors. A swarm of people, occidental and oriental, came on board. Then he saw that Helen had come on deck, dressed for going on shore. She was surrounded by some strangers, and was laughing and talking with them as though they were old friends of hers. He resolved for a moment's conversation with her, and he had visions of her falling in a faint or going into hysterics.

He approached her. There seemed to be a young man talking to her very earnestly, while some older people were shaking hands with Dr. Prentice. She caught sight of him and beckoned him over.

"Oh, M. Loubert," she cried, "I want you to meet Jim. I am sure he thanks you for being so kind to me during the trip. You see I came out to marry him. We want you to come to the wedding Friday. Don't we, Jim?"

She was an American, and not at all like Anna-Marie.

Dudley Pruitt, '23.



Alumni Notes

(The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to the college librarian or to Dudley Pruitt, Founders Hall.)

1885

Logan Pearsall Smith has recently brought forth a book entitled *More Trivia*. It is a collection of philosophical sketches. The publishers are Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York.

1899

The American Library Association, Chicago, has published a new edition of Miss M. W. Plummer's

Training for Librarianship revised by Frank Keller Walter. Mr. Walter is the recently appointed librarian of the University of Minnesota library at Minneapolis.

1910

Christopher Morley's most recent book, *Plum Pudding of Divers Ingredients Blended and Seasoned, and Merrily Embellished by Walter Jack Duncan*, is published by Doubleday, Page, New York. This is a collection of sketches which have appeared in recent numbers of the *New York Evening Post* and the *Literary Review*.

Mr. Morley also has a poem, *At the Mermaid Cafeteria*, in *Current Opinion* for October.



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Huge Cloudy Symbols

THE bay was as smooth as an inland lake, with not even a swell to break the monotony of the level waters. The late afternoon sunshine blazed a dazzling path across the pale green waters and made of the yacht a huge blue shadow past which the eddies surged and rippled, now green in the light, and sapphire and black in the shadow. The softly gleaming foam rose for an instant, seemed almost to float in the air, then sank back to nothingness. The bubbles in the wake seemed to keep their winking eyes on the beauty of the royal boat, bright with brass and polished mahogany, gliding over the sea. So perfect and noiseless were the engines that scarcely a tremor was noticeable on deck.

Deep peace was in the soul of Lord Augustine Cecil Leigh. The white painted furniture, the soft green rug, the awnings idly flapping in the breeze—everything was to his delight. Even the cigarette which he smoked seemed especially blended to suit him. Moreover he was a guest aboard the royal yacht.

The Princess Mary tucked a cushion a little more carefully into her chair and smiled at Lord Augustine.

"Well, you know Grandmamma's ideas on some subjects are so old-fashioned. For instance, she believes implicitly in the reversion-to-type theory that a man who is born in the middle class, let us say, can never escape being middle class. No matter how hard he may strive to overcome the drawbacks of birth and station and no matter to what heights he may attain, he always returns to the class to which he was born. That is hardly in accord with the modern sentiment, is it? How do Americans feel about that?"

Lord Augustine, thus addressed, started. He blinked and stammered, "Eh, what! What's that?"

The Princess Mary laughed gaily. "Dreaming again?" she asked.

"No, no, not at all I assure you. I was just thinking how the blue of your dress blended with the color of your eyes. I beg your pardon, what was your question?"

"I was asking what Americans thought about birth and reversion to the class in which one is born."

"Oh, America," replied Lord Augustine. He had spent several years in the United States. "Well, it is hard to say."

He glanced down at his hands. They were well-kept hands, long and slender with tapering fingers. They were the first thing anyone noticed about him.

"There is so much affectation in America that it is difficult to say just what Americans think on any subject. They may appear to think

that birth does not matter much, but they are immensely concerned with good family connections and all that. This idea of reversion-to-type, though, has something in it. It holds good in so many instances that I fail to see how a—a—prizefighter, shall we say, or a clerk can be anything else. A gentleman is always a gentleman."

In the bow, the Prince of Wales was in animated conversation with one of the sailors. Lord Augustine watched the much loved Prince beg a match from the sailor then hold the light for the man to light his own cigarette first.

"It is only here in Great Britain that one sees true democracy," he added. "Jove, there is a lovely breeze in the bow. Let's stroll forward. I have something to tell you."

As, fascinated by the sight of the sharp prow cutting the water, they leaned over the rail, Lord Augustine's white hand closed over her tanned one.

"Mary," he said with lowered voice, "I love you."

She turned and looked at him calmly.

"Do you, Augustine?"

"Yes, I always have. Do you know, I loved you long before I ever saw you. When I was just a youngster I used to dream of you. I would dream that I performed some heroic deed, just as the knights of old did, and won your hand. I cut a picture from the *Graphic* and carried it around with me always. Every day I would look at it and make up strange and wonderful happenings. I still have your picture with me."

For a long time the Princess Mary was silent.

"That is very sweet, Augustine," she said gravely. Her imprisoned hand stirred in his. Augustine's heart gave a great bound. Could it be? Yes, her hand was shyly returning the pressure of his!

"Oh, how long we must have been here! You will excuse me, Augustine, for I must dress for dinner." She turned quickly from the rail and, giving his hand a little squeeze, departed. She smiled at him over her shoulder.

"Perhaps, after dinner, you might find time to tell me more of your dreams."

"Deuce take it!" he muttered petulantly when she had gone. "Of course I had to be interrupted. It was always so in my dreams." He lighted a cigarette and turned to watch the blood-red trail of the setting sun upon the waters.

On the bridge there was a stir. Four bells was struck, then four more, then more and more unceasingly. What was wrong with the mate? Was the fellow mad? Clang-clang, clang-clang. The sound was driven mercilessly upon Lord Augustine's consciousness. Clang, clang, clang, clang.

A raucus, piercing voice shrilled up from below, "'Gustus Lee, shut off yer alarum!"

'Gustus thrust a grimy hand from beneath the covers and obeyed.

"Finking o' staiying there all daiy? On yer weddin' daiy, too. Hi pity yer wife. Gawd knows I wudn't a 'ad yer, but that's Mary's lookout, not mine. Y' better get hup 'nd run to the squire 'nd tell m' Lud yer t' be married todaiy, or 'e mightn't let yer off."

Augustus Lee drew the covers back from his head and blinked in the strong morning light. The smell of coffee and fried liver aroused him. Today is the day that he is to marry Mary Gulf! Mechanically he arose and dressed. He chose his good suit, the one with the brown stripes in it, and put it on.

T. L. Fansler, Jr., '22.

The Critic

*Quite likely some two generations hence
In a succeeding incarnation I
Shall find some poor forgotten verse of mine
Hid in some folio of no consequence,
And idly leafing through its pages try
A passage here, or there a single line.*

*Indifferently shaking off the dust
Which half compassionate time has laid thereon
Without a premonition I shall read,
And speculate what manner of man must
Have had my name, and what events long gone
Bore in these paltry lays such barren seed.*

*And yawning languidly say, "How naive
And trite this petty poetaster is!
Did he consider these things really rhymes?
How dull! He did his best I must believe—
Original! not one thought's truly his;
They're pretty crude, but those were crude old times."*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

Powles Walks in 1600

I HAVE this moment laid down the "First Part of the True and Honorable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle." It is bound in hard, shiny calfskin which fairly reeks with the memories of grimy old book-stalls and musty old gentlemen with their noses buried in books. The leaves are dog-eared and more than a few names have graced the fly-leaf. Mike Drayton had it printed in 1600 to sell in Paul's churchyard, and it is not hard to imagine this very volume, bright, and new, and yellow, jammed in with the new books, with "The Shoemaker's Holiday", "The pleasaunt Comidie of Old Fortunatus", "The Spanish More's Tragedy", "Seven Wise Masters", "The Golden Ass, and Cupid and Psyche"; some of them by Thomas Dekker, some by others in collaboration. Next to it might be a second-hand copy of "Essayes, Religious Meditations, Places of perswasion and disswasion, Seene and allowed. At London, Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are to be sold at the blacke Beare in Chauncery Lane. 1597"; for I daresay the book-sellers in Paul's yard found good sale for the young Bacon's first attempts.

Paul's yard in 1600 must have been a busy scene of work and gayety. Taverns, mercers' shops, and book-stalls, among them the famous "signe of the Angell" and "signe of Time", stood round its edge and were crowded ten hours of the day with learned old fogies buying books, curious ones idling along and pretending to buy them, young dandies walking daintily across the muddy ruts and into St. Paul's, ticket porters trotting about, mendicants showing their maimed bodies and telling their woes, apple-women quarreling with one another, and all manner of hawkers and peddlers such as are found even today. Now and again a company of horse would tramp through the yard, scattering the crowd, or a lumbering, creaking carriage would lurch through the mud on the way to Westminster, with my lady and her maids trying their best to keep their seats. The roads and streets were filled with mud and ruts, and the filth and refuse from the houses were thrown into a great gutter running through the middle, often to the discomfiture of a passerby. So when you and I cross over into Paul's Walks together, as we shall do now, we step very carefully indeed until we get to the porch and go through the north door into the main aisle.

We proceed along Duke Humphrey's Walk until we can stand in the shadow of one of the pillars and watch the motley concourse of lazy prentices idling away on their master's errands, sedate serving men waiting to be hired, tradesmen from Cheapside with hat in hand soliciting

business, fat and important looking aldermen, gay young sparks ogling and smiling at a shapely damsel as she trips along with a basket full of nuts for sale. Here and there a "Gull" struts along with his cloak turned back to show the bright silk lining and his toes turned absurdly out that his handsome calves and broad garters brodered in bright silk may be seen to better advantage. Perhaps he has come here to escape the bailiffs, for Duke Humphrey's tomb was a favorite refuge when the creditors became too insistent, as well as a trysting place for more than one gallant and his leman.

See how yonder young buck stalks along with a haughty air and his hand on his rapier hilt. A handsome figure he is with his military bearing and the beginnings of a shapely brown beard and moustache above his ruff. He is Edward Herbert, a rich and gay young courtier just out of Oxford and a favorite with Elizabeth; he will some day be K. B., Baron of Castleisland, and Baron Herbert of Cherbury, and write an autobiography which Swinburne will call the greatest. The lovely, fair-haired lady leaning on his arm is his mother. She looks to be twenty-five but is really forty. The little boy of seven is his precocious brother George Herbert, who will some day be the author of "those sacred Poems called 'The Temple'."

The couple just behind are John Donne and his sweetheart Anne, the niece of Lady Egerton. He is the most popular poet of the year and, what means much more to the lining of his purse, has a very lucrative position as secretary to Lord Egerton, the Lord Keeper. My Lord is said to think him the most brilliant young lawyer in town, and has him eat at his own table; and my Lord has a noble table, as you might see if you would take the trouble to step over into the Strand and watch the procession of butchers and grocers going in and out of the York house. Young Donne is head over heels in love with Mistress Anne, and will be married by Christmas. Let us hope she doesn't think the worse of him for the little verse he was writing in the Three Cranes in the Vintry yesterday with a crowd of merry fellows looking on over his shoulder:

*"Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they do leave their mates, or lie abroad at night?
Beasts no jointures lose
Though they no lovers chose,
But we are made worse than those."*

He is a great friend of Lady Herbert's and you can see her pause to turn a jest with him now and then.

But see that dapper gentleman with the little beard mincing along by himself. That is John Lyly, M.P., and a very witty fellow, though somewhat of a courtier. He has been trying for fifteen years to be Master of the Revels, but is only Clerk Controller. He would save Queen Bess some money, I believe, for he thriftily uses St. Paul's choir boys in his masques whenever he can; he is coming from the choir now. The learned-looking, elderly man with the long beard, in the green doublet, who just spoke to him is Sir Thomas Lodge, the author of "*Rosalynde*". He is the best Doctor of Physicke in town, I have heard, but much grumbled against, being a Catholic. He has just published his pamphlet, "*A Larum for London*" warning against the plague, but it hasn't alarmed the town much, nevertheless.

But let us mount up into the steeple and cut our names on the leads, and incidentally hear what those two masons going up in front of us are saying about a horse that went up the steeple a fortnight ago, maybe they will—But hark! The bell is making the old tower shake. It is the passing bell tolling for Richard Hooker. All over London the bells are tolling for him. He was the kindest of parsons, a man of dovelike simplicity; "an obscure, harmless man, a man in poor clothes; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out not with age, but study and holy mortification. He was of so humble a nature that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on or both off at the same time." He died the foremost mind in the church, just having finished his great work, "*The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*", which is destined to remain, even to the twentieth century, the basis of the law and doctrine of the church of England.

The gayety of "Powles walks" is dying down and I hear a clock striking twelve. "Sir John Oldcastle" lies forgotten on the table.

Ames Johnston, '25.



Two Poems

I

The Quiet House

*Oh, mellow was your candle light,
And your fire light was for ease—
And the full-blown joy of a ruddy pipe
You had added on to these.
Above your roof, King Charles' Wain swing
In the smoky autumn breeze.*

*Oh, keen is the joy of an evening road,
Where the fences, leaf-heaped stand;
And the stars are cut with an etcher's tool
In the puddles across the land;
When above the trees King Charles' Wain swings
Far out along the land.*

*But keener this joy for coming in
To your pipe and fire and ease,
To your open book and your quietness.
For this joy and all of these.
On your roof may Charles' Wain ever swing
In the smoky autumn breeze.*

II

Song

*I would raise for thee a dwelling
Out of words and one sweet thought—
Though perhaps, from this poor telling
Thou wilt leave the place unsought.*

*I would stand it on a mountain
So far up that God alone
Hears the splashing of the fountain,
Sees the glow of jeweled stone.*

*And the Morning stars will sing thee
Wide awake at each new dawn;
And the Evening stars will bring thee
Happiness when each day's gone.*

*Take thy dwelling! On the gleaming
Battlements as guard I stand,
Saving thee, in twilight dreaming,
From the night-clouds close at hand.*

*Thus I raise for thee a dwelling
Out of words and one sweet thought.
If the thought were Love, would telling
Make thee leave the place unsought?*

William Reitzel, '22.

The Dopester

FIVE flights up an elevator shaft, then straight back to the Chestnut Street front takes you to Beir & Beir's brokerage office, in the Steele Building, Philadelphia.

It was cold, even in Beir & Beir's. Wharton Clarke leaned back on his leather-cushioned chair, and was glad that he could get near a radiator. Two lads were changing quotations up at the board with an agility that kept them fully apace with Beir, Jr., at the ticker. It was only an hour before closing, and the room was filling rapidly with men.

Men!

Yes, all sorts and conditions of them. Young fellows, taking a fling at the market with their hard-earned all; old ones, prosperous and widening in girth; others, long since mangled on the wheel of speculation, hopeless, fortuneless, yet content to watch the game as others played it. For it is a game. Wharton Clarke, who invested only a part, and that after due deliberation, was painfully conscious of the shifting personnel at Beir & Beir's. Men he knew, and met there every day, would suddenly fail to put in an appearance.

"What became of so-and-so," he would ask. Once in a while, it would be whispered that the missing man had made his "pile", and was out of the market. But the usual answer was, "Went in over his depth." Yes, it's a game, but it's a cruel one, and few and fortunate the winners.

Clarke was recalled from his none too cheerful reveries by some excitement at the board. Southern Pacific was taking a tumble, sure enough. Beir, Jr., was calling them off and chuckling—he claimed he was short on Sou Pac.

"Baldy, 96 $\frac{1}{4}$; Sou Pac, 72 $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$. Old Women, 22 even. Katy, up 1. Sou Pac, 71 $\frac{3}{8}$. 'Merican Drugs, off a half. Sou Pac, 70 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sou Pac, 70, 69 $\frac{3}{8}$, 69."

Beir smiled at Clarke. "They're hittin' the old girl hard today," he said. "Dalton said they would. He said to watch out for Sou Pac, she's goin' off. Wouldn't hit less'n 69, though. And by George, she won't. It's four minutes of, now, and I'll bet she don't move before closin'."

Beir was right. Southern Pacific wasn't quoted once, closing at 69. As soon as four o'clock rolled around, and the group was preparing to empty the room, Beir got up from the silent ticker and laid his hand kindly on Wharton Clarke's shoulder.

"Wharton," he said, "your son-in-law-to-be is a wiz. Why, every day he comes out with some quotations that just hit the market. He's got every little move that the street makes at his finger tips. Take it

from me, Jim Dalton's got a future in store for that sweet daughter of yours." And Wharton Clarke merely smiled.

II

Jim Dalton, up in New York, *was* a wiz. Fed from boyhood on the ups and downs of stocks and bonds, he was conversant with every phase of their tortuous deviations. He had started writing out the dope for a Philadelphia journal, but before he had reached thirty-five that little, narrow canal with its precious golden freight, which appears so placid, and yet so angrily sweeps men along its length to the river of Destruction—the Street—had marked James Dalton. Quoted by every metropolitan daily, he poured out his knowledge of the market's eccentricities for investors to take or leave.

He had seen Dorothy Clarke only once since the engagement. He sent her letters to "Philly" twice a week, but sometimes he longed so for a glimpse of the roguish girl he hoped soon to make his wife, that even the lure of the exchange palled. If he could only make a little, instead of slaving away all the time for the benefit of others! If he had been able to follow his own advice, he would have been able to provide well enough.

One night, as he sat diagnosing the probable changes for the next day, the telephone rang out suddenly, and when he answered it, someone, a man, was asking whether Mr. Dalton, the dopester, was there. Yes, this was Mr. Dalton. Well, this was Mr. Davis, Lionel T. Davis, of Davis & Co.

Dalton's heart gave an ecstatic leap. This was Davis, the big oil magnate, reputed one of the richest of New York's rich!

"Why, Mr. Dalton," . . . the deep voice on the other end of the wire was surpassingly friendly . . . "Mr. Dalton, do you think you could drop up at my home tonight? I have a little proposition to make to you, which I think you'll like. I need your assistance in a little matter, uh, quite confidential, you see—not so isolated in the office. Think you could make it?" Lionel Davis was not used to being refused. You could tell that.

"Yes, sir. I'll have to get a little dinner first. Will 8.30 be satisfactory?"

"Quite. I'll see you at that time, then. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Davis."

The old feudal barons were men like Lionel Davis. They climbed higher and higher on the bodies of countrymen oppressed—with no permanent goal, but a constant aim for limitless accumulation. Poor fools, who trust them! Nay, rather poor tools.

A butler introduced James Dalton into Lionel Davis's luxurious sitting room. Davis rose, smiling.

"How do you do, Mr. Dalton. I've got a proposition to make to you, and I'm a man of business. How would fifteen thousand line your purse?" Dalton was skeptical.

"Fifteen thousand what?"

"Dollars, of course. I don't want you to do much. Just talk up Delaware Northern Railroad till the little fellows bite—I mean, buy it. She'll rise—good stock. I've got a man in Chicago and one in Boston talking her up big. You're the best man in New York. Why, Dalton, you're a shark; they all believe you!

"All I want to do is suck it up for a rise. Then, I've got some agents to throw it out after it reaches its maximum, at a slightly lower figure. Then others of my men will chase it down frantically—you know how panicky the little fellows get on a slump. Well, my part is simple. I just go short and buy 'em back at the bottom.

"And your conscience is clear. It's a good stock, and will rise whether you say so or not. All you'll do is give 'em confidence till the finish. When it starts to go down again, you can wash your hands of the whole damn outfit, and I'll give you fifteen thousand dollars, then and there. Now, what do you say?"

"Well, Mr. Davis, thanks, but I'm off it. It's not square, if you pardon me." Davis got up, stretched and smiled.

"Young man, when I was thirty, I was that way, too. I knew the market, but I didn't know my fellow beings. This is no game, it's a business. Each man is out for number one, and to hell with the loser. For lack of capital, you tell others how to make more. What do they care for you—you're just a stone over a muddy place for them. They're grateful now, but you're soon forgotten. One mistake from you, and each of your admirers becomes a captious critic. Take my advice: don't be afraid to bite a biter. They'd chew you to pieces in a moment, any of them. My maxim is—anything is fair in war, and Wall Street."

How fifteen thousand would help along that house he had promised her!

"Well, Mr. Davis, you may be right. I'm sure I don't know; can you give me a day to think it over?"

"Why sure. Take your time. But remember, your first duty is to you and yours."

Dalton thought it over, all right. And wrong, with fifteen thousand green-backed retainers, triumphed over right, that night. God grant that you and I condemn no Jimmy Daltons. His sin was no worse because it was larger than ours; so was his temptation. Would you step off the path for fifteen thousand?

With all their engrossing business worries, the men of the market are always on the lookout for holidays, so when Easter came, with time

off from Good Friday to Easter Monday morning, Jimmie Dalton had the chance to pay that long-deferred visit to his fiancée. It was the eve of Good Friday that he hastily ran up the white steps, for which old residential Philadelphia is noted, gave the bell an impatient pull which endangered its life to come, and hid his bouquet of blossoms behind him. Black Deborah came to the door, and grinned when she saw who it was.

"Whah, come raht in, Mistuh Dalton. Ah'll call Miss Da'thy. Miss Da'thy! Miss Da'thy! Gemmun heah to see yuh!"

Dorothy, fine in her Easter white, came tripping down the stairs at a great rate.

"Why Jimmy—(kiss)—you dear—(kiss)—to surprise me like this. No, you needn't hide them, I see them. Oh, aren't they sweet (taking the bouquet). You're just a dear, Jimmy Dalton. Come in; don't stand there just as if you didn't know where everything in the house is. Just sit down—no, on the sofa—while I put these beautiful things in water."

A moment later, she and the flowers reappeared, with dad. Wharton Clarke shook hands with Dalton warmly. "Glad to see you, James".

He was the only one in the country who called Dalton "James."

"You certainly have made the financial world prick up its ears at your predictions. Dotty girl, this fellow's a wizard in more ways than just a future husband. He's a phenom." And smilingly excusing himself, Wharton Clarke left the young folks just as they wished—alone. His evening walk came in handy that night.

"I don't know where daddy gets that 'future husband' stuff, anyway," pouted Dorothy. "I told him I could never marry you." Jimmy's throat caught.

"Why Dot, you don't mean that!"

"Yes I do, too. If I married you I'd be Dorothy Dalton, and people might think I'm some relation to that other horrid Dorothy Dalton, who never wears enough." Jimmie laughed.

"Dear, don't be a-kidding me like that. It's hard on the heart. You're too good an actress, I guess, for I fall for it every time." And he kissed her, just to help him forget it.

"But say, I have just the greatest surprise for you. You know, since you've been doping for the papers, daddy has been following the market closely, and now—well, guess what he's done!"

"Give it up."

"Why, bought a hundred shares of that Delaware Northern Railroad you write about so much, and he's going to give us all his profits, as his gift toward that house on the Main Line. Why Jimmy! What's the matter? Jimmy, answer me." Jimmy's eyes were closed.

"My God," he said, "forgive me."

"Jimmy, are you ill? Jimmy!" shaking him. "Dear, dear Jimmy, what's the matter?" Jimmy rose, and gently pushed her aside.

"Jimmy, tell me what's wrong, you look so pale. Sit down, till I get some aromat."

"Don't," said Jimmy, as his teeth ran the scale in a nervous chatter. "I'm all right, but—oh—it's all over—it's good-bye."

"Poor thing, you've worked too hard. No, you're not going to leave here tonight, you're too sick. Just go upstairs and lie down till papa comes home."

"No, no, I have to go, for good. Good-bye!"

Jimmy put on his coat and hat. He shook from nervousness. He ought to tell her! How could he tell her he was crooked? He wanted to get away and think it over. Surely it was all over. To get to the door, he had to pass her. As he stumbled along, she turned, sobbing, and seized his lapels feverishly.

"You can't go—you can't go this way. Tell me why!" It was dark in the hall—he could not see her face turned up to his, as if to read his thoughts, but he knew it was. He bowed his head.

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you, Dot. That would hurt worst of all. I—I think I'd better go. Good-bye." And Dalton walked out of her home, and her life, forever.

IV

It was the day for the slam on Delaware Northern. Up until the very last moment Dalton, of New York, Jones, of Chicago, and Misslin, of Boston, had shouted its praises with relentless zeal. But now was the day of the slaughter, and an unwitting market had placed its head in the noose of speculation. Wharton Clarke was in Beir & Beir's as usual. Ever since Delaware Northern had started up the hill, he had made his daily pilgrimage to the board, and watched its ascent with fascinated gaze. Even if that scamp Dalton had broken the engagement, he might as well pocket the profit!

But today things were going strangely. Delaware Northern had already lost three points and a quarter, its biggest day's loss in three months of a bull campaign. Everyone was waiting for Dalton's report. Time dragged on—twelve o'clock. And then it came, as follows:

"Attempts will be made today by a party well known in financial New York to knock the stays from under Delaware Northern, by short selling. Do not be deceived. It is inflated, it is true, but it has real promise, and will again rise to its present height. Do not be afraid; *hold on.*"

JAMES R. DALTON.

Wharton Clarke paled.

"No wonder he left, poor fellow. This kills him in New York. Can't defy the lightning after this. Sold out! The poor kid. And then he tries to make up by giving warning. Oh, the poor kid!"

Somewhere up in Manhattan a prominent financier sat reading the evening paper—something about a Wall Street plot bursting at the expense of a young dopester. The financier scratched his respectable head of gray hair.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.

Perhaps he will.

N. A. White, '23

The Line

FROM the night shadows at the foot of a lofty building a face peered. Restless eyes scrutinized the passage of noisy trucks and automobiles plunging through the cold glamor of the electrically lit roadway. A muffled figure loitered for a moment on the street corner and then darted agilely across the avenue, evading car wheels by a hair's breadth. Through the crowd upon the sidewalk it threaded a hasty path and then disappeared.

A group of people stood huddled beneath the dark facade of a gloomy building. They waited in stony silence. From a distant corner of the alley they watched a muffled figure approaching. The newcomer joined their company without a word. More figures appeared in silhouette at the corner against the lighted highway. From the monotonous circuit of his beat an emissary of the law scowled heartily upon the obscure gathering.

It began to rain; 5:37, 6:11:23, 7:44, and various intermediate moments passed. The crowd increased. More legal representatives drew near and began placably to harangue the obdurate multitude. Suddenly there rose the faint rasp of rust grating upon rust. Individually the assemblage straightened in tense and expectant silence. A black door opened through the wall. The crowd surged forward. Galvanized into heroic exertion the guardians of the public assailed the mob only to be flung off against awning struts and fireplugs.

In, past dazed sentinels, the invaders stormed. Direly intent they forced a determined passage up twisting stairways and ill lighted corridors. The last flight debouched into a semicircular hall from which black doorways opened. With a last ecstatic charge the crowd burst through these,—and tamely subsided upon the seats of the peanut gallery.

"Promises to be a good program to-night."

"You bet!"

N. E. Rutt, '23.

A Self-Made Hero

LI FELT the air change. Clearly the evening would be cool despite the fact that it was mid-summer. He had a feeling of gratitude that he had brought his great Russian overcoat with him, that great Russian overcoat with the imitation sable collar that he had suffered with so often in the blazing hot sun in order to impress the simple country folk. Now he almost wished that he was not sitting on the silk cart in the middle of the inn yard. It would be so satisfying to be in the warm kitchen, through the paper window of which he could see the light gleaming and now and then a shadow flitting by. He could hear voices raised in friendly argument. The muleteers were in there quite contented over their pipes. But he had chosen the yard in preference to the kitchen because he owed it to his dignity not to associate with muleteers and the like, his dignity as a land owner, the possessor of fifty *mao* of ground near Tsing-tao, his dignity as interpreter and head boy to the great Dooling Shanseng, masterful statesman and representative of the United States. He looked with pride at the bright window of Dooling Shanseng's private room. The odor of fried onions came from the kitchen. It was very delightful, very delightful. But he owed it to his dignity. . .

"Kwei-lien." He heard the inn-keeper's deep voice calling.

"What, father?" It was a young girl who answered.

"Get me some of that garlic hanging in the yard."

A moment later the door swung open and the girl stepped out. She looked back to call a word into the room, and, as she stood in the doorway with the light shining on her face, she appeared beautiful. Li was surprised. Yes, she was beautiful. It was but for a moment. Then the door slammed, and she was walking across the yard. Li watched her figure thread its way through the scattered saddles and carts and felt a great desire to become acquainted. Of course he realized that it was impossible, for she was a simple country girl. But was it impossible? White people were not so careful. American men spoke to American women, and Li was head boy to an American statesman. Had he been educated in a mission school for nothing? Was he not completely Americanized by education? Yes, he would use all the American tact. Besides she should feel honored.

She was trying to get down a string of garlic which was hanging from the wall. It was too high for her and she started off for a bench to stand on. Now was his chance. American men always stepped in at the right moment.

"Ah-h-h, I can reach it. Wait a minute." He rushed over and gave it a lusty yank. The support snapped bringing down all the strings. Li had not calculated on being of quite so much assistance. The girl gave a faint scream. He succeeded in resuming his dignity.

"I am sorry. I shall hang them up again for thee. Wilt thou tell me where to put them, little girl? Oh, do not run away."

She pointed out the place, but she was shaking with fright. He realized that she still felt bound by the foolish oriental rules of propriety. He must teach her the foreign method.

"Little lady, do not be afraid. The great people, the Americans, they are not afraid. Wilt thou learn the American way? Here, I will teach thee. Thou art beautiful, very beautiful, and this is the way the Americans do."

He had recollections of eavesdropping parties in his mission school days. He remembered having seen things which he should not have seen, and, taking her by the wrist, kissed her. She screamed, disengaged herself, and fled to the kitchen.

"Damn ass!" He thought of himself in English. "I should have been more . . . what is the word? . . . courageous."

A great noise had arisen in the kitchen, a hubbub of voices, with the inn-keeper's booming above them. He now saw his mistake and felt that it was a dangerous one. Even his dignity would not be a satisfactory shield. Dooling Shanseng was the only possibility.

So to Dooling Shanseng he fled, quaking a little at the results of this outburst of his sophistication. He was not sure what would happen, but he hoped that the great Dooling Shanseng's presence would be able to avert it. For was not he the greatest American outside of the emperor of America? Was not his mail always addressed, "Hon. F. C. Dooling, United States Consul, Chefoo"? Had he not told Li, himself, that his mission in the interior was very important?

As he opened the door the great man looked up.

"Ah, what is it, Li?" he asked. He could speak no Chinese.

"Eet ees cold tonight, surr. You would like your bed made, surr?"

"Not now." Dooling Shanseng seemed busy, and did not desire to be interrupted. It would be hard for Li to find an excuse to stay.

"What's that fearful noise outside?" The hubbub had risen to a veritable turmoil in the yard. Li trembled, but thought quickly.

"The people, surr. Eet ees an . . . an . . . eensurrection." He felt a glow of pride at the word.

"An insurrection? against whom?" The great man raised his eyebrows.

"A-a-against you, surr. The people, they eensurrect all white people and Americans. They are beeg feests, surr."

"Is that so?" and Dooling Shanseng looked a little worried. "Are they starting a second Boxer Uprising? The consul-general told me there was a rumor of unrest, but I had not thought that it extended so far north. What can we do, Li? It is important that my official business be kept safe."

"I will . . . what do you say? . . . pacify them." And he inwardly quaked at the very thought.

The crowd were beginning to throw rocks. It seemed that the whole village had taken up the war cry. That was undoubtedly the case, for they all belonged to the same family. There were cries of "Catch him," "Beat him," "Hang him," all of which Dooling Shanseng very conveniently did not understand. But F. C. Dooling was a true American. He was from a middle western state where his uncle was senator, and he had a great deal of zeal for his country. He was preparing for the attack.

"Li, you keep them busy, and I will see if I can get through with the official documents."

Just then the door burst open and the crowd entered. Li fled through the window. Dooling with the documents in his pocket hit out in all directions. The people seemed to give uncommonly little resistance. Before he knew it he found himself running down the road beyond the inn. Panting he drew up. The noise was still going on. It sounded more triumphant, however. The night was dark, pitch dark. He decided that the best thing to do was to try to keep on the road and get out of the village as soon as possible. A few moments later the breeze told him that he was in the country. Next minute he ran into what seemed to be a grindstone and heard the snarl and rush of a dog behind his back. Dooling bolted, the dog after him, and finally ended up head first in an irrigation ditch. The dog gave it up, and Dooling, crawling out, spent an uncomfortable night in a bean field.

The next morning he gained the road and started in the direction of Chefoo, but before he had gone very far he was sent scurrying into a ditch to avoid a passing farmer with his donkey. All natives were declared enemies. About noon Li came in sight, limping along in open daylight. When he approached, Dooling hailed him. Li came to him bruised and limping, but all smiles.

"They haf beat me, surr, but I gave them the sleep, so you say. I haf . . . what you call . . . sacrificed myself for the cause. In your mission schools they teach a man to be a human sacrifice, no? But we must get out of here queeck."

Li would have them depart immediately, but Dooling thought that there would be wisdom in safety, and refused to move until night, despite the fact that Li insisted that the people here did not know of the "een-

surrection". How to travel was a question. Li was so bruised he could hardly move, and it became apparent that some conveyance was necessary. When night arrived Dooling went off saying that he would get something, and surprised Li completely by returning with a mule that he had actually succeeded in stealing. In this way they managed to reach Chefoo, Li riding in great dignity while the consul walked. They were starved and tired but greatly relieved at having gained safety. The first thing Dooling did was to go to the telegraph office and send a long report to the embassy at Peking, such a report as was calculated to stir the governments of many nations, for he felt the seriousness of his position. Here he was, a formal representative of the United States, attacked and nearly run down by a band of insurgent Chinese, and Chinese who openly avowed the old Boxer slogan to drive all the foreigners into the sea. He was not scanty in his praise of the bravery of his servant, Li. He painted in glowing terms the self-sacrifice and courage of the fellow, and made an official recommendation that his services be formally acknowledged. It was a long telegram. It must have cost the government at least twenty dollars.

And such a stir there was when the news came out. Headlines, full pages, the papers were full of it. Foreign diplomats smiled, for here was their long-sought opportunity to gain further concessions. Japan took it upon herself to stamp out the uprising by immediately sending a warship into Chefoo bay, and tramping an army into the interior. She demanded of the government further rights in Shantung. Great Britain sought new commercial privileges. The United States asked for an apology, and Germany seized a larger strip of territory about Tsing-tao. The Chinese apologized, they pleaded, they conceded. The Japanese troops found nothing to quell in the interior and returned home, and the United States gave Li a formal vote of thanks, together with an immense silver medal. Mr. Dooling made the presentation speech, and all the foreign inhabitants of Chefoo cheered. Li had never had a prouder moment in his life. Here he was a made man. He had a reputation. His friends were proud to be seen with him, and he was feasted innumerable times. To be sure his back was still a little sore, but what mattered that when his spirit was at rest. What need had he to worry. They all gave him credit at the stores.

This happy existence continued for two months. At last however his creditors began to worry. Was he never going to pay? Someone suggested that he go to work. He had given up the consul's employ. It was too menial. Ah yes, he would go home and live on his estate. There were plenty of acres, and he could not sully his hands with menial duties. He told his friends, he told his creditors. Indeed, he was a landed proprietor. His credit rose again. Just as he was preparing to leave for his estate, he met a friend from his home town.

"Whither art thou preparing to depart, Li?" the friend asked.

"To live at leisure on my family estate."

"Thy family estate! Why, that was seized by the Germans three months ago, along with all the other territory near Tsing-tao."

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

Christopher Morley's Latest Books

FROM the facile typewriter of one of Haverford's most literary sons we have three books in quick succession. To all lovers of "Kit's" work such a downpour is extremely welcome. One feels a thrill of pleasureable anticipation which is somewhat deadened by the discovery that one of the books is largely an anthology of his earlier poems, another a collection of modern essays, and it is only in the third that hitherto unfurrowed ground is broken. Further examination shows that this deadening effect has been produced by the reappearance of some of the earlier work and that after all we have, indeed, much to be thankful for.

Chimney Smoke, as Mr. Morley points out in his author's note, is an incorporation of *Songs for a little House*, *The Rocking-Horse*, and *Hide and Seek*, with the addition of several verses that have not previously appeared in book form. This volume has all the appeal and charm of its forerunners with the additional merit of "delightful" drawings and an extremely attractive binding. In *Plum Pudding* the author confesses that "we have nourished ourselves, in the main, upon the work of two modern writers: Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad." In addition to this it will be apparent to Mr. Morley's readers that the author is an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman. In *Chimney Smoke* the influence of Stevenson is apparent. Consider—

THE MILKMAN

*Early in the morning, when the dawn is on the roofs,
You hear his wheels come rolling, you hear his horse's hoofs;
You hear the bottles clinking, and then he drives away:
You yawn in bed, turn over, and begin another day!*

*The old-time dairy maids are dear to every poet's heart—
I'd rather be the dairy man and drive a little cart,
And bustle round the village in the early morning blue,
And hang my reins upon a hook, as I've seen Casey do.*

and contrast it with Stevenson's "Lamplighter". Mr. Morley has an ease and grace (one might almost say whimsical touch if it were not for his reference to "whimsical" as the "word, which, by loathsome repetition, has become emetic") that is generally associated with R. L. S.

With a genial brush he touches the familiar things of daily life in such a manner as to cast an unguessed enchantment over them. We read with delight the joys of "Taffy Topaz" in his present incarnation.

*His amiable amber eyes
Are very friendly, very wise;
Like Buddha, grave and fat,
He sits, regardless of applause,
And thinking, as he kneads his paws,
What fun to be a cat!*

What fun "Washing the Dishes" must be! How splendid it must be to have a supper of "Animal Crackers".

*Animal crackers, and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.*

*The kitchen's the cosiest place I know:
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.*

How nice to live in a house where the fireplace is dedicated with appropriate ceremony and everything from "The Furnace" to "The Crib" is a poem in itself. What a keen sense of appreciation it takes to write the following:

SMELLS (JUNIOR)

*My daddy smells like tobacco and books,
Mother, like lavender and listerine;
Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
Nannie smells starchy and soapy and clean.*

*Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own
(When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
But Katie, the cook, is more splendid than all—
She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!*

The sterner side of life has called forth such poems as: "Mar Quong, Chinese Laundryman", "To a Post-Office Inkwell", "Thoughts While Packing a Trunk", "Advice To a City", "The Telephone Directory", and "Mounted Police".

Much is to be said for the man who has the insight to write—

THE POET

*The barren music of a word or phrase,
The futile arts of syllable and stress,
He sought. The poetry of common days
He did not guess.*

*The simplest, sweetest rhythms life affords—
Unselfish love, true effort truly done,
The tender themes that underlie all words—
He knew not one.*

*The human cadence and the subtle chime
Of little laughs, home and child and wife,
He knew not. Artist merely in his rhyme,
Not in his life.*

In this Mr. Morley has stated all that he is not. He has indeed caught "the human cadence and the subtle chime of little laughs". His is "the poetry of common days" and herein lies his success. He has sung the daily round in notes which banish monotony and make living a joy.

Plum Pudding holds much of great interest to the Haverfordian. The scene of "The Autogenesis of a Poet" is laid at Haverford College and it is right that the well-trodden paths should come into their own at the hands of a man whose college days fell in such pleasant places. His chapter in appreciation of Francis Barton Gummere is unquestionably the best thing in the book. He tells of a great experience in an adequate way.

"What a range, what grasp, there was in his glowing, various mind. How open it was on all sides, how it teemed with interests, how different from the scholar of silly traditional belief. We used to believe that he could have taught us history, science, economics, philosophy—almost anything: and so indeed he did. He taught us to go adventuring among masterpieces on our own account, which is the most any teacher can do. Luckiest of all were those who, on one pretext or another, found their way to his fireside of an evening. To sit entranced, smoking one of his cigars, to hear him talk of Stevenson, Meredith or Hardy—(his favorites

among the moderns) to marvel anew at the infinite scope and vivacity of his learning—this was to live on the very door sill of enchantment. Homeward we would go, crunching across the snow to where Barclay crowns the slope with her evening blaze of lights, one glimpse nearer some realization of the magical colors and tissues of the human mind, the rich perplexity and many-sided glamour of life."

Several of the sketches in *Plum Pudding* are devoted to the trials and tribulations, the joys and pleasures of the Three Hours for Lunch Club. In these sketches the author relates at length and in considerable detail the tastes and capacities of the Club in the matter of perishables. In some autobiographical notes Mr. Morley once said, "I am and always have been too well fed." It is not hard to accept this statement as literal, if the author, in practice, deals with meals with the same gusto that he does in *Plum Pudding*. Mr. Morley has a delightful way of classifying certain books as those which should be read in bed. Would it be untoward to suggest that *Plum Pudding* is an admirable bedtime book with dinner four or five hours past and the cupboard empty?

In the above there is a fulness and robustness that savors of the author's interest in Whitman. His admiration for Joseph Conrad and his friendship with William McFee and David W. Bone have given rise to the chapters entitled, "Secret Transactions", "A Letter to a Sea Captain" and "Books of the Sea". In "Secret Transactions of the Three Hours for Lunch Club," we have a glimpse of Captain Bone, the author of *The Brass Bounder* and of *Broken Stowage*, and the commander of the *Columbia*, Glasgow and New York. In "A Letter to a Sea Captain" we are further informed of the character of this remarkable man. In "Books on the Sea" we have an interesting survey of maritime literature, both prose and verse. The following allusion to Whitman is unique.

"To come to poetry, we suppose that the greatest seapoet who never ventured on anything more perilous than a ferry-boat was Walt Whitman. Walt, one likes to think, would have been horribly seasick if he had ventured out beyond the harbour buoy." In "Secret Transactions" Mr. Morley, speaking of himself, says, "At sea Mr. Green is of lurking manners; he holds fast to his bunk lest worse befall; but a ship in port is his empire." It is hardly possible that this similarity between Whitman and the afore-mentioned Mr. Green kindles a brotherly understanding on the part of the latter. More pleasing than his observations on books of the sea are the glimpses that Mr. Morley gives us of his friendship with William McFee, author of *An Ocean Tramp*, *Casuals of the Sea*, *Harbours of Memory*, etc.

In the preface to the collection of *Modern Essays* Mr. Morley says

"My intention is not merely to please the amiable dilettante, though I hope to do that too. I made my choices, first and foremost, with a view to stimulating those who are themselves interested in the arts of writing. I have, to be frank, a secret ambition that a book of this sort may even be used as a small but useful weapon in the classroom. I wanted to bring it home to the student that as brilliant and sincere work is being done to-day in the essay as in any period of our literature." It seems as if Mr. Morley has made a particularly happy selection when such names as William McFee, Rupert Brooke, David W. Bone, Don Marquis, Joseph Conrad, Hilaire Belloc, William Osler, Max Beerbohm, H. M. Tomlinson and several others are to be found in the table of contents. As a preface to each essay the author gives us a graceful, kindly, intimate introduction which adds much to the pleasure of the reading.

In *Chimney Smoke* and *Plum Pudding* he has made decided progress in familiar fields. The collection of *Modern Essays* is a decided success in a field heretofore untried. Consideration of these three books seems to show that to a degree at least Mr. Morley has had an answer to his wish that,

*"In lucid prose or honest rhyme
Some worthy task we may achieve."*

A. MacIntosh, '21.

Christopher Morley: *Modern Essays* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)
Plum Pudding (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Chimney Smoke (George H. Doran Co.)



Two by Logan Pearsall Smith

HAVE you ever been to Oxford? Not at anytime in the year. Not exactly when Spring has come and flowers bloom in the quad of Magdelene; not exactly when hot Summer stills the slow ripples of the river; not exactly when Autumn and warm-blooded birds simultaneously leave the carved dormer windows high up in the Colleges, where tutors sometimes live; not in the Winter when the gargoyles peer through the mist and the sign of Brazenose bends over the doorway, blue in the chill air! Not these, but just, have you ever been to Oxford? This journey you get in *The Youth of Parnassus*. Beyond, above extraneous things are these tales. They deal with the inner heart of Oxford. They tell why Spring bears what it does to Magdelene quad, and why Autumn carries away what it does carry away.

For this reason they are touched with sadness, and their sadness is that which men always seek, and in which they are happy—but it is a sadness. It is the sweet melancholia of men completely enthralled by the spirit of something, living under the guiding sway of the spirit—never desiring to be free—even wishing to be drawn closer and to wrap themselves in the very folds of the spirit's garments—yet melancholy in their thralldom. This men do seek.

Such is the Youth from Parnassus. We watch him fighting against captivity, yet always seeking it as surcease from his struggles; and at length becoming shadowlike in the mastery of the spirit. Dimmer and dimmer does he glow until the end of the story quenches him. So it is with the other characters. Not pale nonentities; but boys and men all searching, all overcome, all sad, but all sublimely happy.

We have some flashes of humor different from the melancholy joy of most of the tales, in *The Sub-Warden*, *Idyll*, *Buller Intervening*. The first two are of the pleasures of captivity. The sub-warden, conservative and a tee-totaler, is delightful in his naive entanglement with a radical labor meeting. And Matthew Craik, logic tutor of St. Mary's, moving in a hey-day of love and lemon squash and summer time poesies, is . . . The third story is of a man who has escaped. The situation is of his return to keep an enthralled friend from marriage.

But melancholy is melancholy—that is as far as Democritus Junior got with it—and to it we return, after the book is finished and our minds go on after our hands have shut it and laid it aside. We too want to feel the struggle, we too want to be captured and put in the room next Mr. Craik's, we too want to be happy!

As for *More Trivia*. Here is a different matter. Attention is obviously led by a nose-ring to comparison. "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" (not he of the olden times, the famous author of "Hudibras", but the 19th century one—I insert this as one inserts into a life of Shakespeare, "Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek") is the other item. It would be to the advantage of *More Trivia* if this passage of mind could be avoided, but *More Trivia* calls for it and must abide by the consequences, the blood staining its own yellow covers. Samuel Butler never intended his notes for publication; friends did that when Samuel was beyond mundane protestations. Logan Pearsall Smith did intend his collection for publication; the book is on my desk, Mr. Smith is living in London, and there is no introduction telling in half-ashamed phrases how admiring friends purloined the scattered sheets from beneath beds, from forgotten trunks, or from the bottoms of messy bureau drawers. Even with this obvious advantage of having been written for publication, *More Trivia* is the loser.

Butler, looking at the world with critical eyes, saw flaws, found absurdities, and put them down, tinged with the queer warps of his personality. Smith, using only the eyes of a man of the world, creates flaws, manufactures absurdities, and these he sets down tinged by a borrowed warp—that of modernity. The result is that Logan Pearsall Smith has given us a book produced by a borrowed personality, tricked out in superficialities, sometimes diverting, more often not—but never true to himself. He is not the author of *More Trivia*, he only held the pen that inked it in. What Logan Pearsall Smith wrote is *The Youth of Parnassus*.

What we almost always seek from any writer who makes the least pretensions to literary excellence, is truth, primarily to himself, then to things as he views them. And on this basis, *More Trivia* and *The Youth of Parnassus* cannot have come from the same mould. Falsehood is somewhere, I prefer to think in *More Trivia*.

W. R., '22.

Logan P. Smith: *The Youth of Parnassus* (Frank Shay)
More Trivia (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)



A Contributors' Column

My Dear Mr. Editor:

'Tis rumored, so do not betray me, that the Muses lead a very negligent existence. There being nine of them and all talking at once, their life must, of course, be very controversial and amusing. Likewise, they find very little time to weed Parnassus and keep the frogs and field mice out of the "springs of sweet water". Luckily they permit themselves little time, and that always too late, to compose. Consequently, in daring to submit this gem from the stylus of the Muse Clio, mother of the knave Momus, by the Great God Mercury, Messenger of Olympus, I beg you to excuse its lateness on the plea of the extreme business of the Musical life.

Yours to the last molecule,
MERCURY.

SONNET MCMXXI

*Let man not to the sovereigns of mankind
Prohibit armaments. States are not states
Which wage not warfare where they warrant find
Nor better the debater in debates.
Oh no! they are an ever easy mark,
Subject to slights, by every menace shaken;
A spoil for any foreign oligarch
Whom they resist not when their rights are taken.
States are no fools, though covenants and leagues
In justice's just jurisdiction come;
States flourish upon battles and intrigues
And will even to the very edge of doom.
If this be error not to be ignored
Man never fought, and no state ever warred.*

(Apologies to W. S. and the "Dark Lady.")

(The editors, secure in the conviction that no pagan god would dare to invade the campus of Haverford, have resolved to entrust this composition to the public.)

Alumni Notes

(The purpose of this department is to announce publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to the college librarian or to Dudley Pruitt, Founders Hall.)

1885

The Oxford Press, New York, has recently published a pamphlet, *A Few Practical Suggestions*, by Logan Pearsall Smith. It is a tract issued by the Society for Pure English.

Mr. Smith's recent book, *The Youth of Parnassus*, is published by Frank Shay, New York. Reviewed in this issue.

1910

John French Wilson has received considerable favorable comment both from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and from *Contemporary Verse*

for his sequence of eight sonnets which appeared in the latter periodical for July '21. They were entitled *Candles Until the Dawn*.

Harcourt, New York, has published a book, *Modern Essays*, edited by Christopher Morley. It is a collection from contemporary essayists. Reviewed in this issue.

Mr. Morley has a poem in the *Atlantic* for December '21, entitled *Soliloquy for a Third Act*.

Another book, *Chimney Smoke*, from Mr. Morley's pen, is published by George H. Doran, New York. Reviewed in this issue.





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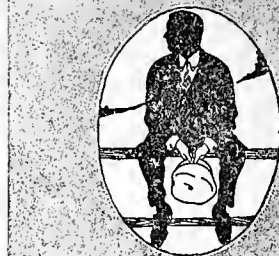
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The High Road

THE High Road comes into Winchester from the east, running downhill across a narrow stream. It goes through the town, past the Municipal Building and the fountain, and uphill to an old Norman arch where it turns to the west, and still uphill, sets out across the downs to Sarum. Down in the heart of the town, to the left of the road coming in from London, stand the School and the Cathedral with its tiny Close. The houses of the Dean, Canon, Minor Canon, Warden, and on down the list of petty officials, are crowded into the Close, and look sharply across it at one another apast the corners of the old church. Dr. Jenkins is the Canon. He has been down from Oxford for many years, at which place he had acquired a set and orthodox religion and a genuine taste for fine prints. His son, Gerald, is third year there now—Magdelene, the same as his father—and is going through the same process. Up where the High Road avoids the Norman arch lives Molly Maguire. Her mother is a seamstress and frequently works for the Canon's wife. Molly is learning to help her. No education is her lot, as well as an unbelievable fund of good looks and gentle nature.

One day the two of them, mother and daughter, came down from the hill to the Close. The Canon's wife was planning new summer draperies, to surprise her husband when he came back from London. Gerald had just come home for the beginning of the long vacation. "A short rest," he said "will do me good before I go into Wales to read for my exams."

He was leaving the house, trimly clad, spatted, sticked, as the two women came up. "Good morning, Mrs. Maguire," he said, bowing gently, "and Miss Molly, too." He had known her as a being for many youthful years, but never until now had he felt the least desire to call her "Miss Molly". The mother lowered her head in a hasty bob of reply, but Molly blushed at the unexpected use of her name, looked very embarrassedly lovely indeed and forgot to answer him at all. They passed then, Gerald swinging out of the Close toward the country, the others going into the house.

They worked so rapidly during the day that the Canon found new hangings everywhere when he returned that evening. The study had been done in light summer brown and was very pleasing. The colors softened the sunlight in a degree that was restful to tired old eyes, and agreed so well with the bindings of the books that he felt completely at one with the world when he came out from reading his mail. That is, but for one thing.

This came up at dinner. Said the Canon, "That woman has been

bothering me again with her birth-control. What is her name? I—I never can remember it, my dear."

"Mrs. Marston," filled in his wife.

"Yes, that's it. Well she's gone even farther this time. Now she wants me to talk from the pulpit about it and to organize classes."

"But isn't it against the law, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Just so," affirmed the Canon, "and she knows that as well as I do."

"Do you believe the laws are entirely fair, pater?" asked Gerald, for no other reason than because he was third year Oxford.

"Fair?" exploded his father, "Fair? How can any doubt have ever existed in your mind? Why of course they're fair!"

"But shouldn't a woman, either in or out of wedlock, be permitted to protect herself from an unnecessary amount of suffering?"

"Protect herself! You call it that! Why not say, prevent herself from fulfilling the only function of which she is eminently capable? Why not? It's what you mean."

"Not at all, pater. I was thinking particularly of the poorer people, who only add to their burden of life by large families. And it would undeniably remove a large amount of your bother about illegitimacy."

"Who wants to fight that evil in any such manner? Not I for one! The solution of that is different. If people would only exercise restraint."

"But they don't," interrupted Gerald.

"Well then, if young men of your class, let us say, would not put themselves in the way of temptation by meeting girls of the lower classes."

"But they do," insisted his son.

The butler brought in the ice and coffee, and the discussion, suitable only for family ears, was stopped and not picked up again during the evening.

"Are you walking up by the Arch to-day?" Mrs. Jenkins asked her son at breakfast.

"Why I easily can, if there's anything I can do for you, mater."

"No," went on his mother. "But Mrs. Maguire left some of her materials behind her yesterday and they should be taken up. I could send Joseph, only he's needed on the lawn."

"Certainly, mater. They shall go up first thing," answered Gerald.

Immediately after breakfast he set out up the high road. He passed the thin row of tiny shops, the greengrocer's, the haberdasher's—Mr. Samuelson he was and a branch from Sarum—and two or three tea-shops. In front of the Inn he met Molly coming down the hill.

"Good morning, Molly," he said, even more graciously than he had the day before.

"Good morning, sir," answered the girl reddening.

They began to go on, when Molly turned suddenly and called, "Mr. Jenkins!"

"Yes?" said Gerald turning.

"I was going down to your mother's, sir," Molly rushed on, "to get some sewing things we left there yesterday."

"Why, I have them here. I was just bringing them up." They smiled cheerfully at each other because of the amusing coincidence.

"Now you needn't come up, sir," cried Molly.

"Nor you down," came brightly from Gerald, and they smiled again.

"Then let us walk up to the Arch together, I must go to the cake shop," suggested Gerald.

They turned and went up the narrow sidewalk close together. It was still early morning, and the hand-sprinkler was just beginning to spill water over the cobbled street. Gerald looked down at Molly and cheerily said, "Isn't it a lovely morning?" and found himself tongue-tied. Molly answered, "Yes indeed, sir," and was without a further word to say.

However, when the Arch was reached, Gerald seemed to have forgotten completely about the cake shop, and strangely enough, Molly did not recall it either. So without a word they went on through the Arch and into the older portion of the town. They spoke freely now, Gerald talking of the University life—though not of his work—and she giving expression to queer little comments on the townspeople. They were soon out in the country, moving along the soft road at a swift pace, their lithe, young, well-exercised bodies joying in the companionship as well as in the quiet open air of the early English summer. Neither of them thought of turning back, or at any rate neither of them mentioned the idea if they did entertain it. They had luncheon at a little farmer's inn—bread, cheese and "Shandy". Before evening they were back at the Arch again, where they bade each other farewell and separated.

Mrs. Jenkins was in her garden when Gerald entered the gateway of the Close. "Where have you been all day?" she called. "We were disappointed when you didn't come home to luncheon."

Without more ado Gerald told her.

"With Molly Maguire?" repeated his mother in surprise. "Whatever made you do that? She is not of our class." This was not conscious snobbishness in the Canon's wife, but rather the expression of a long inbred creed.

Gerald explained the amusement of Molly Maguire's company, her cheerful outlook on life, and her pleasant contemplation of her fellow men.

"Well, I can't understand it," repeated his mother, then added, "You won't do it again, will you? One must be very careful in this small town."

Her son promised readily enough, for he had not been contemplating such a procedure. With that she was satisfied and no more was said about the matter—to Gerald. But that evening, after dinner, the Canon and his wife had coffee together in the study. Gerald was shut out in the drawing-room and blessed with the morning paper. No open mention was made to him of the conference, but the attitude of the father toward the young man was distinctly unusual. The old Canon seemed to have embarked on a career of character observation. He watched his son react to varied though set conditions; he tried, and successfully, to draw his son out in conversation. Gerald was always willing to talk, particularly when his father seemed to have renewed his interest in sociological questions. The old fellow told with great relish, how one of his classmates, a rich, well-familied fellow, had successfully consummated a marriage with a butler's daughter. Gerald admitted gracefully enough the possibility of such a happening. He even knew several of his friends who were contemplating similar moves. The Canon shook his head at this, though, shook his head dubiously and remarked, "Happy unions under such conditions are rather the exception than the rule, Gerald."

There were many conversations approximating this one, and after each the father went into a more serious conference with the mother. His, as well as her suspicions, they felt, were beginning to coagulate into what might be a well-founded basis on which action could be taken.

A Sunday or so later, the Canon, his son and his wife, were going across the Close to the Cathedral. Mrs. Maguire and Molly met them at the big doorway. The older people greeted one another with perfect politeness, but there was, to the Canon's and the Canon's wife's minds, a noticeable ease in Gerald's greeting of Molly as well as an over-necessary warmth in her returning of it. Coming back to the house after service, Mrs. Jenkins and her son were walking arm in arm across the grass, Dr. Jenkins having gone on ahead with the Dean.

"When are you leaving for Wales, Gerald?" asked the mother.

"To tell you the truth, mater, I've about changed my weak mind. I've been there for two years now, and one really doesn't get as much done as one pretends. There are too many good fellows around. And too, I find myself a bit fed up with Welsh people and chilly Welsh scenery."

"But it was all planned so nicely, Gerald. Your father and myself were going to the Continent for a trip while you were away. We haven't been there since our honeymoon. That was years before you came, my dear," she finished sentimentally.

Gerald smiled at the conclusion.

"What have I said Gerald?" cried Mrs. Jenkins, noticing his amusement.

"Nothing, mater darling," replied Gerald, and then went on, "but my changing my plans needn't interfere with yours. If you want to close the house, I can find digs in town and struggle along without bothering anyone."

"Oh, no indeed," cried his mother, positively bristling at the idea of Gerald alone in the same small town with Molly.

"Why not?" questioned the son. "It's been done before, and when I was less able to take care of myself than I am now."

Mrs. Jenkins was thrown into confusion, and spoke vaguely of servants and poor food. And they came to the house, where the Canon met them.

Immediately after dinner, Mrs. Jenkins took her husband aside and explained forcefully that matters were clearly at a head.

"As much trouble as it may mean," said the Canon, "it is obviously necessary to interfere before it goes beyond control."

"It is our duty," helped out his wife; "Gerald will surely be sensible enough to realize it is for his own future good."

"I hope so," replied her husband. "It will be much easier under that condition." He rang the bell and asked the maid to send Mr. Gerald into the study.

Their son came at once, looking mystified. To be sure there were several small tradesmen's bills scattered around Oxford, but the pater had never bothered him about them before. Then too, he might have gotten wind of the time he had been a bit heady from an injudicious mixture of port and champagne and rowed about town to the amusement of the more vulgar portion of the populace. Yes, that would account for the air of solemnity. But it would not do to begin on that subject; it might well be something he had not thought of. So Gerald waited, facing his parents with what appeared to them to be, and probably was, a guilty countenance.

The father began. "Your mother has been telling me," he said heavily and with his accents and breathings in the wrong places, "that you are not going to Wales, as we had planned." Gerald could not understand the solemnity embodied in such a matter. "Why have you made this decision?" the Canon went on. "It is necessary that we should know."

"I have explained my reasons to mother," answered Gerald simply. "She must certainly have given them to you, sir."

"But we mean your real reasons," insisted his father. "It is obvious to us that more is included."

"It was clever of you, pater, to discover it," said Gerald in the manner of someone confessing, and more at his ease now that he had done so. "How did you ever work it all out?"

"That a girl was worrying you, was self-evident, Gerald," returned the Canon with parental severity.

"Then I may as well tell everything," said Gerald with a frankness that alarmed his parents. "I'm engaged."

The Canon and the Canon's wife looked at each other and gasped in a completely shocked and well-bred manner.

"Engaged, sir!" almost thundered the former, to which the latter added a tremulous, "Gerald, how could you do it, after all we have done for you?"

"But there isn't a bit of harm in it. I have been merely waiting for a more propitious moment for telling you, but you've dug it up somehow. Now be sorry for your own deeds," he finished gaily.

"But your position and her position, Gerald!" insisted Mrs. Jenkins.

"It's as good as ours, mater," returned Gerald seriously. "You and the pater both know the girl and rather like her. You speak of her often enough. Naturally when I found out that she was coming to Winchester to her uncle's for the summer I changed my plans."

"Her position cannot be as good as ours," asserted the Canon, positively. "Moreover, I did not know that she possessed an uncle in this town."

"I don't quite see what you mean," said Gerald hazily. "But it's sheer nonsense about her position. You know perfectly well that the Dean is every bit our equal, and——"

"The Dean?" broke in both the others at once. "You mean Lucy?"

"Of course, who could it be but her. You've always known it, haven't you, you clever foxes, and just been ragging me?"

"Yes, yes, Gerald," said his mother anxiously, to avoid being discovered in her real ignorance. "That's just it. We are really very, very glad, my boy."

"It could not be better for you, or more pleasing to your mother and myself," said the Canon, rounding off the affair with a pompous nicety.

There was a short nervous vacancy in the talk, and then the parents broke out in those loud acclamations which are so universal that they need no recording. The tea table was very happy—with the Dean in, and the Dean's wife, and cheery congratulations.

That night, as the Canon turned out the lights, preparatory to an easy repose, he said to his wife, "It's very pleasing, Matilda, that Gerald has come to his sense so easily. But I was worried, my dear, very much worried for a few brief moments."

"It is very pleasing," agreed his wife. "I knew he would find himself, though."

The two fond old people snuggled under the covers, and neither of them ever knew, so glad were they to find their trouble a sheer nonentity, that Gerald had never been out of his senses, or ever off the high road.

William Reitzel, '22.

Howard Pyle

*Hill on hill of wind-laid, rain-smoothed sand
Rose threatening the spumy threatening sea—
Dunes, solid, massive, an eternity
Of sand, ceaseless, and forever in command
Of time. A man stood dreaming, hat in hand,
Watching a dirty tanker round the cape,
And through him coursed a strong desire to shape
The haunting tales of some old pirate band.*

*Here moved and fought, murdered and swore and died
Those rugged crews, grim, treacherous sea-dogs.
Romance that lived in every piece of drift.
Thrills that had come more often than the tide,
Treasure deep buried, while clinging hung the fogs—
Of these things would he tell, and make his gift.*

C. D. Abbott, '22.

Species and Types of the Inner Man

CHESTERTON, in his essay on Bret Harte, has given a very delightful exposition of the utterly dissimilar national types of humor. From his illustrations we see why it is that the Englishman and the American have to be especially educated to understand one another's jokes. Who knows but what that fellow dead to all your jests and subtleties may possess a fine incisive wit or the coarse, cruel humor of the Turk, and, in either case, be merely contemptuous of your sallies? It is a very interesting field for thought. Chesterton's description of how different nationalities would comment upon the event of a Member of Parliament after an impassioned speech sitting down upon his top hat is inimitable. But we feel that the humor of too few nationalities was illustrated. So let us pause for a moment to consider another case, that of a toastmaster at a banquet making a speech, he had spent over a week in preparing, introducing the Old Party nominee for President of the United States in a hotly contested campaign, and just at the climax of the speech, bringing his fist down hard upon a large slice of juicy huckleberry pie. An Irishman, according to Chesterton, would immediately have risen and begged to inform the company that Mr. Toastmaster was to be congratulated that the pie was not in his mouth when he hit it. A sympathetic Frenchman would have said, "Voilà! The sincerity of Mr. Toastmaster! He will plunge into anything to pay a tribute to Mr. —." But an unsympathetic Frenchman would undoubtedly have said, "Look at the stupidity! The Old Party do not know what they are plunging into! Their victory will splash the whole country with huckleberry juice!" Unfriendly American humorists would picture the splashing of pie juice at every banquet held by the Old Party and would figure out the enormous election expenses of cleaning and pressing dress suits and cuffs and neckties afterward. So much we have learned from Chesterton; but now let us see what the African waiters would say. We can imagine Mose out in the kitchen with his big eyes rolling wildly, expatiating like this: "And den he brought down his fist ker-plushsh!—into a whole pie so dat one-half flewed ovah an' hit Misto' — in de eye an' de uddah half flewed ovah an' hit Mrs. — in de eye!" Interrupted by a question, "Aint Mrs. — up in de balcony?" Mose protests, "Why, man, dat's where de pie flewed to!" Then Mose continues, "An' den when Misto' Toas'massah raise up his fist, de whole pie an' de pie plate jes' stuck to it. An' he turns roun' an' shakes his fis' at me, an' shouts 'Whaffo' "

Mose!' an' de ole pie-plate lef' his fist an' come through de air floppetty-flap an' it hit de piece ob pie on my tray an' turn it upside down an' flop it onto de back ob Misto' —'s neck!"

Again, we may imagine a new Chinese Ambassador remarking that he had always wanted to see a typical American boy, a true Tom Sawyer, in action as he had read of him in fiction, but that though he had not yet been favored in meeting a Tom Sawyer, he felt highly honored to have had thus early an opportunity of meeting a Huckleberry Finn. A visiting Hindu, on the other hand, might have observed that Americans are in fact more remarkable than they are reported to be. "Aboard ship," we can imagine him saying, "I had heard that the common people of America had pie for breakfast. But since the wealthiest Indian Prince is satisfied with pie for dinner only several times a week, I did not believe the story. This banquet, however, has persuaded me to believe anything I hear of you, for you even have pie for emphasis." We can see clearly a New York cartoonist of Hebraic extraction drawing a vivid sketch of the episode and underneath inscribing the words, "They are pie-ous men!" A Greek immigrant, hearing of the matter, might remark to a friend, "A-paga! These Americans waste pie almost as bad as they waste words!" Finally, an Arab sheik might comment, "Allah have mercy! Allah is great! Allah is wise! But Allah determines some foolish things! Allah be praised! Sela him!"

Thus many are the species of humor. Yet conscience, though as Huck Finn said, it "takes up more room than all the rest of our insides put together," is so little known that it is thought to be exactly the same for all men! Those who worship at its altar no less than those who regard it as a policeman to be bribed, bamboozled, and avoided, are guilty of looking only at its abstract sameness and turning a blind eye toward all its personal incarnations. To our natural dislike of a hard task-master is added the inevitable human aversion to fleshless abstractions for which an artificial reverence seems demanded. No wonder "conscience" is uninteresting! Indeed, it is now commonly believed that a man might better be tied to the apron-strings of a poodle-doting wife or be forever bound in the steel trap of alcoholism than spend his days at the beck and call of conscience. For although the henpecked husband can be detained at the office occasionally, the conscience-pecked soul cannot even get far enough away from himself to commit suicide.

This distress is needless. For there are many consciences, and each man in his life meets more than one. They are like the girls that any man has known. At first as a small boy, he has known them chiefly as teasing torments, and occasionally as happy playmates. He does not know quite what to make of them, and has as little to do with them as

possible, unless, indeed, he has a special reverence for some one. But later, they (both girls and consciences) grow strangely attractive. Casual and overheard remarks of theirs which he would previously have scorned as silly, such as expressions of preference for some particular color or a criticism of manners, stand out for months in his memory as if written in flaming letters in the sky. And the little hints of conduct that they let slip while with him are more compelling than the whole Mosaic Law. It is not long, however, before he finds himself attempting to live up not only to the Ten Commandments, but also to the Beatitudes and the Koran, the Fourteen Points and the Book of Mormon, the Nicean Creed and the Amendments to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. At every step he is so commanded and countermanded, ordered and disordered, like a raw recruit dreaming himself reviewed by seven generals, that he gives up the attempt to run in every direction at once and resolves to be a law unto himself. Like the pious Japanese youth who made offerings to three great goddesses and was advised quite differently by each, he does as he really wants, having discovered the flaw in every idol. If he is wise, he definitely swears off from paganism and attains a second period of perfect freedom.

In a year or two, perhaps, there comes the real Athene. With her there is no law to be enforced; the thought just flashes and the deed is done. The only wonder is that he should not have thought of the deed before. Such a conscience it is very joy to serve. There are some men, however, so unfortunate as never to find the true Athene. Some have doubted her existence and foolishly married another. These poor fellows go through a long, unhappy life of surly obedience and sly avoidance of the counsels of their wives; and the poor wife, so scurvily treated, will not exert herself to be angelically pleasant. Indeed, what can she do, seeing her husband to be an ass, but prove herself a thoroughbred nag?

No better off is the coward miser who fears the risks of partnership and the surrender of his free will. For he may keep his freedom of choice undamaged to the end, but he will find it useless. All roads will still be open to him, but he will have no place to go, and nothing to go there for. He can wander in the fields and meadows all he wishes, but if he picks any flowers, he will have nothing better to do with them than to drop them down again. And when he dies the gods will plant a persimmon tree above him in which his soul must dwell, fated, protected from frost, to be forever useless.

Yet life is not a bed of roses even for the worshipper of the true Athene. There comes a time when her commands are hard and her adorer far too sure of heaven. He fails and falls upon the hard ground, and if he lacks an ounce of the true man, he is lost. Even if he regains

his place in her esteem and finally marries her, he is doomed to the soldier's life, continual marches, hard campaigns, with essential equipment often lacking, food short, and organization incomplete, to terrific battles, and bitter defeats. But through all he will have a noble purpose and a noble love putting strength into his muscles and courage in his heart.

However, the analogy between a man's conscience and his wife must not be carried too far. For most men learn to recognize different types of women, but very few have studied carefully the different types of conscience. The Puritan conscience is, indeed, widely but not well known. Although thin and somewhat angular, she is tall, erect, and energetic, with a keen mind and lots of common sense. When young she was too serious to cultivate her native beauty, and in middle life she has the firm, quiet dignity of a noble tree. She understands fully her responsibility for keeping her husband's house in order and she will let nothing interfere with it. She will not tolerate the tiniest flyspeck upon her table linen, and a grain of sand upon the carpet will disturb her peace of mind for weeks. If by chance you should pick up a pencil while out visiting and, absent-mindedly putting it in your pocket, carry it away with you, she will lecture you all night upon the dangers of undermining one's character. If she overhears you inform a passing tourist that the shortest way to Durham is along the old State Road when, in fact, the route along Nakomis Lane, Rutmire Road, and Cheeseham Pike is two miles shorter, although muddy and very difficult, she will rebuke you severely for saying "shortest" instead of "best", insisting upon truth in details as well as in the large. Yet she worries about small defects only because they blot out the large general principles. She is an autocratic mistress, never satisfied, for even when you obey implicitly her lightest word, she demands that you obey without her speaking. Nevertheless, there have been men who have lived very happily with her, and if they have the capacity for quiet chuckling on the side, they find her a congenial and indispensable companion.

The Englishman's conscience demands action with and in the concrete. He loves sports for the exercise they give him and he votes for the "most solid" man or the man who can make the most substantial promises. The Scotchman's conscience demands independence and high spirit. He will take up sports to develop his nerve. The man he votes for is the man who dares to be different and to express his independence. He is conscience-stricken if he thinks he has "truckled" to anybody,—though self-sacrificing devotion to the most disagreeable service of a man he admires he does not consider "truckling". The French conscience demands logical thoroughness and simplicity. "Apply

whatever principles you have consistently," it says, "and whatever you do, do well." The Frenchman likes sport only if he can be an artist at it; if he cannot get the delight of playing with admirable skill, there is no point in playing. The Prussian conscience demands order and discipline. "Be methodical, and make every one else work methodically for you," is its chief command. Sloppiness and weakness, real or apparent, are its cardinal sins. The German conscience demands accuracy and indefatigable industry. A German is most conscience-stricken when he can find nothing to do; and he will qualify his statements endlessly rather than think himself slightly inaccurate. He loves order too, and it is by their common love of order, that Prussian and German get along together. But the demands of order and accuracy are too much for the German professorial mind, which finds at hand two or three conflicting philosophical systems, no one of which seems absolutely accurate, and yet without some one of which the world would be absolutely disordered. Conscience is thus cut up into pieces—and it has a separate voice for each hypothesis. Thus one voice may say, "Vote for the hardest worker," another, "Vote for the man who can make the greatest number of other people work." A third will command, "Vote for the most rigidly honest and plain speaking," while a fourth will say, "Vote for the man with the biggest heart. Another may say, "Vote for the best scholar," a sixth, "Vote for the man most uncompromising in his principles," while a final voice sternly bids, "Vote for the most likely winner." To resolve these commands will be the task of weeks of thought, and if at last one candidate gains a majority of these voices, all is well, and he receives the vote. If not, then there will be no satisfaction of conscience in any event, so that frequently it is the voice in accord with the authorities that carries the day.

Today there are apparently two types of American conscience, the conscience of the crowd and the conscience of the strong man. Both demand success, but they have different conceptions of it. The conscience of the crowd is provincial, though it manifests itself in the street urchin whose ambition is to be a "regular guy", in the good old Philadelphian who wants above all else to be "quite proper", in the "social" creature who cares only about being "in the set", in the litterateur who tries to write "literary" literature, and in the solid citizen who can always be counted on to be faithful to his party. This conscience lives in a rut and finds its voice only in the expressions and opinions of others, but it is none the less implicitly obeyed. It must not be confused with moral cowardice because it will compel a man to brave the hostility of those who labor under a provincial conscience of a different brand. Besides, a provincial conscience would no more dream of admitting the possibility of good in Socialism, or, if Socialist, in Capitalism, when alone on a desert island, than when home.

The other American conscience insists above all things on "meaning business". While the first type demands athletics because "it is the thing", this type can be satisfied only in playing to win. It can never approve of any one who never wins. It is a hard master, but it makes strong men. It breaks many who have not the strength to win through defeat, and it makes conceited those who have always played within their range of powers; but those who both aim high and play hard are made men indeed. At its worst it does run toward a false, an unfairly gained, success. But the English idea of sport for sportsmanship's sake makes no appeal to it. If it is convinced that winning is unimportant, its force and energy are killed, and it can only drag through life without ambition or self-respect. The Prussian would play, not so much to win, as to defeat others; the German would play seriously, accurately, and methodically, just as he would work. The Prussian and German together would make a professional team, which would make a thorough scientific study of the game. Formidable opponents as they would be, they would, as soon as the conditions of victory were seen to be lacking, stop playing, for their motive power would be gone. No one can try to do what he sincerely believes impossible, unless he has a love of playing for its own sake. The American demand for winning is not of the Prusso-German stamp. It is a synthesis of that with the British idea of sportsmanship, raising both to what seems to Americans a higher level. The American conscience combines the British demand for activity with the German demand for being businesslike, and the highly developed instinct for carrying through to a successful completion everything once started, gives a new force to the term "meaning business". The American conscience scorns the idea of a "gentleman's game", but the danger is, not the replacement of the American by the British conscience, but that of the strong man's conscience by the conscience of the crowd. Let us hope that the American melting-pot will achieve a conscience which will not so much demand the signs of success, but the kind of personality that, without losing its sense of proportion, always "means business".

If the German conscience be called bureaucratic, and most of the others autocratic, the moral life of the successful man might be said to be run by Cabinet Government. For the successful man has many consciences. In his business he has a business man's conscience of the most efficient type, for his home life he has picked out the finest specimen of family conscience he could find, for his times with old pals he has the best approved "jolly good fellow" or "great old scout" conscience, and for religious matters he employs one that has been well preserved in his mother's old family Bible. If he has other activities, such as political reform, he employs a special conscience for them. In every case, he

gets the soundest and most conservative conscience whose services he can command. But while many people would be puzzled to have so many consciences, the successful man lets there be no doubt that while there may be many advisers there is only one president. He refuses to allow the theological conscience to control his business or his family life, or his business conscience to disturb his religious beliefs. This organization works so smoothly that he is never bothered by remorse, and both he and those who know him find it difficult to believe that he has a conscience.

Although the successful man, so long as he is successful, thus escape the pains of remorse, he does not, as Uncle Si says, "get the full value out on his conscience." For as he goes on to explain, "Ye hev tu let it eat out your heart and blow out yer wind afore ye ken get the new heart and the second wind ye need tu run where ye really want tu run and tu plow the fields ye really want tu plow.

"But, of course," he may continue, "ye hev tu send yer conscience out intu the world tu school, and larn it tu read and tu reckon and tu talk what ye ken understand. And sometimes, ye hev tu lay ontu it with a good stout cane, for an uneddicated conscience be more trouble and a heap more dangerous nor any spiled kid ever was. 'Twan't more nor several years ago they was some byes down here from the city. Bright little fellers they was. They was lookin' tu do some work raising food fer the army, and they was hikin' through the kentry helpin' all they could along the way. I wan't around, so the wife set 'em tu mowing the lawn, it ain't much tu it, and duing some work round the house. They was through so soon and they seemed so bright and conscientious thet she sent 'em out to weed the truck patch, which was thet thick with weeds ye couldn't see the ground. She didn't think tu tell 'em what was weed and what was plant, but druv off in a hurry tu du the marketing fer the half-week.

"Wal, them youngsters divided up the patch intu five parts, one fer each kid, and then they set out like brave so'djers tu du or die. One was so danged conscientious thet he pulled up every plant thet he thot mout be a weed, and blamed ef he left more nor about three plants tu the acre. He worked harder nor any ten hired men I ever had, ye mout hev thot he had the devil in him; but so did they all. Another was so danged conscientious thet he examined every plant tu see whether it was vegetable or weed and it tuk him round about five minutes tu get ready to pull up one weed. A third of them byes started out pulling up every plant thet looked like a weed but then he thot some of them ought tu go back in again, and so he replants 'em very careful and didn't think how in thet hot sun they'd soon be as good as dead. Another one figgered out first thet the large reg-

ular spaced plants must be the vegetables, and the ornery little things scattered about like must be the weeds, so he goes tu work and roots up seven long rows of young carrots and three rows of young beets, and left very careful and undisturbed more nor a hundred widely spaced grandf'er dock plants and nigh as many great clumps of crab grass. The last of them little troopers was even brighter nor all the rest. He found out he didn't know nothing of weeds and vegetables, so what does he du but rout some old seed catalogue out on the shed, and then he went tu work with the catalogue in one hand and a trowel in the other, aiming to leave only them plants that looked like what he saw in the catalogue, according tu what he could make out of the pictures. Thet was jest some fine flourishin' dandelions and a lot of very choice wild cow-cumber vines. Wal, an uneddedicated conscience bean't a whole lot of use."

Robert L. Molitor, '22.

Triolet

*Hasten, sleep, and close my eyes;
Leaden eyelids crave thy balm.
Waft me to thy paradise.
Hasten, sleep, and close my eyes.
Grant me thine elusive prize—
Sweet repose in dreamless calm.
Hasten, sleep, and close my eyes;
Leaden eyelids crave thy balm.*

J. F. Reich, '24.

Bull the Fearless

“WELL, Wheeler, my contract's up, and with that fat job lookin' me in the face, I figure I can't afford to waste my time around this here University teachin' young hopeleses to box. It's all right for you college fellows to keep on talkin' about bringin' up a four-ply youth for the nation, but men who haven't got the education and the chance for advancement have got to look for the wicked metal. This guy Bull has got the stuff, and he'll draw the coin to make it worth while. I figure there ain't a better or more fearless heavyweight in the state than Bull Thompson.”

Doctor Wheeler looked worried.

“But see here, Cox, you've been boxing instructor at this University for years, and I can't understand how even a job like that will tempt you. Why, with my position as physical educator, and my two freshman classes in Physical Training, I don't think I could desert the old school for the presidency of these United States. My stars, man, which is the greater glory—helping young men to lead lives of strength and usefulness, or to manage some low-browed, cow-hearted prizefighter for the sake of a bank account?” Cox scowled.

“You ain't got the right to call Bull a cow-heart. That man's got guts. Look what he done in the war! Medal for crawlin' out flat on his belly into no-man's land and bringin' in a sergeant and three buddies, one at a time, with them deadly shells raisin' Hell all around him. 'N' then there's the story of how he knocked a officer cold for attackin' some little French girl, with evil intentions. Bull knew it meant court martial, but he never flinched, and they just acquitted him by one vote. There ain't a bit of coward blood in that guy, Doc, not a drop. He's a man, and he's a fighter, and I'm gonna manage him till he comes through with the heavyweight championship of this wide state. So it's good-bye University.” Cox thumped the table, but Wheeler looked thoughtful.

“All right, Jim. But I claim it's not always the expected physical dangers that show up a man's cowardice. It's not always fear of death or pain that brings out the yellow streak. Why, some men who would fight a lion would be afraid, stone cold, to lead a girl's school in prayer.” Wheeler smiled. “And some mighty good faculty members would rather burn than lead in University chapel, for that matter. This chap Bull may be a good man; from what you say, he must be. I was judgin' him by the average. But I'll bet he's a moral coward; *everybody is*. There are some thoughts, I know, that he'd be afraid just to contemplate.”

Cox grunted and shook his head. "No, there ain't."

"All right. Tell you what I'll do—if I can make Bull Thompson show fear, you come back to the old U. And if I can't, you get a thousand dollars, if I have to sell the Ford and a watch or so. Are you game?"

Cox shook on it.

The Bayville auditorium was packed tight with enthusiasts. It was a great big place, too, and no need of a spotlight, because the electric lights which clustered over the ring were reflected down on the fighters from the white metal dome.

Bull Thompson was to make his first fight in the home town. He was to be met by some heavyweight from the southern part of the state, and, of course, the odds were all on Bull. Cox was there, sitting close to the corner Bull was to occupy. "Battling" Bleiler sat in the opposite corner, nervously chewing three slabs of gum as his second rubbed his ears and massaged his shoulders. Bull was taking his time in the dressing room, with an eye to the intimidation of his young, high-strung, but capable Jewish opponent.

About two minutes before the bout was to come off, the local hero emerged from the door of his room, strode boldly down the aisle, clad in a blue bathrobe, from under which peered a pair of greenish-blue tights. The crowd roared out its appreciation for its hero, stamped, yelled, and whistled. Bull, scowling and handsome, ducked underneath the ropes, gave his prey a gentle look, just as a cat must give to a wounded mouse, and luxuriously lay back to give his second the opportunity to go through the usual ante-scrap performances.

The bell rang, and they went to it.

At first, Bleiler was under such a nervous tension that Bull had by far the better of it. Some home son harangued for odds that the invader would not last the first round. His excitement was natural; the "Battler" did look whipped. But it was only the stage fright of the first moment. The second round saw a different match.

Bull advanced almost to his opponent's corner in a single bound. The lighter Jew remained stationary, and just as Bull led with his left, the left of Bleiler made a bee line for Bull's jaw. Bull checked it with his open glove, but had not given much thought to that waiting right. True to its mark it sped. The head went back with a jar, and Bleiler had landed his first real blow of the evening.

And so it lasted. The second round finished with both fighters breathing exhaustedly. Just as the bell sounded for the third round they sprang at each other, and exchanged blows which were heard by the audience, although they could not be seen as moving flesh. Then both men gave ground a little, breathing hard, and sparring for an opening.

Bull, standing still, led with his right. Bleiler dodged to the left, and at the very same instant, launched a terrific right hand uppercut toward Bull's jaw. But the big fellow was bending over a trifle, and that oncoming bombshell struck him fully and blindingly between the eyes.

Bull really didn't feel pain. He stepped backward, with both gloves spread out over his face. The bell rang, and he stumbled, still covering his eyes, to his corner. The second led him to his chair, and made inane remarks about making it up next round. And then he opened his eyes.

Darkness! He strained the orbs as far open as he could, panting and grasping for sight. No matter how far he opened his eyes, there was nothing but darkness! It was like the time he had been gassed. He stood up, and tried to look around. He could hear the impatient buzzing of the crowd. They seemed to be anxious over something. Ah, then he knew. He was blind! An unreasoning, shameless terror took possession of him.

"Oh, I'm blind," he bellowed at the top of his voice. "Get a doctor. Get a doctor." And headlong he fell to the canvas-covered ring.

Someone was speaking, addressing the crowd. And they were laughing, jeering. What did it mean? The voice continued.

"I think, gentlemen, it is merely a fuse blown out. It will be fixed in just a few minutes. Please have a little patience."

After the fight, Cox met Wheeler. Wheeler was all smiles.

"Are you coming back, Jim?"

"Well no! I'll admit Bull looked like a fool, but we said that if *you* made Bull show fear, I'd come back. What did *you* have to do with it?"

"Why my dear man, who the deuce turned off the switch, but me?"

N. A. White, '23.

Ballade of the Sailor Grown Old

*I early felt the years that come
To all in time; before I knew
I bent beneath them and was dumb
Under their dismal burden. Few
Grow old as I have grown, and too,
Few live on, growing old so young.
As I have done, not all folk do—
But what a song my heart has sung!*

*I, through my wanderings, have become
This crouching thing here, cold and blue,
Munching with aged lips the crumb
That Life still throws. Yet I was true
As any of Her children who
From Her eternal loins had sprung.
Once through my hair the salt wind blew—
But what a song my heart has sung!*

*What though all now is burdensome—
I, one time, felt the deck askew
Beneath my naked feet; the drum
Of quick wave following wave was new
In my young ears one time; and blue
Across my eyes the Gulf Stream swung.
Even now I see its deepening hue—
But what a song my heart has sung!*

*O God of Sailors! Thee I sue
With age-cracked voice and old heart wrung,
Take me now, it is my due—
But what a song my heart has sung!*

William Reitzel, '22.

Two Aspects of "Evelina"

*Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows,
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose;
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.*

*She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.*

An Old Song

The path of the novelist in the days of George III was not so pleasant as it is in this twentieth century when the "best-sellers" are idolized and their producers made social lions. The novel then was as yet an infant in long dresses, and was considered a naughty one, too. It is no wonder that Fanny Burney launched her *Evelina* in fear and trembling, and was afraid to show her face in the street for days after it left the press.

Her great forerunners were few. Marivaux, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett came before her. Not one of them was too delicate in expression or plot, and not one of them wrote stories fit for the perusal of an impressionable young girl. Richardson thought his novels were propriety itself, but it needs small insight to see that they were little better than the rest. The obscenity of these writers, however, might have been overlooked by many men because of their better qualities, but there were then, as there are today, a great number of second, third, and fourth class writers *ad nauseam* who were openly vicious. What few novelists had preceded Miss Burney were not in the least abashed by the position of their sex; in fact, Mrs. Behn a hundred years before had almost settled the question that a woman should not write novels, by the so-called license in hers. The novel was in the stage where it was condemned in no uncertain tones by the puritans and divines of the century. One needs but to glance through the pages of one of them to see that a careful matron would scarcely put it before her young daughter to read.

All this made Fanny Burney tremble for the future of the novel. She had read as many of them as she could find, in her self-education, and had learned to love them as a great means of portraying human nature. She was brimming over with the desire to write of life, the life

she saw around her and the life she saw in her dreams. She wanted to make a novel which everyone would want to read and yet one which no one would hesitate to read or recommend. She did. It was *Evelina*, written of a beautiful and charming young girl by a charming young woman of twenty-three.

Evelina was a good young lady (as some sarcastic individual has remarked on the title page of my copy), and the novel was well received in spite of the fact that it was published anonymously and by a house of little reputation. In fact, *Evelina* was as good as the writer of the old college song makes his out to be. Perhaps all *Evelinas* are alike, for the song gives as good an idea of Fanny Burney's *Evelina* as if she had written it herself. The book itself is written in a very cleverly arranged series of letters. The author's instinct of plot is well developed, and the plot, while complicated, is not tangled.

Miss Burney was one of the first to show that a plot might be made intensely interesting without a passionate appeal. The interest of *Evelina* is sustained, not by a love plot, but by the desire of the reader to find out the mystery that surrounds Sir John Belmont's relations with his daughter whom he had disowned before her birth. The fact is that her novel was so fascinating and so genuinely good that her reform idea succeeded beyond her brightest hopes.

There is no one, I think, who will not admire Fanny Burney for her reform idea and its success. I am afraid, though, that she would have hesitated to put her good plan into execution if she had known the bad her good book would do. Imagine her feelings if she could have seen its offspring that a half century was to bring upon the novel-reading world. Could she have seen the works of a thousand obscure writers (not to mention Charlotte Yonge, Miss Muloch, E. P. Roe), I am sure she would never have started the ball rolling. If she had known that her example was to divert genius into the channel of flat and lifeless "goody-goody" books surely she would have hesitated much; for she had the good of the novel at heart. Some of them, for example, the "Elsie" books, would have driven her to a convent. Indeed, although Fanny Burney had a mild, a very mild case indeed of silly sentimentalism, her work does not make one sicken and pine away. Nevertheless the most important consequence of the novel *Evelina* is that it started, innocently enough, what might be called a "School of the Books-for-Young-Ladies", which has brought the literary world no good and I think some harm. This is an instance of the bad a good book may do.

Quite aside from his interest in *Evelina* as a piece of literature the student and even the casual reader, if he is a keen observer of manners and fashions, is most interested in the English life of the latter eighteenth century portrayed in the novel. *Evelina* describes the very streets that

Fox and Reynolds trod and saw the famous Vauxhall when it was bright and new in its painted pavilions and gardens. She adored the theatre. Of perhaps the most celebrated actor of all time she exclaims:

O, my dear sir, in what raptures am I returned! Well may Mr. Garrick be so celebrated, so universally admired—I had not any idea of so great a performer.

Such ease! such vivacity in his manner! such grace in his motions! such fire and meaning in his eyes! I could hardly believe he had studied a written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.

His action—at once so graceful and so free!—his voice—so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully variant in its tones!—such animation!—every look *speaks*!

Her experience in the shops makes her wonder more than ever.

The shops are really very entertaining, especially the mercers'; there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop; and every one took care by bowing and smirking to be noticed. We were conducted from one to another, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony, that at first I was almost afraid to go on.

I thought I should never have chosen a silk: for they produced so many, I knew not which to fix upon; and they recommended them all so strongly, that I fancy they thought I only wanted persuasion to buy everything they showed me. And indeed, they took so much trouble, that I was almost ashamed I could not.

At the milliners' the ladies we met were so much dressed, that I should rather imagine they were making visits than purchases. But what most diverted me was, that we were more frequently served by men than by women; and such men! so finical, so affected! they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves; and they recommended caps and ribands with an air of so much importance, that I wished to ask them how long they had left off wearing them.

The despatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing for they have promised me a complete suit of linen against the evening.

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels; full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell; for my hair is so much entangled, *frizzled* they call it, that I fear it will be very difficult.

And so she rambles on with her delightful gossip.

Her life in London was at its height, a formal kissing of hands, pursuits by wicked gallants and rescue by the noble Lord Orville. It was continuously one of fear, for her beauty made many women her friends and too many men her would-be lovers. Fanny Burney had a nice idea of propriety in courtship, and if she had lived sixty years later might have written an "Etiquette of Courtship." Witness:

He shut the door after he came in, and approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, "Is this true, Miss Anville? are you going?"

"I believe so, my lord," said I, still looking for the books.

"So suddenly, so unexpectedly must I lose you?"

"No great loss, my lord," cried I, endeavoring to speak cheerfully.

"Is it possible," said he gravely, "Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?"

"I can't imagine," cried I, "what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books."

"Would to Heaven," continued he, "I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!"

"I must run up-stairs," cried I, greatly confused, "and ask what she has done with them."

"You are going then," cried he, taking my hand, "and you give me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?"

"My lord," cried I, endeavoring to disengage my hand, "pray let me go!"

"I will," cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, "if you wish to leave me!"

"O, my lord," exclaimed I, "rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!"

"Mock you!" repeated he earnestly; "no! I revere you! I esteem and I admire you above all human beings! you are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! you are the most amiable, the most perfect of women! and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling."

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathe; I doubted if I existed,—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me: Lord Orville, hastily rising supported me to a chair, upon which I sunk almost lifeless.

For a few minutes neither of us spoke; and then, seeing me recover, Lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, entreated my pardon for his abruptness.

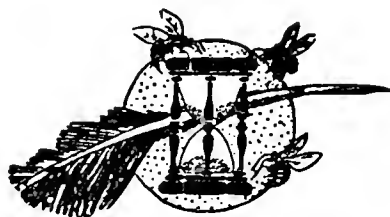
Abruptness! And that is a proposal. What would Fanny Burney have said could she have seen a modern cinema?

Ames Johnston, '25.

Sonnet

*How often have I sat with pen in hand,
While mighty thoughts were teeming through my brain,
And striv'n to set them down, but all in vain;
Elusive words mock'd at my weak command.
How often have I lain by night and planned
An essay or some poem's sweet refrain,
And tried at morn to write it down again,
Then found it vanished, like words writ in sand—
Oh, if I had a pen of magic power,
To write the thoughts that well up in my mind,
Or if I could remember for an hour
The flashing strokes of wit that I can find;
Then could I—(Well, I planned these lines last night,
But, good Lord, I've forgotten what to write!)*

I. C. Heyne, '23.



A Contributors' Column

PARNASSUS, (NOT ON WHEELS).

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Viewing, almost with dismay, the advent of one of the family in your pages, and finding there a rather insinuated accusation as to the family's activities (insinuated by Mercury himself); I have endeavored to take it upon myself to relieve my relations from the stigma thus cast upon them. I have not been consumed by a burning desire to versify, but by the mere process of elimination this task has fallen upon me. Clio is so busily engaged in maternity, and my other sisters are more or less employed in "Weeding the ponds of Parnassus". Mercury was a beast to air our red flannel so publicly! In short, I, being the one most unfitted for either gardening or maternity, have been looked upon as the one most fitted for poetizing.

Accept my sincere best wishes for the success of your future social functions.

Truly,
TERPSICHORE.

*Much have I traveled, chaperone of girls,
And many goodly college proms have seen;
O'er many miles of railways have I been
Which bear by baggage rates these female pearls.
Oft have I sympathized o'er misplaced curls,
Or ones extraneous, not matched with the sheen
Of heads they garnished; breathed the pure serene
Of heavy atmosphere and smoke in swirls.
But never did I meet with unsmirched joy
'Til Haverford swam o'er my eye's dulled ball;
I drank light punch and drew without alloy
Slow breaths of air, and chatted not at all;
And later found myself, without annoy,
Snoring in an arm-chair by the wall.*

Exchanges

Varsity—Columbia University

"In a brief article of six thousand words, with illustrations, Mr. Irvin Cobb proved that we were headed straight for perdition on the wheels of poor whisky and six-cylinder cars, and that as soon as he got too weak to push a pen the whole nation would go plumb to Gehenna!"

Fellows! that "we" includes you and I not to mention heaven knows how many confederate rascallions living a criminal existence in a somewhat smaller number of pedagogical institutions. What are we going to do about it? We are going to disbelieve it! It isn't so. We are "enthusiastic idealists, a straight-living, hard-thinking, courteous body of citizens, the foundation of tomorrow's greatness." At least, after reading, "Irvin, It's a Lie" we think quite likely—that is, we feel practically certain that we are. To be sure, we may be just a little assertive, and oh just the least bit disrespectful, but so are our elders, so are our elders. We are, moreover, perfectly justified in returning the missiles which the oldsters have bestowed upon us to them by way of the air. That is most equitable. But why is it that old and young need thus so implacably to condemn each other? Is that the way of greatest good?

In "The Road to Brittany", from the Montmartre studios to be sure, the way of greatest good proved to be two by two. To secure this there was necessary some little adjustment in the matter of which two, but this was satisfactorily settled. Sometimes a little mutual jealousy can work marvels, and—it makes a very satisfactory theme for a short story. A second short story also deals with jealousy, no less keen for being juvenile, wherein the lady paramount admirably plays the part of "An Instrument of Satan".

In addition to three brief poems whose restricted compass permits little more than some vivid description, the magazine contains two interesting sketches, "Dartmouth Impressions" and "Columbia Library at Six O'clock". Naturally enough to the kindly pen of the author the building at this time is most interesting because of those who have foregone dinner to remain in it.

Alumni Notes

(The purpose of this department is to announce the publications of Haverfordians. We are glad to receive information of such from the authors themselves. Please send such notices to the college librarian or to Dudley Pruitt, Founders' Hall.)

1876

Francis G. Allinson has added a translation of *Menander* to the Loeb Classical Library, published by Putnum Sons, New York.

1910

A character sketch about Christopher Morley was printed in a recent issue of the *Independent and Weekly Review*.

1887

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, has brought out a book, *Juvenile Delinquency*, by Henry H. Goddard.

1916

From China we have received a book, *Historic Lushan*, of which Albert H. Stone is one of the editors. It is published by the Arthington Press, Hankow.

1900

They Shall Perish, But Thou Shalt Endure is a poem by Walter Swain Hinchman appearing in the *Independent* of February 11, 1922.

1918

The January *Contemporary Verse* prints two poems, *Seeking and Finding Not* and *Words* by J. G. Clemenceau LeClercq, who has been writing under the pseudonym "Paul Tanaquil."

F. E. Lutz has contributed to a recent issue of the *Freeman* a review of two English books on the entomologist Fabre.



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NUMBER 8

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The Two Obols

A Dialogue of the Dead

CHARON.

MERCURY.

DIPSYCHUS, *a shoemaker.*

ANDROCLUS, *a Christian.*

DEPARTED SPIRITS.

MER: More for you Charon.

CHA: It is always thus, O Mercury, I would to Zeus, that he had given me some free time in which to beget children. They would now be able to aid me, and thus lighten my labors to some extent.

MER: I am pleased that Zeus did not do that, Charon. An infinity of little Charons, all wrangling with me in the same identical voice of their father, would be a boredom beyond words to express.

CHA: You forget, Mercury, I can refuse to ferry your charges to Rhadamanthus. Then you would be tied up here with them.

(One of the Spirits utters a bleat and darts into the scraggy brush. Mercury drops his wand and dashes after him.)

CHA: You Spirits, let me see your fares before you come nearer the boat.

(All the Spirits but one, Dipsychus, hold up their obols. Another, Androclus, shows two.)

CHA: You, ragged young man, where is your coin?

DIP: Does even so simple a man as Charon suspect that I, who have never owned an obol in life, would find one to clutch in death?

CHA: You then, sleek man over there, will have to pay for him. You have two.

AND: No, Charon, I cannot, I need the second obol for my return.

CHA: Return, fat man? There is no such thing. The idea tickles me. Do you not find it amusing, poor man?

DIP: Not particularly, Charon. But I find the thought unworthy for a different reason. Who, after spending numerous years attaining the bank of this river, would wish to cross it a second time and return to the Earth above? For on Earth there seems now to exist only Necessity and the Neo-Pythagoreans; and the former gives nought but beans to a man of my estate, while the latter forbids them universally. Being caught thus between two spear points resulted in my early death from starvation, for I am still young.

AND: My reasons are different from those which either you or Charon have enumerated, O Dipsychus. For my faith gives to me Heaven, whither I shall go eventually. Hence my need for two obols.

CHA: If this be true, rich man, why did you not go there immediately, instead of coming here first and increasing my labors?

AND: The gods and my God are not concerned with your labors, Charon. For the early part of my life, I led a wicked existence. This necessitates my being judged by Rhadamanthus and spending half of eternity here in Hades. I became a follower of Christ later in my life, so the latter half of eternity belongs to the other God.

DIP: I have never heard of your God, nor of your—Heaven, do you call it? Nor have I ever known of a way by which eternity could be cut in two. But let me ask you one question; have you ever been reduced by Necessity to beans, and *ergo* by the Pythagoreans to emptiness of belly?

AND: Being a Christian, Dipsychus, I could indulge as I saw fit in the matter of food.

DIP: I could have done that without being a Christian, but that I was a poor shoemaker and had not the money.

AND: You reduce things too much to the material, my shoemaker.

DIP: I am forced to it, Androclus. It was of materiality that I died originally—augmented by the lack of beans.

CHA: Do you prate always of beans, never forgetting them?

DIP: Never having had them and always needing them, I was never given the opportunity of forgetting them.

CHA: I warrant Rhadamanthus will drive them from your head.

DIP: Pray Zeus he is able to.

CHA: This matter of obols has not been settled yet, Spirits.

DIP: I see no need for settling it, except in view of your miserliness, Charon. You cannot refuse to transport me for having no coin, nor Androclus there for having two.

CHA: Vile spawn of poverty! Me, miserly! One thing I can do is give you an oar to pull.

DIP: Which would not be a heavy task with a boatload of ghosts and one age-thinned demi-god.

CHA: Age-thinned! Ye gods, I could strike you to the ground.

AND: Nay, do not strike him, Charon. It would be unchristian.

CHA: I know nothing of your christianity. I only ferry Spirits, and protect myself from evil insults.

AND: Christianity is love, and my God is the God of love.

DIP: I had heard it reported that Paphian Venus ruled that department. Is your God similar to Venus?

AND: Go back to your talk of beans, Dipsychus. You cannot lift

even one of your feet from the ground. The love of which I speak is not material.

DIP: Nor is any love of which I have ever known, Androclus. All my loves have been dreams, which—poof—dissolved when I approached them. As ever, my poverty kept me from tasting real love.

CHA: Does your God of love hurl thunderbolts?

AND: Never anything but kindness, Charon.

DIP: I would rather have thunderbolts hurled at me than kindness. One can avoid the former, but under the rain of the latter one can only cower.

CHA: Are there rivers and boats in this Heaven you speak of?

AND: It has been written so in our book called "Revelation".

CHA: If your God is only kindness, I shall leave the service of Zeus, and serve as His boatman.

DIP: Judging from the little that Androclus has divulged to us of his Heaven, Charon, the position should be a light one and well-suited to your disposition.

CHA: I ignore your slights, Dipsychus. Come, Androclus, let us set out for your Heaven.

AND: But I cannot until I have served my time in Hades.

CHA: I will vouch for your residence there, my friend.

AND: But that would be deliberate deceit.

CHA: Be what?

AND: Deceit.

CHA: I know of no such thing, what is it?

AND: Garbling the real truth for one's own selfish ends.

CHA: Oh, is that called "deceit"? Do they not have that in Heaven?

AND: No!

CHA: Then how do they hide their amours from one another, and how do they carry out the demands of daily life?

AND: In Heaven all sex is gone and there is only unsex. Nor is money handled to carry on the business of daily life. All is joy.

CHA: No women, as such; no men, as such; no money, as such! And all is joy, you say?

AND: Yes, Charon.

CHA: And you desire to go there?

AND: Yes.

CHA: Then you must go your way alone. I will stay with Zeus' thunderbolts.

AND: You are all materialists.

CHA: Your obols, Spirits. Give them to me now, for I see Mercury approaching again, having secured the escaped Spirit.

MER: This fellow led me the devil of a chase. He seemed to find the most brambly paths this side of the Gateway. But I have you now, you water rat. This Spirit is a sailor. For punishment, Charon, you may make him row for you.

CHA: That makes two now, Mercury, so I shall not be forced to assist at this ferrying. Come, all of you, Rhadamathus has been kept waiting long enough. You take that oar, Dipsychus; and you, sailor, this one on the far side. The rest stand in as close as you are able.

MER: What is this man doing with two obols, Charon? He will have no need of coins in Hades.

CHA: He is returning when half of eternity has passed. He has a Heaven he must go to.

MER: A Heaven? What is that?

CHA: A place where God is love, and where, for some obscure reason, there is no sex, no business of daily life, no nothing.

MER: And he wants to go there?

CHA: So he maintains.

MER: He must be mad. But then, it is no affair of ours. In with you, Spirits, for I must return to some of your friends who are already waiting for me at the Gateway. Give me that extra obol, O man of Heaven.

AND: But then I will not be able to return.

MER: Oh, yes. If Rhadamanthus will permit it, a way will be found. And it is so very infrequently that I find a Spirit who brings more than he needs, wherewith I may be paid for my labor as well as Charon. I insist on the obol as a matter of curiosity.

AND: Here then, Mercury, if you are certain as to your reasoning.

MER: Of course I am certain. This obol feels like good money to the teeth. Farewell, Charon.

CHA: Farewell, Mercury. Dipsychus, can you not pull with more strength on your oar, we are drifting down stream?

DIP: O Charon, Necessity and the Pythagoreans and the Christian who would not pay my passage, have left me bereft of strength.

CHA: Well, we must drift then, for I shall not touch an oar this ferrying.
(*The boat drifts out of sight down the Styx.*)

William Reitzel, '22.

High Cost of Mortality

The level uplands, brown with twisted grass
And leafless thickets under scattered trees,
Wavered and broke into long even crests
Of barren plowlands sharp against the sky.
Confused and wandering hollows step by step
Deepened before us westward. Hill on hill
The interlacing ridges swept aside
To clear for us a roadway twisting down
Beneath increasing summits. From the right
Along a hillside under squat church towers
And frowning turrets, swung abruptly down
A rough unmortared barrier to face
The road with fifteen feet of lowering wall.

Beyond it somberly the winding road
Crept through a valley picketted with tombs,
And finally below steep lichenized bluffs
Turned northward where the sluggish winter river
Delayed beneath thawed jams and crackling floes.
Blear winter sunshine from the sullen sun
Glittering on brief ripples and rotten ice
Reflected up the valley pallid light
On hedge and grille and marble sepulchre.

We followed the road. Grimly on either hand
Pinnacle above pinnacle rose the hills,
A city by the living for the dead.
Gaunt obelisks discolored by late rains
Pricked the vague sky with blunted pencil points;—
Immense urns, statues streaked and stained with grime,
And tier on tier of vaults with porticos
And tiny windows,—

“Recently I had
A funeral up there.”

The minister
Leaned forward above the steering wheel and pointed.

"Four Doric columns and a tilted crescent
Above the pediment—you see the vault?—
It cost him, thirteen years ago, a round
Ten thousand dollars. He was wealthy then;
Something went wrong, just what it was he knows
Better than we may ever hope to know,
And he went bankrupt. Business law declares
A bankrupt may not deal under his old
Trade name within a period of five years
And do legitimate business; so he went
For five years over to Germany and when
The time was up returned. Before he reached
His home and family he was taken ill
Upon the train and died before a doctor
Could be secured—and so they buried him
Up there in that five thousand dollar vault.

"He left no will.—But that made little difference
Because there was no property to will
Except that ridiculous vault. His widow found
That he had left her penniless in fact.
Her previous life and training fitted her
As poorly as possible to support herself.
Nobody knows just how she managed it.
People will intimate,—well let her keep
Her secrets; they were not dishonorable.
So she made out with growing difficulty
During the hard war times, and lived to be
Buried eight years after her husband's death
With him in that ten thousand dollar vault.

"If I'd been she I should have sold the thing."

N. E. Rutt, '23.

Ben's Defeat

ONE frosty evening in October in the year 1610, a stranger sat comfortably beside the great kitchen fire in the Three Horses at Alton waiting for his supper. He was a large man and seemed very tired, for he sat sprawled on the settle, his legs stretched out before him with an air of such delicious ease that one would have thought by the expression of his face that he was enjoying his first good rest in years. It seemed so to him, for he had been in the saddle all the way from London that day. His huge jack-boots stood near him close to the fire hissing as they dried, and mingling in his nostrils the familiar, horsey odor of wet leather with the tantalizing one of broiling bacon. A long, basket-hilted rapier, its scabbard dull from rain, leaned against the settle close beside him and near it lay an empty pewter pot.

The traveler, languidly gazing around as much of the great tavern kitchen as he could see, after the manner of very tired men, was lazily wondering if the pot he had just been drinking out of belonged in the shining row of pots and platters that reflected the firelight from the opposite wall, when he was rudely interrupted by the welcome setting out of a good-sized oak table and the clatter of wooden table-ware. The pretty, bustling kitchen-maid laid out his supper simply by putting on the table a tankard of brown ale, a small loaf of bread, several trenchers of food, and a large, sharp knife. To say that the stranger fell to with an appetite would be putting it far too mildly. He attacked his supper with a pair of such dextrous hands that, besides the bread and ale, a dozen rashers of bacon, a large cut of roast beef, and a cold pigeon pie disappeared in such good time that the table was cleared and a bottle of sack well begun in half an hour.

The genial warmth of the fire, and the sack, as well as a rosy, jolly countenance, soon brought the stranger into lively talk with his host, who sat opposite him on the other settle with an oft-replenished mug on his knee. The stranger, it seemed, was a London player and knew all the latest news of the town. As he talked the servants and helpers dropped in from the stables and out-houses, or from some mysterious part of the rambling old inn to see the stranger and hear the news. By the time the talk changed to the play there was a circle of eager listeners around the fire. The player, with a vehemence increasing as he drank more sack, held forth on the injuries he had received at the hand of Philip Henslow, and the kindness of one Ben.

"By Gad, sir, thou mayst strike me down for a liar," said he, and looked around as much as to dare anyone to try, "if Ben didn't lend

me full five pounds when I hadn't a farthing between me and a pot of beer! He has a heart that would melt at seeing a dog killed. I've seen him give a shilling to the oldest beggar in London with as long a phys as if he were paying it to an angel in disguise come down to buy some bread.

"But I tell you if you'd see our Ben with his bottle and song you'd see a man that'll match any toper ever came out of Hants or any other shire in England. He'll match him for wit and learning, too. Old Ben sits and sucks in learning with his wine if there's a jot of it in the room, and never opens his mouth but to take in the one or ask a question to find out the other. Maybe Wednesday night he'll drink a quart in a corner by himself over a paper and pen without saying two words the whole evening; and Thursday night he'll be so roaring drunk the landlord'll send him home in a wherry to dodge the watch, if he's in the Mermaid or some sailor's tavern on the river. He knows 'em all and has a score behind the door in half the ordinaries in the city.

"Why, sir, I tell 'ee the man's the wonder of all London. No man comes near him would try his wit but goes his way with his ears as red as those peppers on the rafters. I've seen him make a man with more learning than he leave the company in shame before the punch was made."

On he went, so that by the time the sack was gone the burly player was standing with his back to the fire on unsteady legs backing his "Ben" against any wit in England, to the odds of ten to one.

"A pox o' these pretenders to wit!" spoke up an old man who had lived in London. "Your Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid men! not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit-fall, and pay two-pence more for their canary than other men. But give me the man who can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all poets and poet-suckers in town!"

"Ho, ho, by all the Saints, dost think when our Ben made Tom Dekker see green for a twelve-month he could not stand up to any country wit in England? Bring them on! he'll match 'em!"

"Have a care there, sir player," the host broke in, "we've a wit here may make your ears redder than they are now. Stand up, Steven!" This to a fresh-faced, bright-eyed youth in new leather breeches who was sitting on a stool near his master and who, by the strong flavor of stables appeared to be one of the grooms.

Steven was greeted with a general hum of approval by the company and by a great and prolonged fit of half maudlin laughter from the player.

"Why, knave, thou'rt too young to have even a pilot in 'thy noddle,

let alone a captain!" with an air of triumph that only too much sack can give.

"Faith, and I use my knavishness to keep myself upright on my feet and don't stagger across the floor because my captain and pilot quarrel," Steven flung back. The expectant company howled in derision as the over-confident player reddened perceptibly. He let out a roar of drunken anger and such a string of good round oaths as would have been a credit to old Drake himself.

"What! thou impudent rascal, wouldst 'ou bait me? By all that's holy! I'll teach thee to mock thy master's guest." With that he made a lunge for the lad that would have sent him sprawling had not the landlord caught him just in time to save him from the hard stone floor.

The laughter of the company greeted this last "witty" attempt, as Steven tauntingly called it. The guest was fairly wild with drunken mortification and rage. He stamped before the scattering company like an angered bull, waving his rapier, still in its scabbard, above his head, and, kicking over the stools that stood near him, threatened the whole company with instant destruction. The landlord spared his furniture and perhaps himself (he was standing on a settle undetermined whether to retreat or jump down on his ramping guest), by simply shouting "Humphrey! John!" and Humphrey, an enormous man, the drawer, and John, the almost equally enormous groom, calmly picked up the struggling actor and carried him off to bed between them as if they had done it every night for years.

Steven rolled over on his straw in the loft and thought of Ben in London and how he'd like to clash the swords of wit with him. The more he thought of how he'd like to, the more he became determined to do so. His simple mind fired with ambition and reasoned that if he could outwit the boasting actor he might outwit the great Ben himself. He tossed about in his straw thinking, thinking, thinking. When at last he slept it was with the decision that on the morrow he would set out to try his wit in the crucible of the great city—London.

II

A keen, southwest wind blew a string of large gray clouds swiftly along the horizon. Little eddies of dry, brown leaves whirled into the air and subsided on the ground only to be blown higher the next moment by a stronger gust. Some of the trees along the road tossed and rattled their branches in the autumn morning air, almost nude. The leaves had fallen in legions in the night. The browned weeds along the road were crackling and swaying as little gusts came down among them.

But the wind was doing more than playing with leaves and weeds.

It was pushing a young man in new leather breeches along the road to London. It was flapping his short cloak around him and reddening his cheeks. Steven was nearing London. The road began to broaden and now and then a horseman would trot past with a nervous look out of the corner of his eye. Lone highwaymen were far too numerous and well-armed in 1610 to be treated with anything but caution. As for Steven, a highwayman might have his thirty shillings if he chose to trouble himself. Taverns began to be closer together, and when he had crossed a good-sized river he knew London was not far ahead.

He had never been in the city before and was so busy seeing the sights, dodging beggars, and doing everything a country boy might be expected to do on his first visit to the great city that it was dark before he found the Mermaid Tavern. The Mermaid stood in a little court off the great thoroughfare Cheapside, and the sign was so dilapidated and the court so empty that Steven began to wonder if he had not been directed wrong. When he opened the most inviting door all doubt was settled, for his ears were greeted with a clatter of pot-lids, bawling of drawers, and general sound of confusion such as he had never heard before. The agreeable odor of cooking meat assailed his nostrils, mingled with the unmistakable smell of good liquor. In the room into which the door opened, which seemed to be the chief room of the tavern, there were what Steven judged to be twenty people sitting around employed in various methods of killing time, losing money, or filling their stomachs. No one took any notice of him, so he called for a pint of beer and sat down to gather his wits.

In front of the fire around a table sat half a dozen men drinking wine and eating a great oyster pie with their fingers, and, withal, having such a jolly time that the room rang with their loud talk and laughter. The center of the mirth was a broad man with a soft, natural beard and large, bright eyes. His genial smile attracted Steven and the laughter after his sallies (which Steven could not hear) resolved him that this must be Ben. He gave another careful glance around the room to make sure, discarding another witty personage who was cracking broad jokes with three sailors over a deck of very dirty cards and a mug of ale. Unnoticed he sat down on a stool near the great man. The party at that moment was discussing the merits of ordering up a roast pig.

"What polluted one was it," the broad man with the beard was saying, "that named first the unclean beast?"

"Not I, by my fay," spoke up a little man with a feeble moustache which he nervously stroked, "I think 'twas Dick Horsnaye."

At this the whole company vociferously took sides on the matter, some backing Horsnaye, a big man with red whiskers, and some siding with the broad man, who appeared to be against it.

"Ah Dick, you are visited with a natural disease of blacksmiths, called a longing to eat pig. Would you infect us all?" said the latter.

"I don't care a whipstich whether you get it or not, Ben, but by the great Harry, I want ye to stand y'r share o' the reckoning," returned Horsnayle.

"Let us consider it carefully," began Ben (for it was indeed he), with an air so like a country justice that it set the table a-tittering. "Verily, the disease of longing is a carnal disease, an appetite; and as it's carnal, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten. This I take is the state of the question:" he went on, pouring himself a glass of wine, "*Then let's have the pig.*"

He held his glass in the air.

"To the pig," he cried, and in the midst of general merriment the pledge was drunk.

"Faith, and when we have pig at home we don't make such a stew about it," spoke up Steven who had edged up to the table.

"And who art thou to boast of pig," said Ben, with a wink, anticipating some fun.

"I'm a groom, an' 't please you, of the Three Horses at Alton."

"Alton! I've heard they eat naught but mutton in Hampshire, what knowst thou of roast pig?"

"Oh, we have it every week, and an ox is roast every fortnight. We have pigeon pie, and quail, and lamb, and buttered veal, and honey, and leeks,—” and on he went, naming over everything he had ever eaten, seen eaten, or heard of, in the hope that it might impress the great Ben.

Ben was not impressed and drank some wine, hummed a tune, spoke to the man next to him, and laughed heartily at a joke some one at the other end of the table was telling; so that by the time poor Steven had finished telling the lands of the Three Horses, to which he had turned when the edibles gave out, and had started on the wonderful corn-land by Squire Thomas's brook, he had to raise his voice to be heard. Steven had no small voice (he had sworn at horses the best part of his life) and when he raised it the company listened perforce.

"What, still wagging thy tongue, boy," exclaimed Ben. "What do your diet or your Squire's clods signify to me? Where he has an acre of land I have ten acres of wit."

"Have you so, good master wiseacre."

Ben gasped. The company roared.

"I have never been so pricked by a hobnail before," he exclaimed as soon as the laughter caused by his discomfiture had died down. "Where's the lad?"

But Steven, not relishing a second close encounter had made the best of the confusion and had stolen away. He was that moment walking down the court with the last sounds of the Mermaid in his ears—the song the card-players had just begun—

*"They who leave it behind 'em,
A rope's end may find 'em,
So I'll drink, and not mind 'em,
My liquor, my liquor."*

Ames Johnston, '25.

Watchman

*Oh Watchman, crying to the silvered night,
"Twelve o'clock by the stars and all is well,"
As you trudge down the street, how can you tell
That all is good beyond your lanthorn's sight?*

*Poor guardian, can your lanthorn search out love?
Can your ears hear, far off, the mourning dove
Singing at daybreak of my sad complaint?
Your eyes are dimmer than the stars above!
You cannot know, or of my longing tell—
So Watcher cease your crying "All is well."*

William Reitzel, '22.



Cross Roads

*I cannot tell what road is mine these days—
From countless corners Earth calls out to me.
I trudge her beaches and the quiet sea
Beckons for me to try her unmarked ways;
From every beach I hear the murmured phrase,
“Come, follow, follow! I am the path for thee!”
And in the meadows—there the gold-legged bee
Hums, “Come!”, then blunders on and never stays.*

*And so, I cannot tell what road is best.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief? Why any
Of these might be the end where I should rest.
And even when I take one road from many
How often will I pause and wondering say,
“Where went the path the bee showed me that day?”*

William Reitzel, '22.

The Tiger That Laughed

A KOREAN TALE

MA-HU, the tiger, was hungry. He had been hungry for many months. He realized that the summer season was bad for foraging, but never had a summer season been as bad as this one. He remembered former periods of leanness, but never had he been so lean, so emaciated. Indeed he feared that he might completely disappear. Not a single farmer had the uplands been able to produce—not even a farmer's boy. As for travelers, they were out of the question. They seemed to be travelling no longer. He sighed for a traveler. They were always so fat and sleek. Yes, in the last two weeks, he had had nothing to eat except one holy hermit. Even that had been tough, bony, and fairly reeking with sanctity. Ma-hu groaned at the recollection.

So Ma-hu did what you or I would have done in a similar situation. He moved stakes. If the uplands yielded him no living, possibly the plains might. You see, Ma-hu believed firmly that the world owed him a living. His cousin had been to the plains and had brought back wonderful tales of the place. Food was plentiful and easy to get. Why, people did not even protect themselves against tigers. So off he went on his journey down to the plains. It was rather bad going, for the road was rough and his belly empty, but the expectation of what was ahead kept him on the move. It was a sultry day—hot as blazes, but he did not notice that. He was so thin he could go between the sun's rays. Down he went all day, till, towards evening, he found himself in the lowlands and making his way across a broad open field. It was a very broad field, but he forced himself across it, for he sensed human habitation beyond. Suddenly he came to a deep gulch in the field and, looking over the bank, he saw a stream flowing over its bottom. A noise attracted him, and, looking more intently, he saw a priest bathing in the water—such a fat priest, so sleek and well fed. He could hardly believe his eyes. He looked again—another advantage! The priest was stripped and Ma-hu would not be bothered with bits of cloth catching in his teeth. Besides, the meal would be already washed.

Imagine yourself in such a situation. You have been starved, let us say, for several days, when suddenly there is placed before you a full course dinner—your favorite soup, some wonderful fish, an immense portion of roast beef, a dish of chicken salad, ice cream, pie, and nuts. What would you do?

In Ma-hu's case, substitute fat priest. The humor of the situation

so struck Ma-hu that he could not restrain himself from cracking a smile. He sat down to enjoy the joke fully. He burst out laughing. It seemed still funnier. He rolled over on the ground and laughed, but still he could not get over the joke. He stood on his head and laughed. He fell on his side and laughed. He rolled over on his back and laughed. He became so ashamed of his own laughter that he placed his fore-feet over his mouth to hide it. Of course he laughed silently. I cannot imagine a tiger making a noise when he laughs. This kept on for at least half an hour before Ma-hu could again get control of himself. At last he collected himself to go down after the meal. But, by this time, the meal had dressed and gone away.

Note—this story has a moral.

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

High Revel

*Moonbeams through the lattices shed stains of gold and gules
On the proud, ancestral portraits in the proud, ancestral hall,
And the ghostly chimes of midnight softly strike the witching hour
As the ghosts of noble ancestors resume their nightly ball.*

*Listen to the music of the stately, phantom dance
As it whispers through the oriels a strain of mellowed song,
For the dance is gravely circling to the swing of ghostly tunes
And the lords and dames leave canvas shrouds to join the rev'lling throng.*

*Lady Anne in brocade and Elizabethan ruffs
On the mirrored floor is treading with the "Laughing Cavalier";
While the white, perruqued young dandies waltz with hooped and mittened
belles,
Bold Sir Hugh dismounts his charger, leaving blazoned shield and spear.*

*Morning, and the sun shines in the lofty, raftered hall;
All the armour-pieces gleaming 'spite their flecks of ancient rust
And the walls, in lonely splendour, flaunt the proudly scutcheon'd shields
While upon the sombre portraits thickly lies long-settled dust.*

J. F. Reich, '24.

The Night Hawks

Burgling is an art, an art so highly developed that every move on the social shuffle-board and every whisper behind closed doors are the common property of the modern burglar-de-luxe. If it were not so, how could it have been known that Carmel Croft, the zealously guarded, suburban home of James Bellowe—everybody knows Jimmy Bellowe, clubman and connoisseur of precious stones—was to be empty over the week-end and that the caretaker had been called away to the bedside of his wife?

The curtain rises on the dimly lit, luxuriously furnished drawing-room of Carmel Croft. To the right, stands a massive grand piano. The only light in the room is shed by an elaborate, bronze statuette of Hercules, holding up a shaded electric lamp, on a carved mahogany table in the center of the room. The door is on the left, back from the audience and in the corner by the door, a telephone stands on a small table. An open fireplace in the center of the back of the room is flanked on either side by tall French windows, the blinds and tapestried curtains carefully drawn.

A tall, blonde man of thirty-five or so, neatly dressed in gray, is standing by the left wall, feeling and tapping the panels with his gloved hands. Beside him, his hat and coat are lying over the back of a chair. The noise of soft footfalls, in the hall without, startles him. Stepping hastily over to the piano and switching off the light as he passes the table, he drops into a chair.

The door opens and a person enters the darkened room. Striking a match, he examines the windows, steps to the table and relights the lamp. Our newcomer is a small, lithe man, his dark, glossy hair and moustache well groomed and his overcoat opened so as to show the glint of gold from his watch-chain. He lays a soft, felt hat, his gloves and a small roll of tools on the table, then, looking about the room, he notices our first visitor sitting in the chair, his right hand buried in his pocket. The newcomer swings around, slipping the tools back into his pocket before they could be recognized.

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*warily*): Er—I don't believe we have the—er—pleasure of—er—being exactly acquainted, sir.

THE NEWCOMER (*deliberately, as if he is thinking hard*): No, I doubt if we have met before, as I remember.

OUR FIRST VISITOR: I can't say that I'm fully appreciating the pleasure. I'm afraid you have interrupted quite a—er—pleasant train of thoughts as I might call them.

THE NEWCOMER (*fervently*): Oh quite unintentional, my good sir, quite unintentional. I wouldn't have dreamed of disturbing you had I known that you were so comfortably at home.

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*gazing around the room*): Well, such a place as this does have a comfortable atmosphere, doesn't it. Now, I suppose, I've spoilt the whole effect for you. To meet a stranger in the drawing-room when you had expected to be alone is rather—er—disturbing to one's peace of mind, I take it.

THE NEWCOMER (*shifting his feet uneasily*): No, it's not what I exactly looked for, I must admit (*striving to be jocose*), but then my business in life is filled with the unexpected. May I sit down, sir?

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*surprised*): Good Lord, you don't expect *me* to ask you to sit down, do you?

(*The newcomer draws up a chair, half-facing his companion, with his back to the window. He picks out a cigarette from a small silver case. Our first visitor jumps to offer him a match, so scaring the newcomer that he drops the case and claps his hand to his pocket. The other immediately throws up his hands and spills all his matches.*)

OUR FIRST VISITOR: N—n—no, I—I was only offering you a match, sir!

THE NEWCOMER (*greatly relieved*): Oh, thank you, thank you. Wo—won't you smoke too? A special blend.

(*He picks up the scattered cigarettes, still eyeing the other as he bends over.*)

The case is rather handsome, don't you think. I went to considerable trouble to get it, along with some jewelry. (*smiling*) It's a lady's case by rights.

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*making no attempt to examine the case, anxiously*): I don't suppose you were expecting the rest of the family back tonight, were you?

THE NEWCOMER (*also anxiously*): Why, do they intend to come? I—I thought I was to have been alone to-night.

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Me too! (*he pauses*) I always try to make my business trips as short as possible so as not to disturb the family, you know (*the joke falls flat*).

THE NEWCOMER (*striving desperately to be funny*): And mine even shorter!

(*The conversation halts. It is obvious that our friends are not at all at ease in each other's company. After a long period of silence, the newcomer continues, almost begging.*)

Won't you take a cigarette?

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Oh, ah, why yes, thanks, thanks.

(*He takes a cigarette from the proffered case but forgets to light it. His companion also fails to light up. They relapse into silence. The clock strikes the half hour with a silvery tinkle. Both men jump.*)

Oh! a pretty article, that clock. One a Lachine's, I believe. Do you know?

THE NEWCOMER: No, I don't know a thing about clocks, new or old. My wife, though, she's quite a hand at antiques. I was able to pick up a little dandy of a clock for her not long ago. Of course I never told her where I got it.

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*curiously*): Why not? (*with amusement*) She wouldn't expect you to *steal* it, would she?

THE NEWCOMER (*quickly*): My goodness, no! She takes me for a model husband, even though I am away at night-time a lot.

OUR FIRST VISITOR: So does my wife. It's a sight harder for me, though. I don't often get in till early morning. You can at least get back by midnight or soon after.

THE NEWCOMER: I don't see how you figure that. I often don't start out till ten or eleven o'clock (*hoping to strike a tender chord*). I'm going to give this game up. She worries herself sick over me at times. Of course, she doesn't dream where I am when I'm out.

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*puzzled*): I don't see what you mean. If I were you, I'd just tell her where you're—
(*The phone bell rings. Both men start.*)

THE NEWCOMER (*after a long pause, licking his lips and swallowing*): The—the phone!

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Ye—ye—yes, the—the phone!

(*They pause. The phone still rings. Both clutch the sides of their chairs and stare at each other queerly. The phone continues to ring.*)

THE NEWCOMER (*thickly*): What are you sitting there for?

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Where the devil do you want me to sit?

(*They pause again. The phone still rings.*)

Why don't you answer it?

THE NEWCOMER (*amazed*): Why don't you?

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*never before in his life had the poor man been so confused*): Why it's yours, isn't it?

THE NEWCOMER (*as if he had been given a legacy*): Mine?

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Well you don't think it's mine, do you?

THE NEWCOMER (*blankly*): Why not?

(*They sit staring at each other, the light slowly breaking through their stunned senses.*)

You, you don't m—mean t—to say that you, you—

OUR FIRST VISITOR (*a broad grin taking the place of his puzzled expression*): So you're not the—

(*At this point, the door is swung open and a tall, muscular gentleman, handsome and clean-cut, enters. A diamond gleams on his dress shirt front which is seen through his opened overcoat; his silk hat is set jauntily*

on his head. He stops short on the threshold as he sees our two friends, his devil-may-care expression turning to one of blank amazement. He is quickly reassured, however, and, striding into the room, draws a revolver. The telephone gives a dying tinkle.)

THE OWNER (for so he is, judging from the looks of consternation of our paralyzed friends): Of all the infernal cheek! And what the devil are you doing in *this* house, you—you night hawks?

(Our earlier visitors are speechless, goggling at each other blankly.)

Well, speak up, one of you! What the deuce are you doing in my house?

(Our first visitor makes a move for his coat pocket. The owner grips his revolver and steps forward.)

Ha! You would, would you? Drop it there and get up!

(The two men stagger out of their seats, herding up against the piano as close as possible.)

Up with your hands, you! I'm taking no chances.

(He steps swiftly over to them, picks their revolvers out of their pockets and stuffs them into his own. He then steps back a little, resuming the roguish expression with which he first appeared.)

And now, gentlemen, which one of you will oblige me by stepping over to the phone and calling our friends the police?

(Silence! Our nightly visitors look as if they weren't enjoying themselves particularly.)

Well, can't you speak?

OUR FIRST VISITOR: Look here, boss, give a man a chance. We haven't taken anything.

THE OWNER: No, and you aren't going to, it seems to me.

THE NEWCOMER: Well, I reckon you've got us, sir.

THE OWNER: Yes, I reckon I have.

THE NEWCOMER: Perhaps it's just as well, in a way. This puts an end to my stealing.

THE OWNER: I should say it does—for a time, at least.

THE NEWCOMER: You don't know what this will mean to me. This—this isn't exactly my profession, you know.

THE OWNER: What is your profession, then?

THE NEWCOMER: I'm a broker, sir, down town (*breaking down and covering his face with his hands*). My God, my God! What will Effie do, and the nipper, O my God!

THE OWNER (*uneasily*): I'm certainly sorry for you. You have placed me in a devil of a position, you know. As a gentleman and a householder, I'm practically obliged to hand you over.

THE NEWCOMER (*simply*): I know. I don't know what I'd do, myself, if I was in your position and yet—oh I don't know, I don't know!

THE OWNER: What in the world tempted you to do such a thing as this?

THE NEWCOMER: I—I don't know! The fun of it at first, I guess. Then afterwards it was the extra money and things, I suppose.

THE OWNER (*after a pause*): Well, I can certainly see your point, all right. I suppose most any of us might do a thing like this if we got put in the way of it.

THE NEWCOMER: You're right. Two years ago, I would have laughed at the idea. Now I'm caught. A thief, O God, O God! If you could only put *yourself* in my position, sir!

THE OWNER: I do.

THE NEWCOMER: It's not so much for myself, I mind. It's the others, it's the others!

THE OWNER: See here, I believe I'm enough of a gentleman to appreciate what this means to a man. I'm beastly sorry and because, who knows, even I might get caught in a fix like this, I'm going to let you off. It's a bit irregular perhaps, but then—well, you may go.

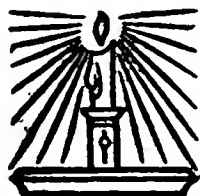
(*Both men jump to get their coats. They all file out, the owner bringing up the rear.*)

(*Off stage*) Well good-night, gentlemen. I can't ask you to call again, I'm afraid.

(*A murmured duet of thanks, then a door opening and shutting again, is heard. The owner re-enters the room, smiling curiously. Laying his hat on the table, he moves swiftly over to the wall by the piano. He feels around for a minute and then slides back a panel. A small safe is exposed. Deftly working the combination, he swings back the door and pulls out a tray. Cramming its contents of jewels into his pocket, he recloses the safe and panel. He steps back to pick up his hat and laughs.*)

Tough luck, Jimmy, old man. I'll certainly be sorry to hear about your loss, at the club on Monday!

J. F. Reich, 24.



The Permanent Court of International Justice

WHEN the delegates assembled at The Hague in 1899, to take up, among other things, the question of a permanent international tribunal, the eyes of all the nations were focused on the "Huis ten Bosch" where they assembled. But when an international court, apparently destined to be the greatest of all time, was set up last September in Europe, scarcely a periodical on this side of the Atlantic deemed it worthy of an article. The present essay aims to give the reader a brief sketch of this new court with a few additional remarks.

The Permanent Court of Arbitration, founded in 1899, was extremely weak, because purely voluntary in its character. The nations were not ready to subscribe to compulsory arbitration in order to prevent wars, and hence the Court was rendered all but futile at the outset. Despite the adjudication of fifteen cases, the Hague Court never threatened to become a substitute for war.

The Second Conference at The Hague in 1907, opened with high promise, but ended in disappointment. The attempt to found a permanent court of arbitral justice, which would be more than "a secretariat and a list," came to naught over the question of the method of selecting the judges. After this failure, the advocates of peace were obliged to pin their faith to the International Prize Court, set up by the same Conference; but this court was a dead letter from the start, and the endeavor to galvanize it into life at the Naval Conference at London, in 1909, fell flat when the House of Lords rejected the Naval Prize Bill.

During the World War, the lovers of peace found no place to rest their heads. All the energies, all the resources of the great Powers of the earth were directed into the mad maelstrom of murder and carnage. When, however, the clouds of war were dissipated, thoughtful men were ready once more to approach the subject of an international court which could be made a substitute for war. The framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations took the matter up and included an article providing for the creation of such a tribunal.

One of the first acts, therefore, of the new League was to appoint a committee of jurists to discuss the matter of a permanent court of international justice along the lines indicated in the Covenant. This commission began its deliberations at The Hague, June 16, 1920, and made a report to the Council at San Sebastian, August 5th of the same

year. In accordance with a resolution proposed by the Spanish representative, the draft scheme for the institution of the court, drawn up by the commission, was then sent to the governments which were members of the League.

Let us look at this draft scheme more closely. The Court was to consist of eleven judges and four deputy-judges, but this number might be increased later by the Assembly upon the proposal of the Council. From a list of nominees prepared by the national groups of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, each national group nominating not more than two persons (subsequently changed to four), the Assembly and the Council were to proceed to elect by independent votings, first the judges and then the deputy-judges. Only those candidates securing an absolute majority of votes in both bodies were to be considered as elected, and in case more than one candidate of the same nationality were elected by the votes of both the Assembly and the Council, the eldest was to be declared elected. Provisions then followed in the draft scheme for extra sittings, provided the judges were not all chosen at the first election. In this way, the committee of jurists, who had drawn up the draft, sought to succeed where the second Hague conference had failed. Thus they hoped to satisfy sovereignties of every rank, by making the vote of the Assembly, where all the nations were represented, equal with the vote of the Council.

Another very delicate question was settled by the committee of jurists: was it better, in a given case, that no national of either litigant party should sit in judgment, or not? The jurists finally decided in favor of having such nationals retain their seats on the bench. It was further stipulated that if the Court included upon the bench a judge of the nationality of one of the parties only, the other party might choose from the deputy-judges a judge of its nationality, if there were one, and if not, the party might choose a judge, preferably from among those persons nominated as candidates by a national group of the Permanent Court of Arbitration. On the other hand, if no judge of the nationality of the contesting parties were already on the bench, each party was to select one as provided above. Whether it was the part of wisdom to make this innovation in the composition of judicial bodies, the future will tell.

The second chapter of the draft scheme, as later revised and adopted, dealt with the competence of the Court. All nations, members of the League, were to have access to it at all times; as for other states, the Council would lay down the conditions under which they might appear at the bar, but such provisions were never to place the parties in a position of inequality before the Court. The Court was declared competent in international cases involving:

- (a) The interpretation of a treaty;
- (b) Any question of international law;
- (c) The existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation;
- (d) The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

Furthermore, the Court was to be empowered to take cognizance of all disputes of any kind which might be submitted to it by a general or particular convention between the parties. It was also made optional for any state, unconditionally or on condition of reciprocity, to recognize the Court's jurisdiction in such cases as compulsory. This was extremely important, and a number of states have already agreed to this form of obligatory arbitration.

There remains to describe very briefly the rules of procedure as contained in the third and final chapter of the draft. Many of the articles echoed the language of former bodies of similar regulations. For example, the parties were to be represented by agents, and might have Counsel or Advocates to plead before the Court. The hearing was to be public, "unless the Court, at the written request of one of the parties, accompanied by a statement of his reasons, shall otherwise decide." The judges were entitled to put any questions to the agents, but in the revised statute a like privilege is not extended to the agents. After the hearing shall have been closed, all deliberations were to take place in private and remain secret. The judgment was to be reached by a vote of the majority of the judges present at the hearing, and was to be final and without appeal, unless new and important evidence unexpectedly turned up. Each party was to bear its own costs, unless otherwise decided by the Court.

Immediately after the presentation of the draft scheme to the Council in August, it was sent out, as I have said above, to the various governments, in order that the Council might have the benefit of their unofficial suggestions. A report embodying the most important of these suggestions was read to the Council by M. Leon Bourgeois, the French representative, in October. The revised draft was approved by the Assembly in its first session (December 13, 1920), and on the next day adopted by the Council.

The Statute in its new form was sent out again to the governments, this time accompanied by a Protocol of Signature. Many states signed the Protocol, but this was not enough: formal ratification of the Statute by twenty-four of the Members of the League of Nations, was necessary for the Court to be called into being. For a considerable length of time, only one government, Sweden, was on record as having ratified the Statute, although many had signed the Protocol of Signature.

Since the judges could not be elected until the Statute came into force, and since the election was to be made by the Assembly, which was due to meet in its second session, September, 1921, the Secretary-General sent an urgent appeal to the Members of the League to hasten the procedure of ratification.

On April 1st, preparations were begun for the nomination of candidates to stand for election as judges. Invitations were issued in June to members of the prescribed electoral groups to nominate their candidates. These nominations were to be conditional, and it was stated that they would be valid only in the event of the elections actually taking place at the coming session of the Assembly.

Thanks to the efforts of the Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, the requisite number of states had ratified the Statute when the Assembly convened in September. Thus a real election of judges could take place; accordingly, the names of eighty-five different nominees were presented to the Assembly and Council, sitting independently. Of these, in accordance with the terms of Article 3 of the Statute, eleven judges and four deputy-judges were elected. Thus was born what may prove to be the greatest instrument of justice in the history of mankind.

What is the outlook for this new Court, as yet an infant in a troubled world? The failure of the United States to enter the League of Nations, and therefore its failure to ratify the Statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice, would seem to incline an observer toward pessimism. But there is always the possibility that we shall yet become a member of the League—the League can almost afford to wait for us, since it is becoming every day a more important factor in the public law of the world. Even if this country continues to remain aloof from all European entanglements, yet the Court has a chance of success. Great as the United States may be, we should never forget that the world is larger than we. Europe was larger than Rome.

The world is tired of war. Today there are more true lovers of peace than ever before in history. Who can dispute this? The peoples of the world are groaning under the load of debt, while millions are perishing from famine. There is little room in their sore hearts for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Bright flags and marching troops hold no glamor for those millions. They know.

But time heals all wounds; and nations, once allied, are already reverting to old suspicions. The mutual pangs of war, which cemented the alliance against Germany, are forgotten in the pride of victory. Immense difficulties stand in the way of international co-operation. Differences of language, nationalistic ambitions, dread of the possibilities of the unknown future,—all combine to render the life of a court of justice decidedly precarious. If the example of the Permanent Court

at The Hague is to count for anything, the outlook does not appear very rosy. The Permanent Court, to be sure, has rendered yeoman service ever since its foundation, but what authority could it exert in 1914? What sword ceased to rattle at The Hague in that fateful August? The new Court just created by the League of Nations is admittedly a stronger body than any which ever before sat at The Hague, but is it enough stronger to be really effective in preventing wars? I cannot help being skeptical on this point, although I hope for the best. Certainly nothing more can be done right away by the League; the responsibility now rests with the governments of the world.

The greatest danger and the greatest hope alike for the future lie in man's moral nature. When a nation is bent on war, when a people is inflamed with passion, who under the wide heavens can prevent the conflict? Agreements, contracts, treaties—so many scraps of paper. A court of justice—a slight obstacle to be pushed aside. Can we say, in the light of modern history, that there has ever been any machinery for the promotion of peace, which has stayed a government backed by a people bent on war? We must answer No! Immanuel Kant declared that the populace never would vote for war. But Kant did not dream of 1870, he was not alive eight years ago.

Then is there any haven for the ship of peace? Only one. Education and sympathy must teach men how to live. The Christian appeal is magnificent, but the faiths sprung from the teachings of Jesus have not prevented battles. What is demanded is common sense based on foresight, "the noble art of preventive diplomacy," as John Morley called it. Statesmen have only to sit down together in one room, look each other in the eye, and say, "There shall be peace!" Only thus will the day come when the spirit of strife will say to the Prince of Peace, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

H. S. Fraser, '22.



A Contributors' Column

OLYMPUS.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

It will seem strange, I imagine, for Youth to receive a letter from me. It may even seem dangerous to your Elders—I cannot tell. However, since my cousins (several times removed, I hope) have broken through the surface of your pages, I have felt vague metric mutterings in a bosom where only the lovely images of sex have hitherto played. Can this be vanity, dear Editor? I hope not, for vanity in a Goddess is as unfitting her nature as intelligence is a Republican President's.

Since it is not impossible your magazine should go through various editions and at length attain a variorium, I shall append a note which can be used in case of such an event taking place.

This piece describes me in the period before I met Adonis. I have always felt that the real cause of my rejection by that person was due to the slight bulkiness I had attained (to which the following poem makes reference) and not to some silly vow of chastity he had made. I have been shown recently how certain poets have unjustly and without due warrant held by this latter view. I now put forth this fact, a fact I have always concealed for the sake of Adonis, that my real overtures to him were due to a desire to see whether an accumulation of flesh would really form a bulwark against the arrows of my son. It did, *per Bacco!*

I realize that this explanation will be received somewhat scornfully by the world at large; the *in toto* universe is always hard on a woman, but I do what I have here done with a full knowledge of my own innocence and honesty.

Hoping to be believed, I am,

Yours lovingly, VENUS.

*How soon hath Love, the subtle thief of hearts,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth one!
When, with a sigh of peace, I think I've done
A glorious love, I'm drawn to other parts.
Perhaps my semblance may hide well the smarts
That I have suffered, ills that make me shun
The full continuance of the lovely fun—
But when I cease, my tumid Cupid starts.*

*Yet be it less or more, what matters that!
For even now great Jove gives me a boon,
That would, not long time past, have made me sigh;
For I have weighed myself, and found that soon
I should not be so wanting, but be fat—
And so could pass my great Task Master by.*

Exchanges

The Trinity Archive

Would you like any inside information on such subjects as the purpose of "cootie garages", the manufacture of moonshine, or the nether world? Very well, consult the *Trinity Archive* (November Number). We abstain from divulging any of the secrets there revealed, but hasten to admit that the principles of evolution probably have a more startling application to modern problems than even Darwin could ever have foreseen.

But now don't get the idea that the *Archive* is a purely scientific journal. Such is far from being the case. Probably the best of its contents is the story "Man or Mankind". There is nothing spectacular about either the plot or style, but the story as a whole gives the reader that illusive feeling of completeness and satisfaction which it is beyond the powers of stylistic perfection or bizarre treatment *per se* to produce. Its theme, consecration to an unselfish ideal requiring in the individual steadfastness rather than spectacular heroics, is one to which a sober and even style is most suited. Rather regretfully, however, do we regard the brevity with which the mysterious Soufriere Bird, herald of earthquakes, is mentioned. Any creature with such attributes deserves more consideration than is possible in three short sentences.

Unfortunately the verse in the issue compares rather poorly with the prose. Too much of it is written in jerky unmusical tetrameter lines grouped in couplets. It may in addition be questioned whether, as apparently is intended, the English language permits mind to rhyme with slime, or pines with rhymes. The substitution of assonance for rhyme in these cases offends the ear considerably. The poem "Help Us to Know Thy Way", conspicuous rather for its reverential mood than any purely poetical qualities, seems easily the best in the magazine.

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Dudley McConnell Pruitt as Editor-in-chief for the year 1922-1923; also the election to the editorial board of J. F. Reich and Ames Johnston.

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